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Choice Poetry.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

[The following beautiful lines from the Dublin University Magazine, will remind the reader of the last scene in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress:"]

There is a river deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped—they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes!
They've passed from life's contracted bourne
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view; but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of its loveliness,
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere,
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothed sorrow dries the tear.
And sometimes list'ning ear may gain
Entrancing sound that hither floats;
The echo of a distant strain,
Of harps' and voices' blended notes,
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest;
They've crossed Time's river—now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But there pure love can live, can last—
They look for us their home to share;
When we in turn away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river.

Selected Sketch.

TABLE-TURNING IN CHINA.

Not the revolution. That is a thing we have given up. When they do make an end of it, one way or other, we shall be very glad to take the winner by the hand; but we would rather not look on at the game any longer. If the Chinese are destined to turn the tables on the Tartars, so much the better; but what we have to do with at present, is the turning of the Celestial tables *simpliciter*, without reference to political parties, or to anything else. Modern writers, by way of accounting for their dulness, explain frankly that the ancients stole all their best ideas from them; and although modern philosophers are slow to admit the same facts as regards themselves, they cannot hold out against proof. One by one, our new discoveries and original inventions have been shown to be thousands of years old. Telescopes must have been directed to the stars of the antique world, or its astronomy could not have existed.* Alexander's copy of the Iliad enclosed in a nut shell, could not have been written without the aid of the microscope: the gem through which Nero looked at the distant gladiators, was nothing else than an opera-glass; steam, railways, mesmerism, hydropathy, all were familiar to the long by-gone generations of the earth; guano was an object of ancient Peruvian trade; and Hobbs borrowed his lock from the tombs of Egypt. And we have much to do still in the way of re-discovery. The malleability of glass, for instance—the indelibility of colors—and fifty other things of importance, dropped by the ancients into the stream of time, we have to fish up anew.

The last "original" things with us are Table Turning and Spiritual Manifestations. Original! these have been known in China at least from the days of Laou-tse, and he was an aged man when Confucius was a youth—between five and six centuries before the Christian era. In the last file of the *North China Herald*, there is an account by Dr. Macgowan of the existing formula; and from this it appears that the treatment of the tables is somewhat different in the Flowery Land from what is practised with us. The directions usually given, he says, are "to place a couple of chopsticks at right angles across a mortar, or bowl filled with water; and upon these, the table turned upside down. Four children are then called in, and to each a leg is assigned, on which one hand is gently laid, while the other seizes the free hand of a companion—thus forming a circle. Nothing now remains to be done but the reading of an incantation by the 'medium,' which may be thus rendered:

Heaven! Entreat Heaven for power;
Earth! Entreat earth for power;
Left green dragon! turn to the left;
Right green dragon! turn to the right.

If you fail, I'll call Yellow Ling, Duke of Space, to bring his horse-whip to flog you till you scamper right and left.

Soon the table begins to heave with emotion, and then becomes revolutionary, carrying the lads along with increasing velocity, until whirled off the axis."

The doctor, however, being a scientific man, was not to be abused by the more poetical parts of the ceremony; and he determined to try the experiment without having recourse to either right green dragon or left green dragon. He called in some little boys from the street, and directing them to rest their hands gently on the legs of a table reversed and adjusted according to rule—only the vessel being without water—he awaited the result. The boys, it should be said, did not form the magic circle by joining hand. In a few minutes the table showed symptoms of sensitiveness; it became uneasy; a struggle appeared to be going on; but soon all this was at an end, and off it set in its involuntary revolution, spinning round and round, accompanied by the boys as fast as their legs could carry them, till it suddenly dashed off its axis, carrying away with it some portion of skin from the shin of one of the urchins.

The Rapping-System, as practiced in China, has likewise its poetry, though of a less refined nature than that of the table turning, the green dragons being substituted by a certain Miss Fan k'ang, who, if we may judge by the locality she inhabits, is not the most agreeable of the elfin race. Her services are summoned chiefly at the beginning of the year, by those who are anxious to know what fortune they are to meet with in the new cycle of time. "A girl," says Dr. Macgowan, "is sent with a lighted candle and incense-sticks, to worship among the cloacæ, holding a rice-basket for conveying the filthy elf, whose presence she invokes, into the house; and who, it is said, never declines attending. The basket is placed on a table, by the side of two small wine cups inverted, and separated a few inches. The cups are used as rests for the ends of a chopstick, on which a rod is balanced, which completes the preliminaries. The 'medium' now asks: 'If so-and-so, or myself, is to be successful this year, knock twice; if otherwise, knock three times'—whereupon a see-saw motion of the rod takes place, until the end strikes or 'raps' the table either twice or thrice." The Fan-k'ang Ko-siang, it appears, never fails to answer in this way—the rod always raps the table; but either the spirit has no extraordinary divining power, or no great reliance is placed on her veracity, for the prediction is never turned to any practical account.

But although Miss Fan-k'ang fails sometimes, this is never the case with the manifestations of the Kwei, ghosts or demons, which are made in writing, and in a much more curious way than the medium manages it in the West. Such ceremonies, we have conjectured above, are at least as old as Laou-tse; but in point of fact, the invocation of spirits was ancient in his time, and he is supposed to have endeavored to bring the world to a purer system. His writings, however, are so obscure, that his followers gave them all sorts of wild and extravagant meanings; and the consequence was, that the doctrine of the Taou, or pure reason, was converted into the very gospel of demon-worship. The Taouists introduced order into the heretofore chaos of the spiritual world, distinguishing gradations of rank, and establishing formulæ for the invocation of each order of spirits. They became magicians, astrologers, and high chemists. They discovered mystical books, as authoritative as that of the Mormons, in mountain-caves; and the transmutation of metals, the phenomena of mesmerism, the fortunate islands, the draught of immortality—all in turn kindled the imagination of China, long before these ideas began to dawn upon the mind of Europe.

Although Dr. Macgowan, however, takes no notice of the history of Spiritual Manifestations in China, we are indebted to him for an account of the way in which the more important of them—those delivered in writing by the agency of the Kwei—are managed. The table is sprinkled equally with bran, flour, dust or other powder, and two media sit down, at opposite sides, with their hands placed upon the table. A hemispherical basket, of about eight inches diameter, such as is commonly used for washing rice, is now reversed, and laid down with its edges resting upon the tips of one or two fingers of the two media. This basket is to act as the penholder; and a reed or style is fastened to the rim, or a chopstick thrust through the interstices, with the point touching the powdered table. The ghost, in the meantime, has been duly invoked with religious ceremonies, and the spectators stand round awaiting the result in awe-struck silence. The result is not uniform. Sometimes the spirit summoned is unable to write, sometimes he is mischievously inclined, and the pen—for it always moves—will make either a few senseless flourishes on the table, or fashion sentences that are without meaning, or with a meaning that only misleads. This, however, is comparatively rare. In general, the words traced are arranged in the best form of composition, and they communicate intelligence wholly unknown to the operators. These operators are said to be not only unconscious but unwilling participators in the feat. Sometimes, by the exercise of strong will, they are able to prevent the pencil from moving beyond the area it commands by its original position; but in general, the fingers follow it, in spite of themselves, till the whole table is covered with the ghostly message.

The communications received in China from Hades are always curious, but in no other way satisfactory. "Soon after our arrival in Ningpo, in 1843, ere the port was opened for trade, such a wonderful impulse was suddenly given to the custom, that it could only be compared to the prevalence of an epidemic; there was scarcely a house in which it was not practised for a season almost daily. The cause of this remarkable revival of an old custom not generally observed, could not be ascertained; but its subsidence, after a short period, was explained by the amount of mischief occasioned to those who followed, or confided in the communications from Hades, and by the complaint, that little real advantage ever accrued from this form of divination. More recently, a club of literary graduates were in the habit of assembling in the Pau-teh-kwan, a Taouist temple, near the temple of Confucius, for practising the Ki, as the ceremony is called; and many and marvellous are the revelations told of the 'spiritual manifestations' which they elicited. It was continued for a long time, until the arrival of an intendant, who disapproved of the demonolatry. He addressed the party as a friendly adviser, urging the discontinuance of such practices, on the ground that he had never known any good, but considerable evil to result from them. His counsel was followed; and since that time, this sort of divination has been tried only occasionally, and by individuals."

Here is an instance, however, in which the manifestation seems certainly not intended to injure or mislead. The anecdote was received by Dr. Macgowan from a Christian preacher: "A Mr. Li, in the village of Man-shan, near this city, enjoyed the reputation of being remarkable successful in consulting spirits. Our informant Chin, formed one of a party which had determined to test Mr. Li's skill. It was agreed that the spirit should be requested to write a prescription for the wife of one of their number, then confined to bed with sickness. Two boys who had no knowledge of what information the party desired, were called in to hold the basket. In a little time, the table was filled with characters, in which the diagnosis and treatment were clearly expressed—of course according to Chinese notions of pathology; the whole when copied was shown to the practitioner in attendance, who declared it to be perfectly correct; displaying thus, it must be confessed, a degree of magnanimity which native doctors never show their confrères in the flesh." The same Mr. Li, however, was less fortunate a few months ago, when he thought fit to make public a revelation he received from the Kwei on the subject of a new pretender to the throne of the empire. Three of the invoking party have been beheaded, and Mr. Li himself is now in hiding, and in imminent danger of becoming one of the Kwei himself.

In such ceremonies the Chinese, like their brethren of the West, sometimes invoke the ghosts of particular persons. In Morrison's Dictionary, it is mentioned that in the year 1814, a deposed officer of government was condemned to death for publishing an answer he had received in this way from the spirit of Confucius. The crime does not seem, according to our ideas, to merit so severe a punishment; the answer merely recommending that the Emperor should worship by deputy, instead of personally, at the tombs of his ancestors; and that the title of Emperor should be taken from the demigod Kwan-ti. These ideas, however, were considered to involve the most daring impiety.

The only portion of the above relations that has any mystery for us, instructed as we now are, is what appertains to the feats of the Kwei. A *single* medium might write, just as he does with us—or rather did—unconscious of the source whence he derived the fancied inspiration; but how two individuals, taken suddenly and by chance, could hit upon the same inspiration, is more difficult to understand. Perhaps the explanation is—that when the more easily impressed mind of the two commences, the other medium looks on with curiosity, and is too much engaged in watching the result to act independently. We have said that some of the Chinese ghosts cannot write. The reason is, that they were all originally men, and learn no new accomplishments in the spiritual world. For our part, we should look with suspicion upon an ignorant ghost; but in China death is no passport to knowledge, or to anything else agreeable or advantageous. There, in fact, the dead depend for their very subsistence upon the living. Money, clothing, food, horses, carriages, are sent to them periodically by their descendants, in the form (with the exception of food) of painted and gilded imitations of those things, burnt to their manes; and wo to the defunct who has left no son, or other representative, to attend to his comfort on the other side of the grave! In that case, the wretched shade must starve till the next annual Feast of the dead, which the charitable Buddhists prepare for the benefit of such destitute ghosts. We have only to add further, in explanation of descriptions that are not very intelligible as they stand, that while the Shin, or beneficent spirits, are the ghosts of good men, the Kwei, or demons, are those of bad; which accounts for the fact, that any trafficking with the latter is always perilous to the imprudent inquirer.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

* The Emperor Shun, 2,200 B. C., "examining the instrument adorned with precious stones which represents the stars, and employing the moveable tube which is used to observe them, put in order what regards the seven planets."—Ancient Chinese Chronicle, Quoted in Thornton's *History of China.*

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR, THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE FOREST FAIRY.

"Leaping spirits light as air?
Dancing heart untouched by care!
Sparkling eye and laughing brow!
And mirthful cheek of joyous glow!"

On the afternoon of the same day spent by Miss Nancy Skamp at Old Field Cottage, the family at Luckenough were assembled in that broad, central passage, their favorite resort in warm weather.

Five years had made very little alteration here, excepting in the case of Jacquelina, who had grown up to be the most enchanting sprite that ever bewitched the hearts, or turned the heads of men. She was petite, slight, agile, graceful; clustering curls of shining gold encircled a round, white forehead, laughing in light; springs under springs of fun and frolic sparkled up from the bright, blue eyes, whose flashing light flew bird-like everywhere, but rested nowhere. She seemed even less human and irresponsible than when a child—verily a being of the air, a fairy, without human thoughtfulness, or sympathy, or affections! *She only seemed so*—under all that fay-like levity there was a heart. Poor heart! little food or cultivation had it had in all its life.

For who had been Jacquelina's educators?

First, there was the Commodore, with his alternations of blustering wrath and foolish fondness, giving way to his anger, or indulging his love, without the slight regard to the effect produced upon his young ward—too often abusing her for something really admirable in her nature—and full as frequently praising her for something proportionately reprehensible in her conduct.

Next, there was the dark, and solemn, and fanatical Dr. Grimshaw, her destined bridegroom, who really and truly loved the child to fatuity, and conscientiously did the very best he could for her mental and moral welfare, according to his light. Alas! "when the light that is in one is darkness, how great is that darkness!" Jacquelina rewarded his serious efforts with laughter, and flattered him with the pet names of Hobgoblin, Ghoul, Gnome, Ogre, etc. Yet she did not dislike her solemn suitor—she never had taken the matter so seriously as *that!* And he on his part bore the eccentricities of the elf with matchless patience, for he loved her, as I said, to fatuity—doted on her with a passion that increased with ripening years, and of late consumed him like a fever.

And then there was her mother, last named because, whatever she should have been, she really was the least important of Jacquelina's teachers. *Fear* was the key-note of Mrs. L'Oiseau's character—the key stone in the arch of her religious faith—she feared everything—the opinion of the world, the unfaithfulness of friends, changes in the weather, reverses of fortune, pain, sickness, sorrow, want, labor! All the evils of life were exaggerated and made imminent by that one principle in her character, and worse than all, poor creature, her soul was filled, not with the love of the Father, but with the fear of the Angry God! The *Deus Iræ* of her tremendous dread! The sum total of her religious instruction of the little soul committed to her charge, was this: "My dear child, whenever you are tempted to do anything wrong, to tell a fib, or to put gunpowder in your uncle's pipe, think of the dreadful judgment day! that day of wrath! and meditate upon the pains of hell! the burning, and consuming, and eternal anguish of the fire! and you will be *sure* to restrain yourself! Oh, Jacquelina, whenever *I* am tempted to commit a sin, *I think of hell, and I don't do it!*" Will this be believed? It is nevertheless true. Just such a mother gave just such religious instruction to her child. Her worldly wisdom was of the same character, governed by the same motives, fear and self interest. "Whatever you do, my dear, you must please your uncle and Doctor Grimshaw—never mind your aunty—she hasn't much in her own right to leave to anybody, and she is wasting it all on Edith. But your uncle, my dear; you must please your uncle, and win Dr. Grimshaw, too, for he never *will* leave you Luckenough, unless you are to be Dr. Grimshaw's wife, and if he don't, what should we do? Be homeless beggars for the rest of our lives!" Now the time had not yet come for this proposed marriage to shock the merry maiden. She did not realize what was intended—the words were meaningless to her, worn out with constant use; she had heard them ever since she could remember, and she paid no attention to them; so to speak, "they went in at one ear and out at the other."

She was "ower young to marry yet."

So thought not the Commodore; for a year past, since his niece had attained the age of fourteen, he had been worrying himself and the elders of the family to have the marriage solemnized, "before the little devil shall have time to get some other notion into her erratic head," he said. All were opposed to him, holding over his head the only rod he dreaded, the opinion of the world.

"What would people say if you were to marry your niece of fourteen to a man of thirty-four?" they urged.

"But, I tell you, young men are beginning to pay attention to her now, and I can't take her to church that some jackanapes don't come capering around her, and the minx will get some whim in her head like Edith did, I know she will! Just see how Edith disappointed me! ungrateful hussy! after my bringing her up and educating her, for her to do so! While, if she had married Grim' when I wanted her to do it, by this time I'd have had my grandchil—! I mean nieces and nephews climbing about my knees. But by—! I won't be frustrated this time!"

And so Jacquelina was kept more secluded than ever. Secluded from society, but not from nature. The forest became her haunt. And a chance traveller passing through it, and meeting her fay-like form, might well suppose he was deceived with the vision of a wood-nymph.

The effervescent spirits of the elf had to expend themselves in the same way. As a child she had ever been as remarkable for surprising feats of agility as for fun, frolic, mischief, and diablerie. And every one of these traits augmented with her growth. Feats of agility became a passion with her—her airy spirit seemed only to find its full freedom in rapid motion, in daring flights, in difficult achievements, and in hair-breadth 'scapes. Everything that she read of in that way, which could possibly be imitated, was attempted. She had her bows and arrows, and by original fitness, as well as by constant practice, she became an excellent markswoman—she had her well-trained horse, and her vaulting bars, and made nothing of flying over a high fence or a wide ditch. But her last whim was the most eccentric of all. She had her *lance*. And her favorite pastime was to have a small ring suspended from a cross beam, and while riding at full speed, with her light lance balanced in her hand, to catch this ring and bear it off upon the point of that lance. In feats of agility alone she excelled, not in those of strength—that airy, fragile form was well fitted for swiftness and sureness of motion, yet not for muscular force. Her uncle and Grim' indulged her in all these frolics—her uncle in great delight—Grim', under the protest, that they were unworthy of an immortal being with eternity to prepare for.

In these five past years, Cloudesley had been home *once*—namely, at the end of the stated three years. He had been received with unbounded joy by his child-friend; had brought her the out-grown suit of uniform; had spent several months at Luckenough, and renewed his old delightful intimacy with its little heiress presumptive, and at length had gone to sea again for another three years' voyage. And it must be confessed that Jacquelina had found the second parting more grievous than the first. And *this* time Cloudesley had fully shared her sorrow. He had been absent a year, when, upon this evening, we find the family assembled in the spacious passage.

I said that with the exception of Jacquelina, little change had passed over the members of the household. Mary L'Oiseau was almost precisely the same.

Mrs. Waugh had increased in flesh to such a degree as made it rather heavy work for her to go up and down stairs, a task only to be accomplished with much panting and blowing.

The Commodore was very much the same in aspect as when first presented to the reader. But he was suffering from the gout that frequently confined him to his room. And this affliction, so far from disciplining his character or improving his temper, made him twice the tyrant that he was before. And, Henrietta, really affected by his sufferings, not only never herself crossed his humor, but never permitted any one else to do so. She compelled them to submit with—"Remember your master's suffering leg, you thoughtless wretches you!" *to the house-servants.* And to Jacquelina, "Oh, my love! just remember your poor uncle's poor, dear leg, and put up with his little ways!" His little ways! I will tell you what *they* were!—*one of his little ways was*—when confined to his room—to pound upon the floor, with his crutch, until three or four servants all started to run to him at once—notwithstanding the imminent danger of having the said crutch hurled at their heads as soon as they should appear at his door, or laid vigorously over their backs as soon as they should get within arm's length of him, for it was impossible to know exactly who was wanted, and if the right one did not come, "woe betide him" when he did. Never had that leg, in the days that in company with its fellow limb, it had stamped up and down the hall, kicking the men and boys, and propelling the dogs and cats through the door, and making the old beams and sleepers tremble with sympathetic fear—been so much the dread of delinquents as now that it was swathed in bandages, and laid up on pillows. That leg was a sort of marshal's baton held up in terrorem over the whole family—a sceptre of iron, before which all must bend. Until finally Jacquelina got very tired of the bother, rebelled, and vowed that she, for one, was not going to be walked over by her uncle's leg any longer! there!

On this especial evening, the old sailor was so much better as to be able to come down into the hall and lie upon the settee, that before-mentioned green, wooden settee that stood against the wall in a line with the foot of the stairs. Henrietta sat upon one end of it, and here he lay at full length, with his head on the good woman's lap. They were discussing the one exciting topic of the neighborhood, the return of Thurston Willcoxen.

"If he had been guided by *me*," said the Commodore, "he never would have gone into foreign parts *first*. I think America, the United States and territories of North America, quite extensive enough for *any* young man's ambition!"

"Was it extensive enough for your's, uncle, when you went away for twenty years?"

"Hush, Magpie! You never open your lips that some sauce don't come out of them!"

"*Sauce-piquante*, uncle!"

"No, Minx! that goes *in* fast enough in company with Rockfish!"

"Now, I leave it to any one who knows me if *I* am a *gourmand!* At least I have not *gout* enough to get the gout!"

"Where is my crutch? or, the boot jack? Is there *nothing* to throw at her?"

"Can't you throw a *repartee*, uncle?"

"Silence, hussy! Will *nobody* take that girl—metaphorically speaking—off my back?"

"Yes, dear uncle, any of the young gentlemen about Benedict will gladly do so!"

"Set fire to the young men about Benedict!"

"Well, then, Thurston Willcoxen *will!*"

"Devil fly away with Thurston Willcoxen! He and all the rest of them put together are not worth Grim's little finger!"

"Ah! but, uncle, Grim' is so *emphatically grim!*"

"He is a grave, self governed man, as every instructor of youth *should* be, and I wish you to love and respect him."

"But I *hate* schoolmasters!"

"But he is not a *schoolmaster*, Hornet! he is a *professor*."

"Worse and worse! professors are the superlative degree of schoolmasters, and I perfectly loathe, abhor, and abominate professors!"

"Yes, but Wasp-tongue! he is a very fine fellow, besides being *my friend!*"

"Now *that* is a most *reasonable reason* for liking him!"

"Yes," but if I make you marry him—"

"—Make—*me*—marry—HIM!!"

"Yes, I say if I do, I'll give you Luckenough into the bargain!"

"*Would you?* Ha! ha! ha! Why, uncle! that would be heaping wrong upon wrong! Why, uncle! I don't like Luckenough any better than I do the professor! I would no more live in *it* than I would live *with him!* And I wouldn't take the haunted old place in fee-simple, much less with the incumbrance of that Ghoul!"

"Ghoul! Have you eyes in your head? Do you recognize a handsome man when you see one?"

"Is Grim' handsome, uncle? I really did not know it! However, people's tastes vary in the matter of beauty—now my taste differs totally from yours. I never could think your pet Ogre handsome. Thurston Willcoxen is *my* ideal of manly beauty!"

"There it is again! Girls are the most infernal calamity a man can be cursed with! Now I suppose you'll go making yourself a fool about him!"

"Make myself a *fool?* No indeed, uncle! *One* is enough of that class in any family!"

"What do you mean by *that*, Pepperpod?"

"Nothing, *sir*," said Jacquelina, with much meekness.

"Well! whatever you mean, Minx, I warn you not to fall in love with Thurston Willcoxen because he is handsome! For Grim' is just as handsome as he is, and handsomer, too, besides being my friend."

"I didn't know that we were to chose people for their good looks, and I am very sure, my dear aunty, here, never chose *her* husband for *his* beauty."

"Well, if she didn't, Saucebox, she chose him for his bravery, which is a better quality, I reckon!"

"*Bravery?* Now, uncle, you know I think the existence of that attribute in some people wants proof! I, for one, always considered it traditionary and fabulous as far as you were concerned, or at least only existing and active while drums were beating and flags flying, and bullets whizzing, and blows falling in all directions, and the demon to pay generally! and the only alternative left was to fight or fall! *I* never saw much of the fire-eater about you, dear uncle! *Besides*, how came that bullet under your *shoulder blade?* You must have got *that* while you were running away!"

"I didn't, you vixen! I got it on board the Bon Homme Richard in the thickest of the fight! My pistols were spent! My sword was broken! And I had closed with the foeman, hand to hand! foot to foot! breast to breast! in a death grip! We were each trying to cast the other off the deck and overboard! And we should probably have gone overboard together and been drowned locked in each other's arms, like a pair of ardent and suicidal lovers, had not that chance bullet struck me, and made this wound, for which Old Hen will get a pension some of these days, when it kills me!"

"A *penance*, uncle! Say a *penance!* I like Aunt Jenny's name for it best!"

"Bother! I don't want to bandy nonsense with you—I want to talk sensibly. And now listen! I do not wish my niece to let her thoughts wander after any of these hair-brained fops, so entirely beneath her notice! For I intend that she shall be the wife of a man of character and responsibility—of years, and weight, and substance!"

"Lord! what a pity it is you can't marry me yourself, uncle! You are the heaviest and oldest man in the neighborhood! Say! wouldn't you like to marry me yourself, uncle?"

"I'd like to *brain you!*" ejaculated the old soldier, feeling about and finding nothing but his tobacco-box, he sent it flying at her. Jacquelina dodged, and ran away laughing.

"Come back here, Minx! I want to talk to you!" he said.

"Disarm him, aunty! take away his pipe, and his spectacles, and his snuff-box, and his pocket-book, (I don't think he will throw his *watch* at me!) and everything he can make a missile of!"

"Come back here, you little imp! Don't you see I've got nothing!"

Jacquelina came back, still laughing, and took her seat at her uncle's feet.

"I want to talk to you, you little aggravation! Have you no ambition? Shouldn't you like to be the wife of a great man? Now, Grim' is already beginning to distinguish himself. He will be a great man yet!"

"Yes! if he *grows stout* with years! He '*stands high*' in the community now!"

"You look as if you were making fun, and I believe you are? I tell you, Professor Grimshaw is destined to make his mark in the world!"

"Of course, if he slips down and 'measures his length in the snow!'"

"Bombshells!—I'll be shot if I stand this!"

"No! certainly not! don't try, uncle! It might hurt your poor leg!"

"Oh! Oh, Lord! What a visitation! What a judgment? Whatever shall I do with this—this—Minx? Don't you know, you minx, that Doctor Grimshaw will most probably be the next President of —— College? And have you no sense of the dignity that would attach to you as the wife of so distinguished a man?"

Jacquelina put her finger upon her chin, and cast her eyes down in demure reflection—then she soberly arose, walked up to the hat-rack, and standing before the little glass inserted there, deliberately contemplated herself for several minutes. Then as soberly she walked back and resumed her seat, saying,

"It won't do, uncle! I don't look like it? no, not one bit!"

"Don't be too humble, Miss L'Oiseau! For whether you really deserve it or not, you will have that 'greatness thrust' upon you!"

"Then, indeed, I shall cast it off again."

"Indeed, you shall not!"

"Try me! *Dare to try me!*"

Up to this time the bantering conflict had been carried on good-humoredly, notwithstanding the sauciness of Jacquelina's retorts, but now there was danger of the antagonists getting out of temper, and the sham quarrel becoming a real one, when Mrs. Waugh interfered by changing the subject.

They lingered long in the hall that evening, longer than usual. Was it with any prophetic feeling that this would be the very last evening they would ever sit in that old passage way again?

That very night the old mansion, that had withstood the storms of more than two hundred winters, was burned to the ground!

The fire broke out in the kitchen. Upon that fatal evening it had been left to Stupid to cover up the brands on the kitchen hearth. No one could surmise how he contrived to draw on the calamity. It is true that Maria, who was waiting on her master at his bedside, had mockingly told "Stupe" to be sure and *leave a coal sticking to the broom* when he swept the ashes up. But could Stupe have been such a fool as to take her at her word? Maria was not certain, and upon the whole, she thought it best not to investigate the matter too closely. For indeed, Stupe had become most lamentably stupid since his master's accession of illness and ill-temper had kept him in a state of perpetual panic, in fact since the reign of the leg had commenced.

Be that as it may, upon the evening of the fire, Jacquelina had gone to her room—she had an apartment to herself now—and feeling for the first time in her life, some little uneasiness about her uncle's "whim" of wedding her to Grim', she had walked about the floor for sometime in much restlessness of mind and body, then she went to a wardrobe, and took out Cloudy's treasured first uniform, and held it up before her. How small it looked now, why it was scarcely too large for herself! And how much Cloudy had outgrown it! It had fitted him nicely at sixteen, now he was twenty-one, and in two years more he would be home again! Smiling to herself, and tossing her charming head, as at some invisible foe, she said,

"Yes, indeed! I should so like to see them do it!"

She pressed the cloth up to her face, and put it away, and, still smiling to herself, retired to rest, to dream of her dear playmate.

She dreamed of being in his ship on the open sea, the scene idealized to supernal beauty and sublimity, as all such scenes are in dreams; and then she thought the ship took fire, and saw, and heard, and felt the great panic and horror that ensued.

She woke in a terrible fright. A part of her dream was true! Her chamber was filled with smoke, and the house was chaotic with noise and confusion, and resounded with cries of "Fire! Fire!" everywhere. What happened next passed with the swiftness of lightning.—She jumped out of bed, seized a woollen shawl, and wrapped it around her head, and even in that imminent danger not forgetting her most cherished treasure, Cloudy's suit of uniform, snatched it from the wardrobe and fled out of the room. Her swift and dipping motion that had gained her the name of "Lapwing," now served her well—shooting her bright head forward and downward, she fled through all the passages, and down all the stairs and out by the great hall, that was all in flames, until she reached the lawn, where the panic-stricken and nearly idiotic household were assembled, weeping, moaning and wringing their hands, while they gazed upon the work of destruction before them in impotent despair!

Jacquelina looked all around upon the group, each figure of which glared redly in the light of the flames. All were present—all but the Commodore! Where could the Commodore be?

Jacquelina ran through the crowd looking for him in all directions. He was nowhere visible, though the whole area was lighted up, even to the edge of the forest, every tree and branch and twig and leaf of which was distinctly revealed in the strong red glare.

"Where is uncle? Oh! where is uncle?" she exclaimed, running wildly about and finally going up to Mrs. Waugh, who, in her night-clothes, stood looking the statue of consternation!

Jacquelina shook her fat arm.

"Aunty! aunty! Where is uncle? Are you bewitched? Where is uncle?"

"Where? Here, somewhere. I saw him run out before me."

"No, you didn't! It was so dark, and you were so terrified and confused, that you mistook somebody else for him. Oh, my Lord! he is in the burning house!—he is in the house!"

"Oh, he is in the house! he is in the house!" echoed Henrietta, now roused from her panic, and wringing her hands in the most acute distress. "Oh! will nobody save him! will nobody save him!"

It was too late! Commodore Waugh was in the burning mansion, in his bedchamber, near the top of the house, fast asleep!

"Good Heaven! will no one *attempt* to save him?" screamed Henrietta, running wildly from one to the other.

They all gazed on each other, and then in consternation upon the burning building, every window of which was belching flame, while the sound of some falling rafter, or the explosion of some combustible substance was continually heard! To venture into that blazing house, with its sinking roof and falling rafters seemed certain death.

"Oh! my God! my God! will none even *try* to save him?" cried Henrietta, wringing her hands in extreme anguish.

Suddenly—

"Pray for me, aunty!" exclaimed Jacquelina, and she darted like a bird towards the house, into the passage, and seemed lost to the smoke and flame!

Wrapping the woollen shawl closely about her, and keeping near the floor, she glided swiftly up the stairs, flight after flight, and through the suffocating passages until she reached her uncle's door; it was open, and his room was clearer of smoke than any other, from the wind blowing through the open window.

There he lay in a deep sleep! She sprang to the bedside, seized and shook the arm of the sleeper.

"Uncle! uncle! wake, for God's sake, wake! the house is on fire!"

"Hum-m-m-o!" muttered the old man, giving a great heave and plunge, and sinking over into a heavier sleep than before.

"Uncle! uncle! You will be burned to death, if you don't wake up!" cried Jacquelina, shaking him violently.

"Humph? Yes, Jacquelina? um—m—the—Grim! um—m—Luckenough!" muttered the dreamer, flinging about his great arms.

"Luckenough is in flames! My God! My God! Uncle! wake, wake!" she cried, shaking him frantically.

"Ah, ha! yes! I—I little [illegible] again!" he said, laughing in his sleep.

At that moment there was the sound of a falling rafter in the adjoining room. Every instant was worth a life, and there he lay in a sodden, hopeless sleep.

Oh, surely the angels who saved the children in the fiery furnace will hold up the sinking roof!

Suddenly Sans Souci ran to the ewer—it was empty. There was no time to be lost! every second was invaluable! He must be instantly roused, and Jacquelina was not fastidious as to the means of doing so!

Leaping upon the bolster behind his great, stupid head, she reached over, and seizing the mass of his gray, grizzly beard, she pulled it up the wrong way, with all her might, until, roaring with pain, he started up in a fury, and seeing her, exclaimed,

"Oh, you abominable little vixen! is that you? Do you dare? Are you frantic, then? Oh, you outrageous little dare devil! Won't I send you to a mad-house, and have you put in a straight-jacket, till you know how to behave yourself! You infernal little wretch you!"

"*Still for wife!*"

A sudden thought struck Sans Souci to move him by his affection for herself.

"Uncle, look around you! The house is burning! if you do not rouse yourself and save your poor little 'wretch,' she must perish in the flames!"

This effectually brought him to his senses; he understood everything! he leaped from the bed, seized a blanket, enveloped her in it, raised her in his arms, and forgetting gout, lameness, leg and all, bore her down the creaking, heated stairs, flight after flight, and through the burning passages out of the house, in safety.

Oh, surely the angels *had* held up that sinking roof, that, as soon as they had passed in safety, fell with an awful resonance, sending up new flames to Heaven, bearing, as it were, the story of the young girl's heroism.

A shout of joy greeted the Commodore, as he appeared with Jacquelina in the yard.

But heeding nothing but the burden he bore in his arms, the old sailor strode on until he reached a convenient spot, where he threw the blanket off her face to give her air.

She had fainted—the terror and excitement had been too great—the reaction was too powerful—it had overwhelmed her, and she lay insensible across his arms, her fair head hanging back, her white garments streaming to the air, her golden locks floating, her witching eyes closed, and her blue lips apart, and rigid on her glistening teeth—so she lay like dead Cordelia in the arms of old Lear.

Henrietta and Mrs. L'Oiseau, followed by all the household, crowded around them, with water, the only restorative at hand.

At length she recovered and looked up, a little bewildered, but soon memory and understanding returned, and gazing at her uncle, she suddenly threw her arms around his neck, and burst into tears.

She was then carried away into one of the best negro quarters, and laid upon a bed, and attended by her mother and her maid Maria.

The Commodore, with his wife, found shelter in another quarter. And the few remaining members of the household were accommodated in a similar manner elsewhere.

They had scarcely got within doors when the storm, that had been muttering in the distance all the fore part of the night, now burst upon the earth. The rain came down in torrents, like another deluge, and continued with unabated violence until morning.

The sun arose upon a strange, wild scene—a scene of beauty and of desolation! There was the greensward and shrubberies, and the surrounding belt of forest, all verdant and spangled with rain-drops, and sparkling in the fresh light of morning—and there, in the midst, was the ruin, with its blackened walls and chimneys! The fire had been effectually extinguished by the floods of rain, but not until it had completed the work of destruction.

Nothing had been saved but the clothing in which the family stood. Something doubtless might have been secured from the flames had there been an organized action, or a leader, with presence of mind enough left to direct the crowd, who, panic-stricken by the suddenness, and the unprecedented nature of the catastrophe, had remained totally inactive.

The loss, complete as it was in regard to Luckenough, was not, however, very great; the house and the furniture were old, and might be considered to owe no farther service to their proprietor. For years there had been a talk of pulling down and re-building and re-furnishing. The long deferred and doubtful matter was now precipitated and rendered certain. That was all. After a rude breakfast, the best that could be prepared under the circumstances, a family council was called, and it was decided that they should go to Benedict for the present, until some other course was fixed upon, especially as Jacquelina was very ill and needed immediate medical attendance.

The stables had not been burned, and the carriage and horses were safe. Festus and Bill were directed to bring them around, while Maria, mounted on a mule, was despatched to the nearest neighbor to borrow clothing for the burnt-out family.

It was near noon before they were all ready to set forth from the scene of disaster, and it was the middle of the afternoon when they found themselves temporarily settled at the little hotel at Benedict, in the very apartments formerly occupied by Edith and Marian.

Here Jacquelina suffered a long and severe spell of illness, during which her bright hair was cut off.

And here beautiful Marian came, with her gift of tender nursing, and devoted herself day and night to the service of the young invalid. And all the leisure time she found while sitting by the sick bed she busily employed in making up clothing for the almost denuded family. And never had the dear girl's nimble fingers flown so fast or so willingly.

Every day the Commodore, accompanied by Dr. Grimshaw, rode over to Luckenough to superintend the labors of the workmen in pulling down and clearing away the ruins of the old mansion, and preparing the site for a new building.

Six weeks passed and brought the first of August, before Jacquelina was able to sit up, and then the physicians recommended change of air and the waters of Bentley Springs for the re-establishment of her health.

During her illness, Jacquelina had become passionately attached to Marian, as all persons did who came under the daily influence of the beautiful girl. Dr. Grimshaw was to accompany the family to Bentley. Jacquelina insisted that Marian should be asked to make one of the party. Accordingly, the Commodore and Mrs. Waugh, nothing loth, invited and pressed the kind maiden to go with them. But for many reasons Marian declined the journey—first, she could not or would not leave Edith, except upon missions of benevolence or necessity—secondly, now that her services were no longer needed, she did not wish to accept the hospitality of the uncle from whom her sister was still estranged; and, lastly, but neither of these great reasons existed, a smaller one equally cogent would have prevented her becoming one of their party, namely—Marian had no proper wardrobe for the occasion. Two or three dresses, light-blue gingham, and blue calico, and one white dress constituted Marian's entire outfit. The dear maiden was too disinterested, too much the servant of the public to have accumulated anything beyond the necessaries of clothing for herself.

Therefore, when her duties as nurse and seamstress were over, Marian rejoined Edith.

And Commodore Waugh, with his wife, his niece, and his Grim', set out in the family carriage for Bentley Springs.

It was Jacquelina's first visit to a watering-place, and it might be said to her first entrance into society. Her health rapidly improved, and she gave herself up to pleasure with all the enthusiasm of a novice. None so gay as she! Her hair had not been cut so close but that it would curl and cluster in little golden rings around her laughing forehead—giving new piquancy to the fairy face. She was the best and newest beauty there, besides being a reputed heiress, and she might have become the belle of the season, but for her incurable and almost outrageous eccentricities and love of mischief.

Her pet riding-horse, Puck, had been brought along for her daily use, and for the first day or two numerous had been the petitions from the young men presented to her acquaintance, to be permitted to attend her. And strange to say, the Commodore laughed, and gave his willing consent, well knowing that none—not the most daring—would solicit the pleasure of escorting Miss L'Oiseau a second time.

Near the last of the season, there was a project started that enlisted all Jacquelina's interest—this was a mock-tournament, to be followed by a masked ball. She entered into the spirit of the thing with all her heart and soul, as usual. Indeed, it was believed by those who had good opportunities of judging, that the fairy herself was the invisible inspirer and instigator of the whole affair; that she dropped a hint here, and a hint there, in the proper quarters, where her suggestions would fall like sparks of fire on combustible material, until the whole company at the Springs were a-blaze with excitement upon the subject of the mock tournament.

And all the young men, and many of the elder ones, passed several hours daily in practising; and already there was such a difference in skill displayed, that confident predictions were made as to which should carry off the ring the greatest number of times, and which should be second, and the third in succession, etc.

Jacquelina listened to all this with the greatest gravity, only there was such an unfathomable depth of mischief lurking in her demure eyes!

The ladies were equally busy with the subject of the characters to be assumed, and the dresses to be worn at the fancy ball.

An agent was procured and despatched to the city, with written directions to select materials for the fancy dresses, mock armor, etc.

Everybody knew, of course, that it was going to be a burlesque, and expected and prepared for nothing else. I must pass over the bustle of the preparations that occupied two weeks, and the accession of company from the neighboring towns and villages and the country round about, that poured into Bentley to see the wonder of the mock-tournament—the actors in which knew perfectly well that they were making fools of themselves, but they did so with purpose, "propense and aforethought," and no less zealously upon that account.

The great day of the tournament came at last. I suppose it is necessary to give some idea of the scene in which the splendid spectacle of the tenth century was revived and travestied in the nineteenth.

The hour was fixed for noon. The site was well selected.

Imagine an open plain, ending at the south with a high, steep cliff, crowned with the forest, which at noon cast a long, dense shadow. Under the shade of this cliff were erected the seats of the spectators—wooden benches, raised one above the other, backwards. Here, at an early hour, were assembled and seated the greater number of the visitors of the Springs—that is to say, all the ladies and children, and such of the gentlemen as did not take active part in the burlesque.

Opposite these seats, at the extreme north of the plain, under a canopy, the King-at-Arms, with heralds and pursuivants, in costume, held his court.

At the east end was the gate through which the "knights" entered—here were also stationed heralds and pursuivants in fancy dresses.

Opposite, at the west extremity, was the gate through which they (the knights) issued, and here were stationed the "minstrels,"—that is to say, a modern band of music—silent now, but to strike up a triumphant peal at the pass of every victorious knight.

Now, if you fancy that this mock tournament is to be an encounter of gallant knights with shield and lance, I am sorry to disappoint you. We cannot even so much as *travestie* these things now. Few men now would like, even in sport, to meet an opponent in such thunder-shocks! No! It was an encounter only of lance and ring—a feat of agility—an exhibition of sleight-of-hand, quickness and sureness of eye, and skillful and elegant horsemanship—no more.

And now take notice—a well rolled gravel-road was made to traverse the plain from the east gate, at which the knights were to enter to the west gate, from which they were finally to issue. Midway across this road stood what looked precisely like a gibbet, with a noose hanging down. Don't be shocked however! For it was a much more merry matter. That was a rope certainly that hung down midway from the cross-beam—and at the end of that rope was a small steel hook, with its point towards the west. Upon that hook hung an iron ring of four inches in diameter. Now the feat to be accomplished was this—for the rider, while in full gallop, to bear off the ring on the point of his lance.

Among the spectators were of course our rustic family from Luckenough—the Commodore, Mrs. Waugh, Mrs. L'Oiseau, and Dr. Grimshaw—all except Jacquelina! and all taking the greatest interest in the scene about to be performed.

Poor Jacquelina! Unlucky Sans Souci! It really seemed a very great pity, after *all* the zeal she had displayed in the getting up of this frolic—that on the very morning of its enactment, she should be seized with—oh! such a maddening nervous headache! A headache that "ached" so dreadfully, she could not bear a ray of light or the sound of a *footfall*—a headache that nothing but utter darkness and silence and profound rest could mitigate. She vowed that she was sure, if she heard any one within ten feet of her room-door, she should fall into fits. And so she had every window-shutter closed, and sent Grim, and the Commodore, and her mother, and her aunty, and the maid Maria, all in turn, out of her room—protesting that if she was not left alone, she should go into convulsions! But if *only* permitted to go quietly to sleep, she should be better in the afternoon. And so, at her urgent desire, she was left alone in the dark room, with a lump of ice at her head, and mustard-plasters on the soles of her feet.

Everybody pitied Miss L'Oiseau, but soon forgot her in the excitement of the coming scene.

"Poor Lapwing! how unfortunate that she should be sick this day of *all days*," said Mrs. Waugh, "but she seemed right well content, too, and doubtless she will be much better this afternoon, and be able to assist at the fancy ball," added the lady, comforting herself that

Our Portrait Gallery.

DANIEL BOONE.

This hardy and brave pioneer, and founder of Kentucky, was born in 1746, in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. While yet a mere boy, his father emigrated to North Carolina, and settled on the banks of the South Yadkin river. The wild and daring spirit, the love of adventure, and fearless intrepidity, which characterized his maturer life, were displayed very early. Before he was twenty, he married the daughter of Mr. Ryan, a neighboring settler, by whom he had several children, and who cheerfully shared with him his lonely and repeated removals from civilized into savage life.

On the 1st of May, 1769, Boone, with a few neighbors, started for the western wilderness, and, at length, "located" on the banks of the Red River, in Kentucky, then an unbroken wilderness, which had never known a white man, nor resounded to the stroke of the axe. We cannot follow our hero through all the vicissitudes of his pioneer life; it was one of great peril and many hardships. Several times taken prisoner by the Indians, he had the tact to conciliate them, and contrive his escape. Enduring much by reason of hunger and privations, toiling early and late to reduce the savage wastes to a condition of cultivation, he acquired such a passion for his wild and adventurous life, that when, in 1792, Kentucky was admitted to the Union, he struck out still farther into the wilderness, and settled, at length, St. Charles, on the Missouri River, about forty-five miles above St. Louis. On being asked why, at his time of life, he relinquished the comforts of a home he had redeemed from savage life and rendered comfortable, for the renewed trials of a wilderness home, his answer was, "Oh, I am too crowded; I must have more elbow room."

During this interval of time, Colonel Boone had made many lesser changes in his place of residence, and had often been employed by Government on missions of hostile and friendly intent among the Indians; in all of which he exhibited a statesmanship and courage which won for him the approval of his employers, and the admiration of his savage foes. He resided in his last home about fifteen years, when, losing his wife, who had shared with him all his perilous life, he went to spend the remnant of his days with his son, Major Nathan Boone, and where he died, in 1822, breathing his last in perfect resignation, at the great age of eighty-four years.

It would far exceed our proposed limits to enter into a minute detail of all the romantic and adventurous exploits of this remarkable man; we content ourselves with the following:—

While a resident in his father's house, on the Yadkin River, being about eighteen years of age, he, in company with another youth of the neighborhood, got up a "fire hunt," which is conducted as follows: One of the party rides through the forest on horseback, with a lighted torch swinging above his head, while the other remains in covert. The torch attracts the attention of the deer, and at a signal from the concealed person the torch is held stationary, and, while the eager eyes of the wondering animal are fixed on the light, a ball is planted between them, and the "poor fool" falls a victim to his curiosity. On this occasion, Boone was in covert, and, seeing a pair of reflecting eyes through the dim shade of the trees, levelled his rifle, and gave the preconcerted signal. To his astonishment, the *animal* turned and fled; and, without a thought, the brave hunter sprung from his hiding-place and pursued. Over hill and moor, through brake and thicket, the race went forward, our hero gaining on the game until, at length, the affrighted and pursued object rushed into the house of his newly settled neighbor Ryan. Flinging himself through the door, we may judge of the confusion of Boone when he saw the object of his pursuit fainting with terror in the old man's arms—*for it was his beautiful and only daughter!* We need not relate how he wooed and won the fair Rebecca, who came so near being the victim to his bullet.

While residing on the Kentucky River, a party of three Indians waylaid and took prisoners three young ladies, one of them Boone's daughter. He was absent from the fort at the time—but, returning some hours after, commenced the pursuit alone, overtook the party the following day, and, slaying two of the Indians, returned to the fort, bringing the fair captives with him.—*Illustrated American Biography.*

[illegible] might the better enjoy the scene about to commence.

A herald, in a blue tunic, blew his trumpet [illegible] the lists open, and the competitors about to [illegible]. At the [illegible] herald, [illegible] at the west, [illegible] colored [illegible] were [illegible], by the celebrated "the red boy," "the yellow boy," and "the blue boy." A goodly number of competitors, in gay [illegible] and cavaliers, [illegible] at the eastern gate. The "blue boy," in a sonorous voice, proclaimed their names and titles. The characters assumed for the occasion were—alas for modesty and veneration!—the very greatest heroes of the middle ages; among them, "Richard Coeur-de-Lion," "the Black Prince," "Harry, of England," (Henry V.) "Hotspur," "Sir William Wallace," etc. There were also some of a more comic character, (it was all comic enough) [illegible] Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, Sir Hudibras, etc. But the name of the first competitor was about to be proclaimed, and a dead silence ensued.

"The Knight of Malta!" shouted the herald from the north, whose voice was unluckily very thick.

"The Knight of the Alter!" repeated the east herald, whose ear was no better than the other's voice, and,

"The Knight of the—HALTER!" vociferated the west herald, who was too far off to hear well.

"Oh! that is too funny! Poor Lapwing! How she would enjoy that!" said Mrs. Waugh.

But just then the Knight of the "Halter" dashed forward on the road, with his lance balanced lightly in his right hand—and without pausing or slackening his speed in the least, sped through the area, and bore off the ring! The band of music struck up a triumphal air, and the spectators gave a shout of congratulation. The successful aspirant turned and rode around the area, and fell into his place. And the ring was restored to its station.

And then the name of another candidate was proclaimed in turn, by the three heralds, and he rode forward. This was a splendid equestrian—but alas, as he sped through the course he only touched and did not carry off the ring; and the music kept a dead silence, while he rode back crest-fallen, with his lance trailing by the saddle-bow.

Then came a third candidate who also missed; and then a fourth, who carried off the ring; and a fifth and a sixth, who failed even to touch it; and a seventh and eighth, who bore it off in triumph. And thus, with more or less success, all the candidates who had failed were ruled out from the list of competitors, while those who had succeeded remained for a second trial of skill.

There were but nine competitors in the second course. And this passed off with the like success as the first—that is to say, less than one half the candidates succeeded. Five failed, and had their names stricken off the list. Four remained to try the third course. These were "The Black Prince," "Hotspur," "Don Quixote De La Mancha," and "The Knight of Malta," alias of the "Halter."

With the narrowing down of the number of competitors, the excitement of the actors, as well as of the spectators, arose. On the part of the rivals there was of course more fatigue and less steady coolness than before. Perhaps it was upon this account, that in riding the third course, three of the competitors failed, while only one, "The Knight of Malta," succeeded, thus remaining, as he, and every one else supposed, sole victor of the field!

Not so they knew of however! "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and "oft expectation fails, and most oft there where most it promises." For while the victor knight, bearing aloft the ring upon the point of his lance was careering around the field, and the ladies were waving handkerchiefs, and casting bouquets in his way, and while the triumphant music was pealing, and the crowd was shouting, and the trumpets blowing, and the heralds vociferating, and the "King at Arms" preparing to proclaim, through his marshals, that the renowned "Knight of Malta" was the victor of the day, and entitled to the honor of crowning the lady of his fancy Queen of Beauty and Love—hark! the winding of a horn, whose piercing notes penetrated through all grosser sounds and announced the advent of a new challenger!

And lo! at the west gate a vision of dazzling splendor! Sun and stars and diamonds, how radiant! It was a young knight, a mere stripling, in what seemed silver plated scale armor, that glanced and flashed in the sunlight with blinding radiance—his helmet was encircled by a diadem of what seemed precious stones—diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, that sparkled, glowed, and blazed in rays of many colored fire, crested with a snow white plume—his steed was white with housings of white satin, wrought with a deep border of silver lilies, and finished with a deep fringe of silver threads. Light, graceful, aerial, and dazzlingly radiant, was this resplendent vision! All the crowd arose to look, and then turned their half-blinded eyes away.

A herald from the King at Arms demanded his name, lineage, and country.

"PRINCE ARIEL from the Court of Fairy."

His errand at the tournament?

To challenge the victor knight to a trial of a dozen rounds! This was very trying indeed, just in the moment of victory. But by all the gallant and generous usages of chivalry, this challenge must not be refused—besides, the Fairy Prince was such a mere sprite—not likely to conquer in material contests. The assembly also, by acclamation, demanded that the challenge should be accepted. And it was accepted. Order was restored. Lots were drawn for the first trial, which fell on the fortunate Knight of Malta.

Once more with lance balanced in his right hand, the knight spurred on his charger towards the arch, and passed under it, carrying off the ring. And while he rode round the area, the crowd shouted, and the music pealed forth as before.

It was now the turn of the Fairy Prince. He was stationed at the west gate. With a swift, smooth, wavy motion, he galloped on, his silver armor glancing in the sun rays, passed under the arch, and carried off the ring. And the music struck up, the crowd applauded, etc.

The Knight of Malta's turn. He dashed on, with lance held as before, and passed under the arch, bearing off the ring, amid the usual peals and plaudits.

And then again the Fairy Prince. He sped forward, like arrow to its aim, swept through the arch, and bore off the prize, amid the acclamations of the impartial multitude, and the bandeers of the music.

So far the success was equal, although the Fairy Prince far surpassed the Knight in elegance, and aerial grace of carriage. And this equality of success continued for several more rounds.

At length, however, the Prince seemed to wish to bring the contest to a crisis. And when his turn came round, instead of sweeping onward like a flash of lightning, as he had done before, he set forward in a gentle amble, until he got within a few feet of the arch, when he checked his horse for a flying leap, aimed his lance, and vaulted through, carrying off the ring upon the point, and falling again into the gentle amble, finished the course; then turning on his road he rode back, and in the act of vaulting through the arch, replaced the ring upon the hook, amid deafening thunders of applause!

This was a feat that had not been attempted before. The Knight of Malta thus tacitly challenged to rival this skill, declined the attempt, and in all knightly courtesy yielded the palm to the Fairy Prince as Victor of the Day!

The excitement of the crowd was unprecedented. Every man was up on his feet. Every lady was waving her handkerchief. The band of music went mad, and raved away in a perfect storm of triumph! The heralds nearly split their throats blowing the trumpets. And the King at Arms, and all his marshals, vociferated senseless hoorae, in trying to "conquer a peace."

At length, however, silence was restored.

And then "Prince Ariel, of Fairyland," was pronounced victor of the day, and entitled to the honor of crowning his liege lady Queen of Beauty and of Love.

But who was the radiant Prince Ariel, and who the lady of his choice? That was the question that excited to the utmost the interest of the breathless assembly.

He had received the crown from the King at Arms, and was about to indicate his queen by the act of coronation! What lady would it be?

He now rode around the area bearing the crown in his hand, and, approaching the seats of the spectators, paced along beneath them, his snow-white charger prancing in its spangled white housings, his silver armor flashing in the sun, his diadem of precious stones burning like a circlet of fire around his helmet, his snow-white plume dancing above his closed visor.—Ah, who was the dazzling Fairy Prince?

Reader, have you ever doubted his identity for a single moment?

But lo! he has passed before a group among the spectators. Expectation is on tip-toe! All hold their eyes to that focus! But how is this? It is our rustic party from Luckenough, and there is no fair lady in the group! What can the Fairy Prince mean? All eyes are riveted to the spot. And the Commodore and his party don't know what to make of it, at all.—The Commodore's eyes are distended to their widest ability. And the [illegible] of the party [illegible]. They have a [illegible] that the victor is in search of Jacquelina.

The Fairy Prince now bows before the group, until the snow-white crest sweeps the snow-white housings of his steed; and, placing the crown upon the point of his lance, he raises it and lays it at the feet of—Commodore [illegible] and raising his visor, reveals the golden locks and laughing brow and malicious blue eyes of—Jacquelina!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Correspondents.

DUTIES OF A MAIDEN LADY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It seems that the duties of a maiden lady are as complicated and various as those of a matron at an asylum of orphans. If she reside in the home of her parents, she is expected to perform the labor of half a dozen young misses. It is her province to replace everything torn down by others, and to remember the exact place where all household articles have been placed. Any neglect in point of apparel is deemed nearly unpardonable, as she has no children of her own to fix; so it must be sheer negligence if she does not appear every day perfectly neat in costume. She can, as well as not, make and mend for half-a-dozen nephews, cut and make dresses, and do the repairing for as many nieces; do the making and repairing for the neighbors generally, as she has abundance of time. Do any of the married fraternity wish to visit for a month or more, Aunt Mary can, as well as not, come and keep house and take care of the children, which she is expected to do with her face all the while wreathed with the sweetest smiles. Should a shadow flit across her brow, Aunt Mary is at once branded as a sour, calculating old maid, who is cross to children and every one else. Although the mother may scold them by the hour, it is to be expected—she has so many cares. If her parents are dead and gone, all want the honor of taking care of Aunt Mary, and she is pulled about something like the prisoner of an Arab or Indian, though not with quite so much danger to life and limb. It is not expected she can do much, but it would reflect dishonor on the family not to proffer her a home. If she be finally established with some brother or sister, all envy the privileged one the deed of charity they have the honor of dispensing. She is frequently reminded of the privilege she enjoys, which none but the most affectionate relatives would bestow. Every job, which others dislike doing, she is expected to be eminently qualified by nature to perform—to possess untiring filial affection, and true sisterly love. E. E.

Clippings.

☞ A letter from Boulogne to a London paper says: "Some persons in England would have been shocked to have heard, as they might have heard, on Sunday, a polka and variations from 'Robert the Devil' played during High Mass. The Mass was chanted in Latin, and some verses were sung by the men composing the bands."

☞ When the riot in the Crescent City, the other day, was at its height, one of the papers there tells us, one of the Fathers was sought for at a somewhat late hour of night, for the purpose of obtaining an order relative to the riot, and was found two-thirds drunk. In that happy state of obliviousness, the imminency of the danger was strongly represented to him, and his exertions were requested for the suppression of difficulties. The old gentleman bloomed out like a mammoth cactus, and informed the solicitor that "There was no difficulty; only every one go to bed, and nobody would be killed; he had examined carefully; he had drank whiskey with both parties; and more peaceable citizens and b—b—better gentlemen couldn't be found. The shouting was only for fun. If anybody attacks you, ask them to drink, and it'll all be settled. Try it—I did." And from his appearance we should think he had, and found it exceedingly sedative—on himself.

☞ A New York paper has the following: "Those who have been born and brought up here, as well as those in Philadelphia and Baltimore, as a general thing, have more fully developed figures than the Boston ladies, and we presume that there is no doubt but what it is owing to our greater immunity from the east wind."

☞ Telegraphic experiments were recently made at Portsmouth, England, with perfect success, at a mill-dam five hundred feet across, by which, with an operating battery on one side, and the corresponding dial on the other side, a telegraphic message was conveyed through the water, without the aid of connecting wires. An electric wire from each side was submerged, terminating in a plate constructed for the purpose. It is contended that in the same manner a telegraphic message may be conveyed across the British channel, without continuous cables of wire.

☞ A young lady, so Godey says, whose name was Patty, being addressed by a Mr. Cake, accepted him on condition that he would change his name, declaring that she would never consent to be called "patty-cake."

☞ The Dutch, when they owned the Spice Islands, in order to keep up prices, allowed only a certain quantity to be sent to market, and burnt all the balance. The coal operators at Pottsville will please make a note of it.

☞ In Boston, good potatoes are selling at from 65 to 70 cts per bushel, and winter apples at $1 50 per barrel. The crops of both are represented, in the New England States, to be nearly, if not quite average yields. In many portions of the great West, the fruit crop is abundant; and we learn that the same statement is true of the interior of this State.

☞ The following incident really occurred at a French Court within the last month: A man was before the Court on a charge of stealing some candles, and the prosecutor was examining witnesses who had bought from him. One of these said: "That though he suspected the candles had been stolen, he bought a sous worth; but that, in order not to encourage robbery, he had paid for them with a bad sous!"

☞ "Zeb," said a chap to his chum, the other day, "seems to me you didn't stay long at Squire Togger's last night." "No," was the reply, "I was sayin' a few pleasant things to the daughter, and the old man came in and gave me a hint to go." "A hint, Zeb, what sort of a hint?" "Why, he gave me my hat, opened the door, and just as he began to raise his cowhide boot, I had a thought that I wasn't wanted, and so I—I took my leave."

☞ An over-the-way neighbor fairly posed us the other night, by asking us the simplest question: "When is a fish crazy?" and assured us it was only when the aforesaid fish was in-sane. We left immediately, and went into our own house, with a bang of the door.

☞ The best joke we have heard for a long time was cracked by a village preacher. He was preaching on a very sultry day in a small room, and was annoyed by those who casually dropped in after the services had commenced, invariably closing the door after them. His patience, at last exhausted by the extreme oppressiveness of the heat, he vociferated to an offender, "Friend, I believe if I were preaching in a bottle you would put the cork in!"

☞ A dry sort of genius once undertook to name and classify the different sorts of fools in this world, as follows: 1st. The ordinary fool. 2nd. The fool who is one and don't know it. 3rd. The fool who is not satisfied with being a fool in reality, but undertakes, in addition, to play the fool.

☞ The wit of Douglas Jerrold is never so keen as when exercised on juvenile literary presumption. When M. Lamartine's merits were being discussed at a club of artists and authors, "Oh," said a clever young author, "he and I row in the same boat." Douglas Jerrold, who was present, turned round and said, "But not with the same sculls."

☞ The Chinese are said to have labored for centuries under great embarrassment, from not knowing how to make a barrel. They could do everything without any difficulty. They could make the staves, and set them up, and hoop them in; and, indeed, with the help of a man inside, they could put the second head on; but how to get the man out, after the barrel was headed up was a problem which they could not solve.

☞ A certain member of Congress from one of the Eastern States, was speaking one day on some important question, and became very animated, during which a brother member, his opponent on the question, sat smiling. This annoyed him very much, and he indignantly demanded why the gentleman from ——— was laughing at him. "I was smiling at your manner of making monkey faces, sir," was the reply. "Oh! I make monkey faces, do I? Well, sir, you have no occasion to try the experiment, for nature has saved you the trouble." The hammer was distinctly heard, amid a roar of laughter, calling the house to order.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year, will be ORIGINAL SKETCHES by GRACE GREENWOOD and by FANNY FERN—MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR THE FATAL VOW, by Mrs. Southworth—LETTERS FROM DEMERARA by Mrs. Denison—LETTERS FROM EUROPE by "O. G.," &c., &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

SOURCES OF DISEASE.

In the neighborhood of Golden Square, London, a place used for 200 years for the burial of the dead during epidemics, and where the bodies of thousands were deposited during the great plague, the cholera has been terribly fatal—400 persons dying recently in a few hours.

On the other hand, many persons are said to have died from cholera of late in London, who possessed good constitutions, were in comfortable and even affluent circumstances, and resided in houses where there was no complaint of defective drainage.

Whether the residences of this latter class, however, were in the vicinity of pestilential places, we are not informed. We think it probable that an investigation would show that either their residences, or their places of business, were more or less exposed to various unhealthy influences.

There have been a number of sudden deaths from cholera, &c., within the last month or two, in one cluster of small houses that we pass very frequently. The houses are situated in a somewhat low spot, as compared with the surrounding ground, and the air, when the wind sets to the street from that quarter, gives strong evidence that either hog-pens or slaughter-houses, or perhaps both, are conspiring to ruin the health of the neighborhood. To call this great mortality "unaccountable," and "Providential," with the smell of such nuisances in one's nose, is a kind of sinful nonsense. So far around as that infected air extends, so far the health of the neighborhood must inevitably suffer—those at the outskirts of the circle suffering the least, but still not being exempt from the pestilential influence.

We have instanced one of these infected vicinities in our midst, but doubtless their name is "legion." Hog Pens, large and small, Bone-boiling establishments, Glue and Soap manufactories, Chemical Works, &c., &c.—all should be banished from every thickly settled neighborhood. Most of them are sources of cholera, and those that are not, are productive of fevers and other diseases. The testimony that certain complaints have been cured by the smell of such places, is no more to be taken as evidence that they are promotive of the general health, than the fact that calomel and other poisons are useful in various diseases, is a proof that they would be excellent for well persons, and as a regular diet. A man should be guided by his nose in such matters, before all the testimony and all the physicians in christendom. Its opinion of what kind of air is best for the bodily functions, is worth that of all the laborers who work in such pest-houses, and naturally are desirous of pleasing their employers. All that the God-given sense of smell repudiates, should be abated as a nuisance—for even if it were not injurious to health, what man has a right to place a stench under the nose of his neighbors, thus invading their equal right to pure and pleasant air, and injuring the value of their property. If he could keep his stench at home, within his own borders, that would be another matter—but if he cannot do that, he has created a nuisance, which the Board of Health should abate if it has the power, and if it have not, such power should be given it.

For everyone knows how expensive and difficult it often is for individuals to remove such nuisances by course of law, especially when in the possession of wealthy firms—and so they are allowed to go on, poisoning on the right hand and on the left, killing a mother here, and an infant there, and ruining sound constitutions everywhere, in order that their owners may pile up treasure for earth, and condemnation for the Day of Judgment. As the sailor said in New Orleans, if his satanic majesty does not finally get some of these wealthy owners of pestilence-manufactories, who care not how many of their fellow-citizens suffer in health and in property so long as they can put money in their purses, "there is no use in having any devil."

DISGRACEFUL.—There could be no more significant sign of the degradation into which politics have fallen—and the consequent mean character of many of the nominations for office—than the fact that it is becoming a common custom in this city, to make candidates avow their sentiments under oath! Even the *friends* of the "*gentlemen*" nominated now-a-days, seem to have very little faith in their integrity and truthfulness; but require them to go before some Aldermen, and make a regular affidavit that they never have done, and never will do, this, that or the other.

That any man possessing a decent share of self-respect, would submit to the degradation of such a procedure, is not to be supposed. And we therefore think no elector can go very far wrong in voting against every candidate whose friends evidently do not consider his word of honor a sufficient dependance. That by doing so, we may elect some one not much better is very probable—for between many of the opposing candidates, it is a regular "pull Dick, pull devil" affair. But one good result would be attained by a general pursuance of such a course, and that would be an indignant rebuke of the new and disgraceful practice to which we have alluded. A rebuke that might tend perhaps to the future nomination of men, whose words would be universally allowed to be as good as their oaths.

A SIGNIFICANT MISTAKE.—At the Agricultural Exhibition in Canada, the workmen, desirous of paying a compliment to Gov. Elgin, ran up a flag which they supposed to be that of Great Britain, but which, when it unrolled itself, proved to be the glorious stripes and stars. The American flag had been brought down among others to adorn the Exhibition. The only difference was that it was about twenty years too soon for the free flag of the Union to be flung abroad upon the Canadian air.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

The Water Cure Journal, for September, contains the following remarks upon the bathing and clothing of children:

But if parents will use cold water on their own persons, let not [illegible] them to have mercy on their helpless offspring. Do [illegible] their water and [illegible] to warm *it just a little*. Nothing is more barbarous and [illegible] than to bathe children in cold water, or [illegible] cold water. [illegible] is injurious to wash our hands and face in cold winter water. Those who do it, will find that they have rough and cracked skins. The [illegible] of children [illegible] being washed is small, compared with the evil effects that often follow the application of cold water to the head, viz: congestion of the head or lungs, especially the latter. True, cold water to the head, will make precocious children, and it will also fill the graveyard with the opening buds of infancy. I think it will be found that more children die with head diseases since the use of water has been in vogue, than before; and for the reason already given.

The fact is, the brain requires and [illegible] more blood than any other organ of the system. The application of cold water to the head increases the amount, and hence it is no uncommon thing for children, especially "smart ones," to die as above stated with head disease. Indeed, it has become a proverb among our mothers at least, "that such children are too smart to live," and it is so.

By such treatment, the brain becomes too active and large for the body, and, like a powerful engine in a small boat, soon shakes it to pieces and sends it to the bottom. I cannot close my remarks without entreating mothers in the name of humanity not to attempt to "toughen," as it is called, their children, by half-clothing them in cold weather. My heart has ached as I have seen them thus exposed to the piercing winds of a northern winter. Many a mother has thus sown the seeds of premature death in her offspring, for which she has consoled herself by calling it a "mysterious Providence."

If you would have healthy, robust children, see that they are warmly clad, especially their extremities. In connection with cold bathing, I would utter my disclaimer against the prevailing practice of rubbing the skin with coarse, rough towels, or horse-brushes. No error in the water-treatment is more injurious. A healthy skin is smooth, soft, and velvet-like; and anything that irritates it and makes it rough is injurious.

But a few of the people understand the functions of the skin, or the importance of a healthy body. My limits will not allow of my discussing the matter here. At some future time I may take it up. I approve of gentle rubbing of the skin with *soft* clothes; or, better, with the bare hand. But it should not be rubbed any way to produce unpleasant sensations.

If we credit the reports of patients who have taken treatment at our Water-Cure Establishments, the heroic or cold treatment is too much in vogue for them for their good.

There is scarcely anything more difficult than the proper management of children. Even after sound general rules have been adopted relative to bathing, clothing, diet, &c., the modification of said rules to suit the varying constitutions of children, is a matter of the utmost difficulty, requiring the greatest discernment and the most careful judgment. Young parents—beginning the married state with the works of the two Combes and other excellent authors, as text-books—imagine that they have the whole theory of physical, moral and mental education at their tongue's end, and that nothing will be easier than to put it into practice. But with the education of every successive child, their confidence in their own wisdom probably will decrease, until, when they have had some half-dozen children, they probably will be ready to admit that they know scarcely anything. For the same rules that seem to work admirably with one child, will prove entirely insufficient, if not positively injurious, in the case of another. We think it is Andrew Combe who tells of a little girl of his acquaintance, whom her supper of bread and milk regularly sickened—and who did not begin to flourish until a cup of tea was substituted in the place of her former diet. And such differences as this in the constitutional requirements of children, render the task of bringing them up so very difficult an undertaking. How few succeed in overcoming the difficulty, and reducing the best theories to a practical solution, is proven by the large proportion of pale and puny forms and faces to be found in the ranks of the young.—Any one who turns his attention to this subject, and will observe the general condition of American children, as seen in the public schools, and other places where numbers are gathered together, will be struck with the fact of the very few whom he could term from their appearance positively healthy.

The Water-Cure people have done their full share in injuring the health of our children—and we are glad to see from the extract quoted above, that they are beginning to repent of it. For the last five or six years we have been firmly convinced that the use of cold water was being carried to a hurtful extreme by very many. We tried daily washing in cold water ourself for one winter, and were well satisfied that however beneficial it was for others, it was injurious to us. The effect is highly invigorating for the time, but it is an invigoration which is purchased at the expense of the regular amount of vital power. You are living fast, but drawing upon the principal to do it. Moreover, the skin—excited to do more than its share in the relief of the organization—becomes dry and harsh, and testifies by its itching that too much of the refuse of digestion is being directed through its delicate system of drainage.

Cleanliness no doubt is a great promoter of health—but even cleanliness may be pushed to an extreme. It is better to get a little dirty, than to be paddling in water all day like a fish. Besides in the use of *cold* water, especially in cold weather, the water operates not only as a purifier, but as a powerful tonic. So far as cleanliness is needed, water about the temperature of the skin would attain that more easily, without the medical effect produced by the cold.

Perhaps, however, there is no error which has led to a greater amount of foolish practice in this respect, than the forgetfulness that the same thing which is an excellent remedy for one disease, may only aggravate another, and be entirely unsuitable as a common treatment for persons in health. That cold water has been of great use in certain cases of long-standing indigestion, is very probable—but it does not follow that it will be equally useful in preserving as in restoring health. Even for certain individuals who consider themselves well, the daily use of cold water may be advantageous as counteracting a constant tendency of the system in some injurious direction. But because it has been a great help to such, is no reason that persons having no such tendency should experience the same degree of benefit. Cold water, as a remedy for certain complaints and diseases, thus may be, and no doubt really is, highly beneficial—but to use it as some do, and without regard to the temperature of the water or of the weather, is, as a general thing, to ruin health instead of to preserve it.

Of course what we have said of the use of cold water in general, applies even more strongly in the case of children, whose constitutions are even less able to bear the great shock thus inflicted.

We think that every wise parent, whatever other conclusions as to the subjects of bathing, diet and dress he may settle down upon, as having been weighed in the balance of experience, and not found wanting, will unite with us in extolling the great importance of Moderation. Do not carry anything to an extreme—we are located in the medium zone, let our practice be conformable therewith. Let Moderation, in bathing, in exercise, in study, in dress, in diet, be the great general law of our household government—not to be departed from except upon good grounds. Nature has in herself considerable power of compensation—and for small deviations from what she would most like, she will pardon and provide; accommodating herself to a reasonable amount of error. But she cannot pardon and allow for extreme departures from her requirements. Therefore, if we keep in the line of moderation, we shall not often deviate in our ignorance further than she is prepared to make allowance for.

Relative to the practice of rubbing down the skin of a man with something rather less rough than a currycomb, as if he were a horse, so frequently recommended some years ago, we subscribe fully to the doctrine laid down by our water cure friend. As also to what is said relative to the clothing—with a caution. There is just as much danger of erring on the side of too much clothing, as on that of too little. If the child be clothed too warmly, he becomes enervated, and if it cause him to perspire, is in danger of taking cold. Besides, to many children, too much clothing by day or night is intolerably oppressive—they cannot endure it. We see no other way therefore than to consult the pleasure of the child—and scarcely know whether it is better to err upon the side of too much or too little. A tender, delicate child generally will desire more covering than a strong and healthy one—and yet the former will often suffer even more from an excess of clothing than the latter.

Ah, well! it is a difficult matter to do your duty in these respects. Every one will acknowledge this—and none perhaps more readily and fervently than those who try the hardest, and really know the most. Between errors upon the right hand and upon the left—not omitting the great error of too much attention and care, to the forgetfulness of the importance of what some wise man called "a little wholesome neglect"—the management and education of children is if anything even more difficult than the management and education of men. Needing much forethought, sound judgment, great command of temper,—and, to add to all these, some humility, and a readiness to acknowledge that you have been mistaken, and will adopt another course for the future. If we may offer, in conclusion, another rule, in addition to that great one of Moderation, for the government of children, and parents, we would say, Follow Nature. We know that she [illegible], and therefore is not [illegible] to be trusted—but still we say, Follow Nature. Nature originally was the [illegible] guide of man—[illegible] by his Maker. And, however, she may have become capricious, and occasionally false, owing to her being [illegible] and [illegible] with all the perversions and falsehoods of her fallen [illegible], still she remains—under Heaven—his truest guide, and counsellor and friend. Follow Nature, [illegible] at a [illegible] distance and with [illegible]—for, to lose sight of her, is to go entirely astray. She may not lead you exactly in the right path, but she is always in the neighborhood of the right—for, by a law of her existence, she cannot wander far from it, and live. [illegible]—for, with all her faults, she is the only guide in very many respects that we have to follow. And she will be a better one, as we grow better.

FANNY FERN.

MR. EDITOR:—Do you not think that Fanny Fern is exhausting her peculiar vein—is she not depreciating a little? I hear that the sale of her last volume—her second series—is by no means equal to that of the first. What do you think about the matter? CRITIC.

We think, Mr. Critic, that we shall be after you with a "sharp stick," if you call the mental powers of one of our lady contributors into question with such remarkable freedom. We have now a series of sketches engaged from Fanny's pen—and we are willing to leave to yourself and to our readers, after perusing the forthcoming articles, whether there is any exhaustion of her peculiar vein—any depreciation of her powers, be it never so little.

THE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—This was on the whole an excellent exhibition—though not, we confess, quite equal to what a Pennsylvania *State* Fair should be. We think that Philadelphia, with half a-dozen of the nearest counties, could do as well any day. At the present writing, we have not an authoritative account of the number of visitors, but it must have been immense. We suppose somewhere between one and two hundred thousand. The Society must have cleared many thousands of dollars by the operation.

We hear great complaints of the awards of prizes. It is said that not only were the prizes given often with gross unfairness—as the pecuniary interests of individual members of the committees dictated—but that many prizes which were promised were not given at all. And that nothing like the pledged $7,000 was awarded. By next week we expect to be able to make some specific statements relative to this matter—getting up thus a small *exhibition* of our own; not a *Fair*, however, but an *unfair*.

THE LOST HEIRESS.—This fascinating production of Mrs. Southworth's, whose forthcoming in book form we announced some weeks since—is now before us. It is published in beautiful style—with excellent print and paper—and adorned with a portrait of the author, and a view of her romantically situated cottage residence on the Potomac; which cottage, we are pleased to state, is her own property, bought with the products of her gifted pen.

A short concluding chapter has been added to the story by Mrs. Southworth, in revising it, as it was thought upon consideration, that the reader's curiosity as to the after fortunes of the more interesting personages of the story, was not sufficiently gratified. Published by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

INFORMATION WANTED.—One of our subscribers in Kentucky wishes to know if "the man B——— who recently ran around the New York Hippodrome, was any relation to the *fast* witness, of the same name, in the Ward trial, at Elizabethtown?" And one of our Missouri subscribers after reading the directions in the Post, of the 9th of September, for making two kinds of cement, desires to know whether, in the one the lime used should be *quick* or *slaked*, and, in the other, what should be the proportions of white lead and sand? Will some expert in these kinds of cement-making please enlighten the Missourian, through the medium of our columns?

WAUGH'S ITALIA.—It will be seen by an advertisement, in another column, that this beautiful painting will be exhibited but a short time longer in Philadelphia. It has already been visited by a large number of our citizens.

New Publications.

THE FEMALE PROSE WRITERS OF AMERICA: With Portraits, Biographical Notices, and Specimens of their Writings. By JOHN S. HART, L.L.D. New Edition, Thoroughly Revised. Published by E. H. Butler & Co., Phila.

Half a century ago, a woman who could write a book was looked upon in this country as one of the marvels of the world. Hannah Adams, of Boston, at that period, was one of those marvels. Her "View of All Religions," when it first appeared in New England, was, in fact, looked upon as almost the eighth wonder. But now we have over sixty women in the United States, whose fame is sufficient to justify their names being enrolled in this ponderous and magnificent volume—women, some of whose prose writings already have adorned the pages of American literature in such a manner as to leave the works of Hannah Adams entirely in the shade. Among the brilliant galaxy of literary female celebrities, are Miss Sedgwick, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Gilman, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Stephens, and our contributors, Mrs. Southworth, Grace Greenwood, Fanny Fern, Mrs. Lee Hentz, and Miss Eliza Sproat. Mrs. Denison, by some oversight, which Mr. Hart doubtless will regret, is not in the volume. The biographical sketches are, most of them, exceedingly interesting, and the "selections" from the writings of the various authors are made with taste and judgment.

THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE. By the Rev. H. HARBAUGH. (Elegantly Illustrated.) Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

"How beautiful!" will be the exclamation of many, as these leaves are turned over. The twelve illustrations are truly elegant embellishments of the volume. The Dove, the Swallow, the Sparrow, the Swan, the Ostrich, the Peacock, the Pelican, the Partridge, the Quail, the Eagle, and the Stork, are all exquisitely colored. In his sketches of the various birds, the author has made use of the poets old and new, because "an utterance is given to them which is denied to others"—because they are the true naturalists, if not of the letter, of the spirit. He thinks that we must not be too prosy when we go forth into the fresh, green, blooming, musical, joyous world, where the birds are. Not only as they dwell and sing in the groves must the birds be viewed, but also as they live in our minds, hearts, memories, feelings, and associations. While, therefore, he has labored to make the work scientifically correct, and as to its facts strictly reliable, he has endeavored, at the same time, not so much to give descriptions of dead birds as to make a picture of living ones.

A PRACTICAL AND COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC; Containing Definitions of Terms, and Rules of Operations, with Numerous Examples; the Whole Forming a Complete Treatise for the Use of Schools and Academies. By GERARDUS BEEKMAN DOCHARTY, L.L.D. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, and Getz & Buck, Phila.

The author of this Arithmetic has had the advantage of long experience as a teacher, and is at present Professor of Mathematics in the New York Free Academy. He offers, as an apology for the appearance of the volume, a desire to add to the already large number of excellent works, one arranged on scientific principles, and thoroughly adapted to the wants of this great commercial nation.

POEMS BY THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The author of these Poems is a native of Boston, where he now resides. Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, he is a professor of "the healing art." He was early known in literary circles, by an admirable translation of Dante's "Inferno." His Elegy on Webster, which appears in this volume, was regarded as one of the best poems elicited by the death of the great orator and statesman. His last poem was the Prize Address recently delivered on the opening of the new Theatre in Boston.

MONTHLIES. T. B. Peterson and Getz & Buck have Putnam's Monthly, for October. It is embellished with a portrait of the Author of "Our New President," being No. 4 of "Portraits of Contributors" to the Magazine, and contains several able articles, among which is a highly interesting one on "African Proverbial Philosophy"—we judge, by Bayard Taylor.

T. B. Peterson, and Getz & Buck, have Harper's Magazine for October. Abbott's Life of Napoleon is brought down to the Battle of Waterloo. The events of that great struggle—in which one man battled against the allied sovereigns of Europe—are sketched with stirring interest.

Getz & Buck also have the Knickerbocker Magazine, for October, which is, as usual, full of good things.

IDIOCY—ITS CAUSES, &c.—The Sixth Annual Report of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-Minded Youth, has recently been published in Boston, from which it seems that the number of pupils now in the school is forty-[illegible]. Reading, writing, drawing, and arithmetic, it appears, have been taught to these feeble-minded ones, with a degree of [illegible] and the change which has been brought about in many of the unfortunate children, is very great, both in habits and knowledge. From the Report of the Superintendent of the School, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, we extract the subjoined remarks in relation to the

CAUSES OF IDIOCY.

It is not the heart alone that beats responsive to the emotions and passions, but every function of the body, even to the coloring of the hair may be affected by the habitual condition of the moral nature. We may even consider health as of different qualities—as more or less gross; for instance, that a slight and graceful Apollo is in higher and more perfect health than a brawny Hercules, who could slay a bull with his fist, and digest even his [illegible] in a dreamless sleep. In this sense, other things being equal, (which of course implies equal cheerfulness,) the health of the intellectual man is higher, and more perfect than that of the fool; and the health of the intellectual man who is at the same time amiable and good, is higher and more perfect than that of the merely intellectual man.

But even supposing that such speculations are fanciful, it is in no fanciful sense that idiots are said to enjoy less than average health; for, using the words in their ordinary meaning, and speaking of health as it is usually understood, idiots, in general, enjoy but little of it. They usually come of "poor stock," and that which is deeply tainted with scrofula. They are, for the most part, the offspring of parents one or the other of whom was of feeble structure, or in an unhealthy condition either of body or mind. Many of these unfortunates are so feebly and imperfectly organized from their very conception, that they cannot resist ordinary exposure after their birth, and the feeble flame of life goes out in infancy, or flickers awhile, and is extinguished in early childhood.

Epilepsy and kindred disorders, destroy many while yet in tender years. Others, that survive awhile, are so weakened by fits, by gluttony, by self-abuse, and by unwise treatment of various kinds, especially by the use of drugs, (which are so generally and profusely administered,) that their systems cannot resist diseases which are not ordinarily fatal, and they too, die young. Comparatively few reach maturity, and far fewer still survive to old age; so that the census is but an imperfect indication of the extent of the evil. It tells, indeed, a sad tale of human degradation and wretchedness, but it does not tell the whole truth. Some men may rejoice that it does not. They may be glad to be spared part of a painful sight, from the whole of which they would fain turn their eyes, if they could. But alas! God will not let us look away with impunity. He will continue to scourge society until it becomes conscious of its sin, repents and amends. Men have been worrying themselves about their souls, and the souls of their neighbors, in utter disregard of the fact, that the character and condition of the soul, as evinced in its manifestations here below, are indissolubly connected with the character and condition of the body. It is high time to consider that much may be done toward the cure of souls, by care of bodies.

It was stated in a Report made in 1847–8, by the undersigned, as Chairman of the Massachusetts Commission for investigating the condition of idiots, that minute, personal inquiries had been made concerning the parents and immediate progenitors of three hundred and fifty-nine congenital idiots. It was found that almost all these came of very poor and feeble stock; stock such as, in animals, farmers would never breed from. It was found in every case except four, that is in three hundred and fifty-five, out of the three hundred and fifty nine cases, that the parents were closely related by blood—or that one or the other of them had a decided hereditary tendency to mental derangement—or was of a marked scrofulous habit of body—or was impaired in health by disease, or by intemperance, or by sensual excesses—so that the idiocy of the child was clearly explicable upon physiological principles.

Additional experience, gained during several years, and the examination of many new cases, corroborates this opinion. The same conclusion would be drawn by any physiologist, from *a priori* reasoning, and one would suppose that common sense must lead most persons to adopt it; nevertheless it is not so. There is the most profound ignorance, or utter indifference to these considerations. It is very seldom that the parent of an idiotic child thinks of looking within himself for the cause of his child's infirmity, or suspects that he is in any way responsible for it. Indeed, the parents are very slow to perceive the child's deficiency, and are the last to admit that it is idiotic. They see that the child, though four, five, or six years old, cannot talk, cannot learn to dress, or take care of himself, but still they fondly dwell upon some things which he can do. They themselves have learned to understand his ways and his expression of his wants, and they insist upon it that if the poor thing could only speak and express what he knows, all would be well. They do not consider that the child continues to be mute after infancy because it has not mental capacity enough to learn to speak.

Sometimes parents bring a child for examination, saying, deprecatingly, "We would not have you think he is an idiot, for he is not nor anything like it,—but somehow he is strange,—he cannot learn things, and we cannot account for it," whereas, before they have done speaking, a practised eye sees idiocy in the very appearance of the child, and sees the probable causes of idiocy in the very appearance of one or both the parents.

In other cases when the causes are not apparent at first sight, they come out upon a little questioning. The parents say that they, and even their doctor, were satisfied that everything was "right" about the child until it had "fits." They do not reflect that the fits are only symptoms of internal disorder. They got from the elephant down to the tortoise and think they have reached bottom.

A regular series of questions, framed with a view to ascertaining all the important facts of the case,—the antecedents if not the causes of the idiocy,—generally brings out one or more of the following circumstances:

That the family of one or both the parents is peculiarly scrofulous;

That one (if not both) of the parents inherits this scrofulous temperament;

That the family of one (if not of both) of the parents is peculiarly subject to some form of insanity;

That one (if not both) of the parents (or one of their immediate progenitors) had been greatly impaired in health by disease, intemperance, or sensuality; or,

That the parents were nearly related by blood.

In this matter of intermarriage of relatives, my experience with various classes of infirm children, goes to show that nature protests against it, and sometimes with terrible vehemence. Where both parties are of sound constitutions, and without marked tendency to any particular form of disease, the liability to infirmity among the *immediate* offspring is small. Where one party is of unsound constitution, the liability is greater. Where both are unsound, it is very great.

Where one party has a constitutional tendency to a particular form of disease, and the other either has no such tendency, or a tendency to some other form of disease, the diverging tendencies seem to correct each other, so that the liability is not great; but where both have the same constitutional tendency, then the danger is so great that some kind of infirmity is almost sure to appear in some of the offspring.

MEMORABLE WOMEN; The Story of Their Lives. By MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND. With Eight Illustrations by Birket Foster. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is not only a most absorbing and entertaining book, but it is also a pure and wholesome one—a book for all classes and for all seasons. The memorable women whose life-stories are told, are Lady Russell, Madame D'Arblay, Mrs. Piozzi, Mary L. Ware, Mrs. Hutchinson, Lady Fanshawe, Margaret Fuller, and Lady Sale. In selecting these women for her heroines, Mrs. Crosland remarks that she was not guided by the admiration so commonly felt for those brilliant characters who have been remarkable for merely intellectual qualifications and unprofitable and injudicious heroisms, but she endeavored simply to set before the young women of the present day examples of wives and mothers who have done their duty under difficulties and temptations; and if, in some cases, genius has accompanied high moral endowments, we have all the more reason to be gratified by the picture of combined excellence of heart and mind.

A TENNESSEEAN ABROAD; Or, Letters from Europe, Africa and Asia. By RANDAL W. MACGAVOCK, A. M., L.L. D. Published by Redfield, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

The author of this new book of travels, is a member of the Nashville Bar. In the Spring of 1851, he crossed the Atlantic, and, during an absence from home of two years, visited all the more interesting portions of the three grand divisions of the Eastern hemisphere. The letters comprising the volume, are his impressions—first and last—of the scenes and the people he encountered during his peregrinations. His style is off-hand and familiar, and he has given us a very readable book.

SYNONYMS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. Being the Substance of a Course of Lectures Addressed to the Theological Students, King's College London. By RICHARD C. TRENCH, B. D. Published by Redfield, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

To divinity students this must be an invaluable work. The little volume grew out of a short course of lectures on the synonyms of the New Testament, which, in the fulfilment of his duties as Professor of Divinity at King's College, the talented author more than once addressed to the theological students there.

EVERYBODY'S PAMPHLET. "The Constitution and the Slave Laws" is the title of a pamphlet recently published by D. M. Dewey, of Rochester, N. Y. It contains the Constitution of the United States, the Fugitive Slave Act of 1793, the Missouri Compromise Act of 1820, the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, and the Nebraska and Kansas Bill of 1854. These acts and bills are published without note or comment. It will therefore suit everybody, both North and South, East and West.

SPENSER AND THE FAIRY QUEEN. By JOHN S. HART, L.L.D. Published by Hayes & Zell, Philadelphia.

We have here an attempt—and quite a successful one—to reproduce, under modern [illegible] [illegible] the sparkle of the diamond can be restored by a little art. The aim of the author, in his essay, has been to put the reader in possession of some of the glorious and sparkling ideas with which Spenser's "Fairy Queen" abounds. These ideas are presented, in this volume, partly in the prose language of the compiler, and partly in the poetical language of the author, with the orthography modernized so far as the rhythm and rhyme of the verse would permit. The extracts are not introduced as mere isolated specimens, but are intimately mixed up with the thread of the argument, the whole being woven together into one continuous story. By these means, the legendary exploits and scenes of Fairy Land are contemplated through a medium that brings their truths home to the "business and bosoms" of the men and women of the present day.

AFRAJA; A Norwegian and Lapland Tale; or, Life and Love in Norway. Translated from the German of THEODORE MUGGE, by EDWARD JOY MORRIS. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This romance is the production of one of the most distinguished writers of fiction in Germany. A German critic says of the author and his romance: "This popular writer has again displayed his genius in a graphic and interesting narration of entirely new and attractive scenes. His romance introduces us to a region with which he is thoroughly acquainted from personal observation, but which is a rare and almost untrodden field of fiction—the remote neighborhood of the North Pole, and those icy, desert steppes, where the Laplander pursues his wandering life of privation and suffering. His life-like descriptions of the manners and customs of this curious people are drawn with such power as to awaken the keenest interest in his brilliant story." The characters, too, it may be added, are portrayed with skill and fidelity to nature.

THE BETTER LAND; Or, The Believer's Journey and Future Home. By AUGUSTUS C. THOMPSON, Pastor of the Eliot Church, Roxbury, Mass. Published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston, and by Sheldon, Lamport & Blake, New York; for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

This is a volume of religious essays, in which the author—in staunch orthodox style—discourses upon various subjects, among which are, The Society of Angels, Resurrection of the Body, and Perpetuity of Bliss in Heaven. In the closing chapter, the Rev. author thus admonishes the reader: "Grasp not at bubbles; chase not shadows. Let not the pitiful honors and treasures of a *world soon to be burnt up*, arrest you on the path to glory. Believe and live for eternity. We are borderers upon eternity; we live upon the marches between two worlds. The present is only the dim dawning of our being."

THE GOBLIN SNOB; Imagined and Illustrated by HENRY L. STEPHENS. Published by De Witt & Davenport, New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Here is a little trifle—(not a very small one either)—for all those who believe it is better for people to laugh than to cry. To be sure there are *times to laugh*, as well as *times to cry*; but, then, after all, it is best for every one to laugh when he can, and to cry only when he cannot help it. There are nearly fifty comic cuts in this "funny" affair, illustrative of incidents in the lives of Goblin Snob and his scapegrace son. The poetry, (for it is a poetical pictorial) is as droll as the illustrations—and that is not saying much for it.

LIFE'S LESSON; A Tale. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This is an American story—of the moral and religious school—the author of which is among the unknowns. The "Lesson" should be read and mastered over by all those unfortunate male members of the great human family who are sneeringly, but very properly, called old bachelors—those good-for-nothing, useless and miserable cumberers of the ground, whose lives are not worth living, and whose deaths are scarcely worth recording.

PROGRESS AND PREJUDICE. By MRS. GORE. Published by De Witt & Davenport, New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is a new novel by the author of "The Painter's Daughter," "Mothers and Daughters," &c. Mrs. Gore endeavors, through the medium of fiction, to effect essential progress by doing away with that old family pride and prejudice which have caused so much unhappiness in social life. The characters are naturally drawn, and the story is gracefully told.

THE LAST OF HIS NAME. By ELBERT PERCE. Published by Riker, Thorne & Co., New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The author of this story of home life, is the translator of those of Mrs. Carlen's Swedish novels which have recently been published in this country. The events, which are narrated in a spirited and pleasing manner, are those which might naturally occur in the history of any family, whether in Sweden or America.

☞ The Shepherd says to Christopher North, in his Noctes Ambrosianae, with equal beauty of thought and language: "I weel believe that only the Shears o' Fate will ever cut the cords o' our friendship. I fancy it's just the same wi' you as wi' me, we maun [must] like ane anither whether we will or no—and that's the sort o' friendship for me—for it flourishes, like a mountain flower, in a' weathers." Happy those who are joined together by such a friendship!

☞ A gentleman, showing a friend his portrait, admirably done by the photographic process, "It's very well," said his friend, returning it to him, "but the fact is, I hate the style altogether." "But, why, my good sir?" "Because," replied he, "it is a foe to graphic art!"

☞ An old farmer, who feared neither God nor man, had hired a devout negro; and to get some Sunday work out of him, he would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday would put that point to the man's conscience. One morning, old Sambo proved refractory; he would "work no more on Sundays." The master then argued with him that it was "a case of necessity; that the Scriptures allowed a man to get out of a pit, on the Sabbath day, a beast that had fallen in." "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, "but not if he spend Saturday in *digging de pit for de very purpose!*"

☞ When a person is carrying a cotton umbrella, it is, curious enough, never his own property—he has "just borrowed it from a friend!"

☞ As they are to have a Baby Convention at Springfield, Ohio, it is well to forewarn ambitious mothers of what they will have to contend with. The St. Louis Republican has been shown a specimen three years and two months old, which weighs 135 pounds. He is too old to contest for the prize, but it shows what can be done in the Western Valley. If there are any in that region of one or two years, and of proportionate weight it will be of no use for people this way to attend the assemblage of juveniles with the view of securing a prize.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Chapin being asked of what use the elders were in a church? replied, that "it was to give power to ministers; he was a unit, the elders ciphers—placed upon my right hand, they increase my power; but my elders have got on the wrong side, and reduce me to a fraction."

☞ In describing the death and burial of a lovely child, a correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator gives this beautiful yet touching glimpse of real life: "And now there came a sadder moment than all: tottering with feeble step, the grandmother, with her weight of years, had come to offer consolation to her stricken children. With wild emotion the bereaved mother leaned her head on her parent's breast, and sobbed out her grief. With holy words the old lady comforted her, and then came and bowed her head to look into that calm, infant face. 'She looks like an angel, does she not, mother?' whispered the mourner. 'She is an angel, my child,' replied the grandmother, a solemn, lofty awe overspreading her face; 'she is wiser now there than any of us; for she has read the great mystery.'"

☞ Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more that all may be of a piece. But poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

☞ People who are anxious to "astonish the Browns" are informed that the latest style out for creating a sensation, is to get a big lithograph likeness of *yourself* stuck in music and book-store windows. For making your face familiar to the public, and to be gazed at by everybody, it beats every other method out, two to one; besides, it is, as the dry goods clerks say, "very cheap and durable."

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES FROM THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. [illegible].

NUMBER XXI.

A little longer sojourn among the [illegible] of British Guiana, and we will [illegible] life. There [illegible] which we are [illegible] joining; the women have lost, for the while, that stolidity of look that usually deadens all expression in their dull faces—they laugh a light laughter with their [illegible] language, and sometimes clap their hands. Their little black eyes twinkle with their humor, their handsome mouths disfigured by chewing of the coarsest character, show goodly rows of snowy teeth. As we pass, they cast their glances to the ground. And here let me say aside, that the Indian woman is always modest, and as a general thing gives attention to personal cleanliness. She seldom appears without the "kissee," a little apron, gaily ornamented with beads—her glossy hair is neatly braided and folded, either across the temples, or over the top of the small head. A group of these women, and children, although in size inferior to both European and African, presents a very pleasing picture. The men with their bushy locks, holding firmly the bow and arrow, or the long blow pipe, stand in easy, graceful attitudes. The little children spring lightly about, with the agility of wild forest birds, and sing and shout in their strange, [illegible] tongue. The women, many of whom have extremely beautiful forms, carry their little infants in small hammocks, which they sling over the shoulder. Some, whose babes and sucklings have grown "too large for their hammocks," instead of their "shoes"—which superfluities they never wear, are put astride the mother's hip, and thus clinging to her body, are partly supported with one arm. But to the cause of this unwonted merriment; let us learn what it is.

Into this hut, which looks as if recently put in order, we enter reluctantly, for it seems some ceremony is in preparation.

"Is he sick?" we ask, pointing to a stalwart looking Indian swinging in his hammock, and watching the contents of a huge calabash, as it is brought before his vision filled with food.

A burst of laughter follows our interrogation; and a feeble wail attracts attention in another quarter. What is it? The queerest, tiniest, brightest-eyed Indian baby I ever saw!

How old?

"One—one sun," says the Indian woman, holding up a finger, and pointing to that benignant luminary, who condescends to smile broadly on the little copper-skin face.

"And where is his mother?"

We are directed to a slender, good-looking Indian squaw, bending over the coal-pot, cooking *food for her big-bead husband*. Think of that! delicate Philadelphians, New Yorkers, and Bostonians, with your muffled door bells, your thick carpets, your double curtains, your soft-footed nurses, your marble-topped medicine stands, your whispering voices, your dark chambers, your solemn doctors, your heavy bills, and your light diets. These Indian mothers are nature's foster children. There are no delicacies here—no pastries, no rich seasonings, no corsets, no turning day into night, no squeamishness about the weather, no calling doctors for a cut finger, no close nurseries, no thick swaddling drapery, and consequently the squaw of South America, with a more delicate organization than the most of English or American females, suffers no diminution of strength from the severest sickness. And yet—and yet—who would wish, in all respects, to change places? Give us our own customs, with some modification in the matter of pampering, thin shoes, and coddling for imaginary diseases with quack medicines—and we ask no more.

This, then, is the custom of the Arawaks—the ancient Indian etiquette. The father, on the birth of a child, remains for several days at home in his hammock, receiving the congratulations of his friends, and sometimes, as in the present scene, the mother of the new-born infant cooks his food for him.

I cannot help thinking that this lazy fellow, and the fiddler before mentioned, are brothers, or, at any rate, of some relation.

We are still on the route of investigation, and circumstances certainly transpire for our benefit as it perfectly aware that we were coming, and had taken particular pains to be up and doing on our arrival.

A volley of guns startlingly near, rouses even the "father-man" from his hammock, and scatters the nurses. The young mother snatches up her baby, scarcely old enough to be other than good-natured, and going to the front of her look-out, stretches her neck to see. We of course follow the multitude. Witchy Witch meanwhile shrugging his shoulders and making horrible faces.

'Tis a singular kind of dance—there they hop, in and out, giving each other most uncomfortable switches on the legs with sharp leather thongs. Why is it? What is it? A funeral! Here lies the body in a large pine box—the body of a woman who has recently died—and here go dancing those fiendish-looking savages, blood streaming from their legs to the ground, and yet, though they must suffer intolerably with the pain, giving no indication by their grim smiles or stolid faces. One would think a funeral among these people must be a consummation *not* devoutly to be wished.

The *Accaway* tribe bury their dead in the hammocks in which they die, burn the hut, leaving the ashes smouldering over the remains. They then leave the place, never again to return. It is said they believe the soul still hovers over the spot of interment, and will visit whoever disturbs it with disease.

When a great man dies among the *Arrawaks*, his nearest relatives plant a large field of cassava, and with much moaning and lamentation, bewail the deceased. The cassava ripens in twelve months, and then the friends and relations are once again gathered together—treated with a feast of game—and with the cassava they make a merry time of it for several days. A dance is then performed near the grave, in which lashes, thongs, blood, and howls, play each an important part—and frequently the revellers are so lacerated, that they keep their hammocks for several days. The whips are hung wherever the person died, and, after six months, are buried in the grave with him—it is supposed, that should resentment have existed in his lifetime, it is forgotten at this ceremony.

The *Carabeese* put their dead into a hammock, and if it be a person of consequence, watch it with the greatest solicitude. It is often washed with water by the women, and they must be the nearest female relations; thus they keep it till the skeleton only remains—then carefully cleanse the bones, put them into an Indian basket, and almost sacredly preserve them.

The outlines of the above I have taken from a work by the Rev. J. H. Bernau, who wrote a book entitled "Missionary Labors in British Guiana—about the year 1837." I will now make a few extracts in his own words.

"If the Carabees should happen to quit the place, the bones are burnt in the very place where the person expired, and the ashes carefully collected and taken with them.

"In ordinary cases, however, the body is interred in the hammock in which the person died; and the attendants at his funeral walk round his grave once or twice, and concern themselves no further about it. The women who had been engaged in scraping and burning the bones of the dead, are considered unclean for several months after, and not allowed to touch any of the food eaten by the men.

"Among the *Warraus* the following (interesting) customs prevail. If a captain, or any other individual of influence, dies, the corpse is put into a canoe, and all that he possessed when alive. On his heart is placed a looking glass, and into his hands, his bow and arrows. His favorite dog is killed, and its carcase put with him into the grave, but not in the canoe, to assist him in procuring his food in the untried world. The corpse is always buried on the same spot where the person expired, and a fire kept burning there for many weeks. I could never learn the reason of this latter custom, but suppose that the Indians imagine that the body is conscious of the chill of death, and requires warmth till accustomed to it. The relations and friends bewail the deceased with howling and doleful lamentations for several months together. His widow and children become the property of his brother, or the next male relation. This latter circumstance creates a great deal of strife, and is the occasion of many sorrows. Should, for instance, the widow refuse to become his wife, she is subjected to severe floggings and frequent insults; but if these fail to soften her, she is then allowed to choose whom she pleases. Her children, however, must remain, and are not allowed to be at large till they arrive at the age of puberty.

"The Macusis, and all the rest of the tribes in the interior of British Guiana, bury their dead in almost a sitting posture, without coffins, performing the same ceremonies related above, with some slight modifications."

All these tribes are superstitious—believing in spirits hovering over them—tell strange stories of haunted burial places, and have firm faith—as who ever saw an Indian that had not?—in the immortality of the soul.

Clippings.

☞ A marriage took place the other day, between Miss Jones and a Mr. Eddy. On the strength of this, an editor in the country [illegible] off the following: "In dashing down the stream of life, Miss Jones has got within the influence of an 'Eddy' that we trust will [illegible] a circle of beatitude for the remainder of her existence."

☞ A Yankee [illegible] has started a paper called "The [illegible]." [illegible] be upon the alert, or they may be [illegible].

☞ Some people, even in high quarters, it is said, have an objection to thirteen at dinner. [illegible] happened to be one of the company of that number, at Dr. Henderson's, and on its being remarked and pronounced unlucky, he said, "I admit that is unlucky in one case." "What is that?" "When there is only dinner enough for twelve."

☞ The Springfield Republican says that seven of a flock of sheep entered a jewelry store in that city on Thursday morning, led off by a stalwart buck. The latter was instantly attracted by the sight of another bristling buck in the large mirror at the end of the store, and lowering his head and taking a fair start, he plumped into his supposed rival. Judge, perhaps, his own and the shopkeeper's astonishment at the crash that ensued. One of the four panes of which the mirror was composed, though a third inch thick, shivered to pieces under his well directed blow. The shop dog here interposed and drove off the animals before they could do more mischief.

☞ A Yankee has invented a machine for putting babies to sleep. It is supplied with fresh milk, paregoric, Godfrey's Cordial and sugar, which it dispenses according to the necessities of the case. Mothers have only to chuck Thomas and Mary into the machine, where they will be cared for in the best manner for eight hours. To those who are fond of "lightening the cares of life," going to evening shindies, flirting, and such like, the new invention will indeed be a "blessing to mothers."

☞ The editor of the Ocean Emblem gives the following reason for not publishing Commodore Stockton's letter. "It ought to be satisfactory: 'We were not at home when the letter was first published by the Commodore, and our partner found that there was not a sufficient quantity of cap I's in the office to set it up.'"

☞ The New York Times, in an article on "Literary Criticism in the United States," has the following sentence: "Give an American an idea of a book, and it is sufficient for all his purposes. He will do his own judging. Beauty of finish and completeness of execution are afterthoughts, and will come among the recreations of leisure. Energy of intellect is our obvious characteristic. The demand is for stamina of brains, and more sensibility exerts no commanding sway."

☞ It is positively denied, we learn, that the Know Nothings intend, should they come into power, to set apart one day in every week to go a-gunning after Irishmen.

☞ Ole Bull, at the latest advices, was sick at San Francisco with the Panama fever. Before he was taken sick, he and Strakosch gave three concerts, from which they realized the snug little sum of $34,000—probably the most successful concerts ever given in California. In crossing the Isthmus, Ole Bull, in his usual careless way, intrusted his violins and jewelry to an Indian whose name he did not even take the pains to inquire. On his arrival at Panama the Indian, jewelry, and violins, were non est.

☞ A Paris paper asks, "What is that which is found at the end of a garden, may be seen twice in a year, and which not only begins the night but finishes the morn?" It is probably the letter N, which is at the end of *jardin*, is twice in *l'annee*, commences *la nuit*, and terminates *le matin*.

☞ We noticed, on our trip to Springfield, says a Boston paper, in a little village near Worcester, a small two-story house, without a garden. The occupant, evidently with the fear of next Thanksgiving before his eyes, has planted a pumpkin-vine at the side of his residence. But not having real estate enough, wherewith to indulge the wide-spreading propensity of the vegetable, he had twined it up the side of the house, and there upon the sloping roof, lay a dozen or so of fine, large golden coated pumpkins, as could be wished. Truly, this man can be said to live "under the shadow of his own pumpkin vine."

☞ One of our subscribers, says the Ogdensburgh Sentinel, stopped his paper for six months last year, because we advertised so much. In the mean-time, his farm was advertised for non-payment of taxes, and sold. On discovering the difficulty, it cost him one or two days' travel with horse and buggy, and ten per cent. of the taxes—to say nothing of the vexation, to redeem it. How much did he gain by stopping his paper? He came back and subscribed again.

☞ The Amesbury (Mass.) Villager tells a good story of an exceedingly anxious individual, who was "most crazy" to obtain some account of the Know Nothings. He was told by a wag, that if he would come out to ——— that night, at ten o'clock, and advance fourteen paces into the barn, he would there find a party to initiate him in due form into the mysterious order. The proposition "took," and he accordingly went to the place at the time appointed. He had scarcely entered, however, when he was saluted with a most unceremonious "grip" in the rear, which caused him to vacate the premises in quick time, leaving a part of his "hinder" garments in the teeth of a careful watch-dog, whose owner had given him the euphonious title of "Know Nothing."

☞ The Glasgow Herald, speaking of a deceased gentleman, says: "He was not more respected in public than revered in private." A contemporary, quoting the paragraph, has completely reversed its signification by dropping a single letter, and writing: "He was no more respected in public than revered in private." One letter does sometimes make a great difference.

☞ The following is from a late number of the New York Tribune: On Wednesday, the 13th inst., by the Rev. Mr. T. A. Eaton, Mr. William Insles, of New Orleans, to Miss Theresa Birch, of this city:

Strange! what he hated most when young,
He dearly loves in riper years:
And *Birch*, which once his boy-heart wrung,
Now proves his solace—calms his fears.
In *Birch* he finds his earthly bliss,
Nor hesitates the rod to kiss.

☞ In obedience to the exacting dictates of fashion, the ladies are wearing what is called the "Ugly," which is described as follows, by the New York Express: "The 'Ugly,' we see, is coming into use—the 'Ugly' as a protection from the sun, the air, and the outside world. The 'Ugly' is an additional bonnet inserted on and over the fashionable one, and hence, when ladies are venturing out on foot, or in the country, or on a travel, the 'Ugly' is added to the bonnet that fashion requires. And what is the 'Ugly'? The name itself, in part, answers the question, for it is an *ugly* thing. The 'Ugly' is to the head what a top is to a gig, or a chaise. The 'Ugly' lets up and down like one of those tops. The 'Ugly' is of a different color from the bonnet, and it might be called a parasol, a veil, or anything else, descriptive of what hides or shades the face. Ladies, hence, now often wear two bonnets on their head instead of one."

☞ A LARGE SHEET OF PAPER.—An English paper says: "A few days since, Messrs. Evans & Arrowsmith, of Bristol, received at their establishment a sheet of paper, weighing 1 cwt., and measuring 2,784 feet in length, or more than half a mile."

☞ The following notice lately appeared in the Limerick Chronicle, in the shape of an advertisement: "An extensive landed proprietor on the banks of the Shannon, will make a wager of £500 that he has the handsomest wife, the handsomest nine children, and the handsomest estate in Ireland. Applications to be made to J. F. E. G., Eyres's Hotel, Glin, county Limerick."

GAS FROM WOOD.—The method of making gas from wood, invented by Professors Pettenkofer and Reissach, of Bavaria, has been recently tested on a large scale in the Philadelphia City Gas Works, and also at the Northern Liberties Gas Works, in consequence of the high prices of coal. It is said to give great satisfaction. The principal difference in the method of making wood gas, from that used in making coal gas, consists in a gradual increase of temperature in inverted generators, where the gas undergoes a second decomposition. It is said that more gas can thus be made from one cord of wood than from one ton of coal, and from the former as much made in one hour or an hour and a half as from coal in four hours. This results, in part, from the improvements made in the apparatus.—*North American.*

THE BOARD OF MISSIONS.—In the discussion of the recent resolutions relative to the Choctaw Mission, the amount of support received by the American Board from the Southern States was referred to. It seems that of the aggregate receipts of $305 055 for the year ending July, 1853, only $18,900 came from the slave States; and for the year ending July, 1854, the discrepancy is still larger, as of the aggregate sum of $302,279 received, only $8,680 came from the South. Dr. Bacon said that the contributions even from the Sandwich Islands were of more importance. Whether such worldly considerations had any effect on the minds of the brethren, we shall not pretend to determine.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1854.

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

On account of the high price of paper, the New York Sun has been reduced in size. The Philadelphia Ledger and the Baltimore Sun are now the two largest penny papers in the country.

At Meredith Bridge, N. H., potatoes have fallen from one dollar to two shillings per bushel.

Mr. James Campbell, of Tansboro', Mass., has a tomato vine nine feet four inches high, which covers a space of thirty one feet in circumference, and has from fifteen hundred to two thousand tomatoes.

M. de Lamartine has just sold a history of Turkey, in six volumes, to the proprietors of a Paris daily newspaper, for £4,800.

In Boston, on Saturday week, four foreign paupers were directed by a magistrate to be returned to Great Britain, from which country they were transported hither. In a few days they will sail from Boston for Liverpool.

The $3 hotels in New York have reduced their prices for board to $2 50 per day, and the $2 50 houses to $2 00.

In consequence of the prevalence of the yellow fever at Charleston, it has been found impossible to obtain any telegraph operators, and the office is consequently, for the present, closed. One or two of the operators heretofore employed recently fell victims of the epidemic.

Davidson King, the late Surveyor General of California, is charged with being a defaulter to the Government to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars.

While extra good workmen in California are earning from three to six dollars a day, the San Francisco papers tell us that the supply of labor generally is far in advance of the demand.—The highest wages are paid to jewellers, seamen, workers in metals, joiners, &c.

Among the many uses to which beet-root can be applied, is that of making pasteboard. A manufactory has just been established at Fouliz, in France.

The Albany Express states that a young girl from the country recently died in Albany, with a board bill unsettled. The friends were poor, having expended all their money in providing medical aid for the deceased. When they went to remove the body, they were told that they could not have the corpse until $100 was paid!

We are informed by a gentleman from the Tejon Pass, says the Mariposa Chronicle, that there are three backwoodsmen living there, who have killed 150 grizzly bears since December last.

The namesake and son of Tam O'Shanter, the hero of Burns's poem was on the moors recently, for the fifty fifth season. The patriarchal sportsman, we believe, proved himself as good a shot as of yore. Mr. Samson, who is a seedsman in Kilmarnock, is probably the oldest man on the Scottish moors in 1854.

The President's House Grounds at Washington, D. C., on the south side, have recently been adorned with a new fountain, the basin of which is twenty four feet in diameter, and the rim of granite.

A sectarian riot took place in Cincinnati on the evening of the 25th ult. Some Protestants having attempted to organize a Sabbath School, a mob of German Catholics attacked the house rented for the purpose, and threatened death in case of persistence in the undertaking.—Three persons were wounded by pistol shots.

The concourse of pious pilgrims at the shrine of Juggernaut was so great this year, that a local famine ensued, and hundreds of Hindoos were to be seen lying in the roads dying of starvation.

The tusks of a mastodon or mammoth, of enormous size, were found recently near Poughkeepsie, and upon excavation, the skeleton of the animal was discovered. As far as the exhumation has extended, the bones were found partially petrified, which promises the recovery of the entire skeleton in a more perfect state than any yet found.

Upwards of four hundred vessels on the Atlantic ocean, ninety miles distant, were counted from the Summit House, on Mount Washington, (White Mountains) on the 11th ult., when the best view since the house was erected, was enjoyed.

A soluble glass has been applied to the woodwork and scenery in the Munich Theatre, for the purpose of preserving, and, as far as possible, rendering them incombustible. This glass is, in fact, a solution of free silica in caustic alkali; and if the wood is properly seasoned, there can be no doubt of the value of the application.

The Rev. Horatio Potter, of Albany, has been elected Provisional Bishop of New York, (in place of the late Rt. Rev. Dr. Wainwright) by the New York Protestant Diocesan Convention. Dr. Potter is a brother of the Bishop of Pennsylvania.

The New York Tribune's correspondent at St. Thomas, reports that a rumor is current there to the effect that Mr. Pierce's diplomatic agents to the Dominican Republic, Mr. and Mrs. Cazneau, have succeeded in their mission, so far at least as to secure the Bay of Samana for a United States naval station.

It would appear, by the Paris correspondence of the New York Tribune, that the U. S. Chargé (Mr. Belmont) has opened a banking house at the Hague. The various Rothschilds are severally citizens of the various countries where they reside, and accordingly it would be treason for any one openly to take up the Russian loan, though considered a profitable job. In this dilemma, Mr. Belmont's loan-shop comes into action.

The time of the commencement of the Ohio State Fair has been postponed until the 17th of October next, in consequence of the breaking out of sickness at Newark.

The population of Memphis, Tenn., according to a local census just taken, is 12,687 persons, being an increase of twenty five per cent. since the U. S. census of 1850 was taken. This, however, is only the enumeration of the city proper, for it appears that the city and suburbs have an aggregate population of 16,000. Memphis is one of the most flourishing towns on the Lower Mississippi.

In the letter sent by Mr. Bronson, candidate for Governor in New York, to the Temperance Convention, defining his position with regard to temperance, he says he thinks that the Legislature has the power to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks, but declares that he is opposed to extreme measures.

The Westfield (Mass.) News Letter, is responsible for the following paragraph: Marcus L. Whitney, of Southwick, left his buggy to be repaired at Charles C. Fowler's shop, in this town on Monday, August 28. On returning to his home he found that his dog was missing. On Wednesday following, Mr. W. came to Westfield, and found his dog in his buggy, where he had been watching with true faithfulness for more than fifty hours. Several persons tried to drive the dog from the buggy, but their efforts were in vain. He only left it on the arrival of his master.

A negro slave of H. Ferguson, near Selma, Alabama, aged 105 years, was lately murdered on his master's plantation, by some robber for the sake of a considerable sum of money which he was known to have saved up and carried about him.

Two watch seals, formerly belonging to General Washington, were lately ploughed up almost at the same time; the one, a gold seal, was lost by his nephew, in Virginia, about seventeen years ago; and the other, a silver one, was lost by himself, at the scene of Braddock's defeat. He was wont to wear them both together, until he lost the silver one. Both bear his initials.

Frederick William Joseph Shelling, one of the most distinguished German philosophers of the present century, died in Switzerland on the 20th of August last. During the latter years of his life, at Berlin, he held the title of Privy Counsellor.

A gentleman of Boston says that two ingenious mechanics of that city, are now perfecting a process by which they will be enabled to manufacture printing paper from pine and other soft wood. They have already made fair paper from this stock, although it has cost twenty per cent. above that manufactured from rags. They are now studying out a cheaper process.

The first sheep introduced into any part of the present territory of the United States, were brought from England to Jamestown, in Virginia, by the London Company, in 1609. In 1648, the number of sheep in that colony had increased to three thousand.

Emigrants from Texas Arkansas, and other States, are already on their way to the Mesilla Valley, (the territory recently purchased by the United States from Mexico,) with a view to obtain the best locations, and to make settlements.

How some fast young men make a large show on small salaries, is shown by the following "instance," from a New York paper: An old established firm of manufacturing drm found itself seriously embarrassed in its finances, and has just been obliged to make an assignment to the creditors. Upon an examination of the business accounts, it was discovered that the clerk, who had devoted considerable time to sailing yachts and trotting fast horses, and finally sailed for Europe on a pleasure trip, had been unfaithful to the trust confided to him. Among other contrivances for lining his pockets, he had been accustomed each pay day, to set apart a considerable amount as the share of wages due to workmen who had not been in the employ of the concern for a year past, and appropriating the same as he saw fit.

A statement of the profits of the Hamburg gambling banks, shows them to average forty per cent. on the capital subscribed in shares. This, as justly observed by a Baden journal, is the severest commentary that can be given upon the ruinous nature of these splendid hells—forty per cent. profit after paying all expenses.

A few days ago, says the Niagara Mail, an enormous serpent was discovered in the garden of Moffat's hotel, Niagara. This most truculent looking reptile was about twelve feet long, and as thick almost as a man's leg. After sundry stratagems he was taken alive by Mr. Moffat and barrelled up. It turned out to be an Anaconda, which got away from an exhibition that had been held on the Common about fortnight previous, since which time his snakeship had been enjoying himself at large, and feeding luxuriously on chickens, of which a considerable number had disappeared very mysteriously from the neighborhood.

The editor of the Kenosha (Wisconsin) Telegraph, says: "Last year we had a tree which *bore one* apple. This year the crop of the tree is doubled." We think the nature of the tree must have been totally changed, as it is certainly the first instance that we remember of any tree bearing one year an apple and the next year a *pair*.

The city of Quebec is about to be supplied with pure water from the lake at Lorette. The lake is about ten miles distant, and sufficiently elevated to enable the water to be conveyed to the top of the highest houses in the city. The water has hitherto been carted from the river, and has proved a fertile source of disease, being full of impurity, and with a large per centage of saline matter.

Hinsdale, Massachusetts, has a population of 1,800, and since the first of January last, only one American has died; and in Pittsfield, with a population of 4,000, only two deaths have occurred since the 4th of July, and one of these was a man 80 years of age.

A Convention of Railroad Superintendents and Presidents of the various Railways of Ohio and Indiana was held at Columbus, on Friday, the 22nd ultimo. Delegates from 26 roads were present, being a larger representation than at any previous Railway Convention held in the West. Resolutions were adopted entirely doing away with the free-pass system, and after the expiration of the current year, no pass, in any case, will be granted. When the President of one Railway shall have occasion to travel over another, he will be charged full fare. The practice of passing clergymen at half fare, will also cease at the close of the year. Resolutions looking to a gradual but general increase of the tariff of prices for freight and passage, were agreed upon. The new regulations are to go into effect on the first of January next.

The Maryland Colony in Liberia has been organized as an independent Republic by the election of W. A. Prout as Governor, and B. J. Drayton as Lieutenant-Governor, both, of course, colored men. The new Constitution, which has been adopted prohibits the traffic in ardent spirits.

Messrs. Mitchell & Garnier, distillers at Alton, Illinois, have contracted for about 25,000 bushels of corn, to be delivered from the Illinois River: 12,000 at 45 cents without sacks, and 12,000 at 50 cents per bushel, sacks included. These are about double the rates paid last year by the same parties.

Commodore Perry did not get to Jeddo, as he intended. The Commissioners would not agree to it. When the Commodore determined, in spite of their remonstrances, to run up, the interpreters, who were on board the Commodore's ship, told him that just as sure as he came in sight of Jeddo, they would perform the "Hari Kari" on themselves, that is to rip themselves open, (an action they think highly commendable,) and the Commissioners would do the same also. He endeavored to reason with them on the folly of such an intention, but they coolly replied that they were not there to discuss the propriety of their customs, but to conform to and execute them. They had already stripped themselves to their under garment, when the Commodore seeing their resolution inflexible, turned his ships about, and anchored a considerable distance down the bay.

POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Governor Bigler not being able, on account of ill health, to "stump the State," has issued an "Address to the People of Pennsylvania," in which he, in the first place, congratulates them on the flourishing condition of all the great interests of the State, excepting only the agricultural, which has suffered materially by the drought of the season, and then remarked that the finances of the State were never in a more wholesome condition.

He says that the currency of the State seems to be in a wholesome condition. He opposes omnibus legislation, as also the policy of municipal subscriptions. He has resisted, and will continue to resist, any and all attempts at innovation upon the common school system, and would never sanction a division of the school fund for any purpose. Should the sovereign people, in October, demand a prohibitory liquor law, their will shall be carried into effect by him, if elected, in an efficient constitutional form. He is opposed, and will oppose, all secret societies to accomplish political ends, and Know Nothings and Know Nothingism can expect from him no quarter. He does not state whether he will himself vote for or against a Prohibitory Law—and gives the subject of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise entirely the go-by.

The following are the nominations made in Pennsylvania, for members of Congress.

Dis. and Counties.	Whig and Anti-Neb.	Nebraska.
1 Philadelphia	E. J. Morris	T. B. Florence / John Titus*
2 Philadelphia	J. R. Tyson / J. R. Chandler	J. Hamilton, Jr.
3 Philadelphia	Wm. Millward	James Landy / Geo. W. Reede
4 Philadelphia	John Lambert	H. M. Phillips / Jacob Broom*
5 Phila. & Mont	Nathan L. Jones	J. Cadwalader
6 Chester & Del	J. M. Broomall	John Hickman
7 Bucks & Lehigh	Saml Bradshaw	S. A. Bridges
8 Berks	John C. Myers†	J. G. Jones
9 Lancaster	A. E. Roberts	
10 Dauphin, &c.	John C. Kunkel	
11 Northumb'd, &c.	Jas H. Campbell / Kimber Cleaver*	W. L. Dewart
12 Luzerne, &c.	H. M. Fuller	J. W. Cake
13 Northam'n &c.	S. P. Sterrett	H. B. Wright
14 Bradford, &c.	Galusha A. Grow	Asa Packer / No opposition
15 Centre, &c.	L. A. Mackey	Allison White
16 Cumberl'd, &c.	Lemuel Todd	J. J. Pearce
17 Adams, &c.	D. F. Robinson	J. R. Dunham / J. Creswell†
18 Cambria &c.	John R. Edie	Wilson Reilly
19 Armstrong, &c.	John Covode	A. Drum
20 Fayette, &c.	Jona'n Knight	W. Montgom'ry
21 Allegheny,	David Ritchie	C. Shaler
22 All'y & Butl'r	S. A. Purviance	J. B. Palmer
23 Beaver, &c.	John Allison	M. C. Trout
24 Clarion, &c.	C. B. Curtis	D. Barclay
25 Craw'd & Erie	John Dick	

FOR GOVERNOR.

James Pollock,	William Bigler,

FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Daniel M. Smyser,	Jeremiah S. Black.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER.

George Darsie,	Henry S. Mott.

* Native American. †Independent.

Appended to the ticket to be voted this fall is a ballot headed "Prohibitory Liquor Law," to which is added "*For* a Prohibitory Liquor Law," and "*Against* a Prohibitory Liquor Law."

NEW YORK.—The Liberty Convention, which met at Syracuse on the 28th, passed a series of their usual resolutions, and then nominated William Goodall, of New York, for Governor, and Austin Ward for Lieutenant Governor.

The Mass Convention of the Free Democrats met at Auburn on the 25th, but adjourned without nominating a ticket. The regular Free Democratic Convention assembled immediately after, when Mr. Hale, from the Committee previously appointed, reported resolutions denouncing the Fugitive Slave Law; expressing a willingness to co-operate with other parties favorable to the overthrow of the slave power; regarding slavery as a sin against God and an outrage upon all valid law; and finally, calling for the prohibition of the liquor traffic. The resolutions were adopted. At the evening session the Convention nominated Mr. Clark for Governor; Bradford R. Wood for Lieut. Governor; and Charles A. Wheaton for Canal Commissioner.

The Anti Nebraska Convention met at Auburn on the 26th. A motion to substitute a resolution looking to the nomination or endorsement of the Whig State ticket, was made, but was ruled out of order. The original resolution, after much debate and confusion, was laid on the table. Mr. Raymond's orthodoxy upon the temperance question having been called in question, Mr. Chambers read a letter from Mr. R., pleading in favor of Prohibitory Law. A letter was read from each of the Whig nominees, endorsing the proceedings of the Saratoga Anti-Nebraska Convention. The Convention then nominated Mr. Raymond for Lieutenant Governor, after a long debate, by a vote of 127 ayes to 84 nays for Mr. Wood. Myron H. Clark was then nominated for Governor, by acclamation.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Democratic State Convention, which met at Lowell on the 26th, nominated Henry W. Bishop for Governor. A letter from him was read, declining the nomination, and endorsing the Nebraska Bill. The Convention refused to accept his declination.—Mr. Usher, of Medford, charged President Pierce with being false to the Baltimore Platform, and the pledges of his Inaugural. The uproar which followed these remarks was tremendous. Mr. Usher was denounced as a Free Soiler, and obliged to stop speaking. Subsequently he was permitted to go on, at the intercession of his friends. He said the Democratic party was on the verge of destruction, and the people repudiated the measures of the late Congress. The storm again commenced, when the speaker retired, but as his friends would allow no other member to speak, he was permitted to finish. After a speech in defence of the Administration, by Mr. Cook, of Lenox county, the resolutions reported by the committee were passed by a tremendous *aye*, followed by a few *noes*, many of the opponents of the Nebraska Bill declining to vote. The Convention then nominated Caleb Stetson, of Braintree, for Lieutenant Governor, and then adjourned. The entire control of the party machinery has thus, after an interval of six years, passed into the hands of the Hunker Democracy.

OHIO.—The Old Line Democrats in Cincinnati held a mass meeting on the 29th, and were addressed by Hon Geo E. Pugh, and others.—The meeting was very disorderly, and the Know Nothings seemed to be in the majority. The excitement seems to increase as the election approaches.

MAINE.—Full returns from the Sixth Congressional District, confirm the previously reported election of Mr. Fuller, the Democratic candidate.

VERMONT.—The Legislature stands, politically, thus: Senate, 22 Whigs, 6, Free Soilers, 2 Democrats; House, 121 Whigs, 54 Free Soilers, 51 Democrats; joint ballot, 143 Whigs, 60 Free Soilers, 53 Democrats.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—A meeting was held in Washington, on the 27th, of the "true friends of civil and religious liberty," which was very largely attended. Resolutions were passed setting forth that America is the home of the oppressed of whatever name, creed, or nation, but that Americans must rule the country. The meeting was called as a counter to that of Friday, the call for which intimated that civil and religious liberty was in danger in the city. Strong opposition to the Administration in the city was expressed by the speakers on account of so many Government officers taking part in the proceedings of the meeting of Friday. Perfect order was maintained throughout. As a demonstration of the strength of the Know Nothings in that city, it would indicate that party as being very numerous. There were from two to three thousand persons present, among whom entire unanimity prevailed.

KENTUCKY.—At the municipal election, at Louisville, on the 29th ult., Wm. B. Shepherd was elected Mayor by 950 majority, a result which has taken the city by surprise, as Mr. Shepherd was not known as a candidate until the next morning. This is said to be a Know Nothing victory.

SLAVERY IN ILLINOIS.—A letter from Illinois to the Charleston Courier speaks of an enterprise which appears to be on foot in that State to repeal the clause of the State Constitution which prohibits slavery, and to take a direct vote of the people on the question of establishing slavery. He says that those engaged in the movement have already been sounding public sentiment on the subject, and find it singularly favorable, and in order to insure its success, he urges Southern men to emigrate to Illinois in preference to Kansas or Nebraska. Probably considerable will depend upon the result of the next election.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the steamship Atlantic we have Liverpool dates to the 16th ult.

THE CRIMEA EXPEDITION.—The long talked of expedition to the Crimea, sailed on the 4th inst. It is the largest expedition ever recorded in the annals of warfare. The fleet musters 25,000 sailors, and 3,000 cannon! The land force, conveyed in some 700 transport ships, numbers 70,000 troops, of which there are 30,000 English, 25,000 Turks, and 15,000 Egyptians. The English squadron left Varna, to join the expedition on the 5d inst. The French troops, under Gen. St. Arnaud, and the Turks sailed on the 6th, to join the British off the mouth of the Danube. The debarkation of this monster expedition would take place at Point Bata, where there is 15 fathom depth of water. Once landed, the troops will proceed to entrench, and next aim to defeat the Russians in the field, and if successful, push on to the great stronghold Sebastopol. From the sea the fort Constantine, mounting 110 guns, will be the principal object of attack. A position has been discovered from whence the Russian fleet can be enfiladed, and either burnt or compelled to come out and fight. Prince Menschikoff will conduct the siege of Sebastopol. The arrangements for the defence are of the most extensive and stupendous character. There is a large number of troops in the camp, besides a full garrison in the city. Many of the ships in port have been converted into fire ships. A new levy of ten men in the thousand has been ordered throughout the western portion of the Empire.

THE BALTIC FLEET.—Orders calling home the Baltic fleet to England, causes an apprehension that the Russian fleet will escape from the Baltic, and commit devastation on the commerce of England and France. There is a rumor that Admiral Napier wishes to resign. This is doubtful.

FROM THE DANUBE.—The Russians have evacuated Brailow and Galatz, leaving the passage of the Danube free. Four thousand Austrians entered Bucharest on the 6th, and were formally received by Omar Pacha. It was reported that Omar and the Austrian commander subsequently disagreed.

PERSIA.—There is a complete rupture between Persia and the Porte.

RUSSIA.—The Independence Belge gives the substance of the Czar's reply to the last note of the four powers. The Czar expresses his surprise that Austria should have transmitted such proposals, unaccompanied by any concessions on the part of the powers. The Czar unconditionally rejects the proposals, and says that Russia has made every concession compatible with honor, and it only remains for him to try the eventualities of war in order to arrive at a solid basis for negotiations. The Emperor will avoid increasing the complication of the war, but will repel with energy all attacks from whatever quarter.

PRUSSIA.—Prussia informs the Germanic Diet that she never bound herself by the guarantees demanded by the Western Powers, and is resolved to remain neutral.

AUSTRIA.—Austria has officially notified the Western Powers of the Czar's refusal; and the Four Powers express themselves satisfied with the armed neutrality of Austria.

ENGLAND.—The accounts from the harvest throughout England, as well as from the Continent, continue to be most satisfactory.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.—The Indian mail had arrived at Trieste, bringing dates from Calcutta to August 12th, Shanghae to July 15th, Canton to July 20th. Trade in India was favorable, but in China very dull. The greatest confusion exists there. The insurgents have taken several places near Canton, and were threatening that city. The foreigners are protected by the factories and the ships in port.

FRANCE.—The military exercises continue at Boulogne. On the 14th a sham battle was enacted, in which 80,000 men took part. An invading army of 40,000 advanced from St. Omer to attack Boulogne, and was met by an army of defence numbering 40,000. On an immense fire and smoke the invading army prevailed, and Boulogne was conceded as taken.

The French Minister has been recalled from Berlin, and Ferdinand Barrot has been appointed in his place.

SPAIN.—Republicanism is reported to be extremely active in Spain, and another outbreak is considered as approaching. The Republicans are well organised throughout the kingdom. A programme of the intended movement is secretly circulated, and the Marquis of Albarda is recognised as the head of the movement, and keeps himself concealed. Public opinion connects Mr. Soule with this revolutionary movement. Queen Christina has arrived at Lisbon, where she is to embark for France.

COTTON MARKET—LIVERPOOL, Sept. 15, Friday Evening.—The Brokers' Circular reports the sales for the week at 41,300 bales, including 30,275 American. The sales to speculators reached 1,400, and the sales for export 8,450 bales. The market is dull and prices are easier, but not quotably lower.

Dennistoun quotes cotton as declined 1-16 in value. Orleans fair 6¼; Orleans middling 5 3-16; Mobile fair 6; Mobile middling 5¼; Upland fair 6; Upland middling 5 1-16. The sales to-day (Friday) reached 6,000 bales, the market closing dull.

BREADSTUFFS.—Western Canal flour 28s; Ohio 33s. Corn, yellow and white, 34s. White wheat 9s 6d.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, Sept. 15.—Consols are quoted at 95¼a95½.

FUNERAL DISTURBANCE.—The Rev. Francis Zelmer pastor of the German Lutheran Church, at the corner of High and Wylie streets, Pittsburg, has been bound over by Mayor Volz, of that city, to answer a charge of disturbing a burial service of one of the members of William Tell Lodge of the Order of Odd Fellows, at the graveyard of his church. According to the testimony, the funeral procession having entered the yard, and found the pastor performing the burial service for another member of his church, close by, the Odd Fellows waited until he had got through, and then sent a messenger to invite him to say something over the grave of their departed brother. He gave some short answer, and went to another part of the yard to bury another of his church members.—The Odd Fellows then went on with their own ceremonies, and while they were in the midst of them, the minister returned, pushed violently through the crowd, and uttered threatening and abusive language, upbraiding the Odd Fellows for what he termed their heathenish ceremonies.

THE CHICAGO FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—The three white men from St. Louis, who attempted to arrest a fugitive slave in the streets of Chicago, some weeks since, but were prevented by a crowd of vagabonds and negroes, one of whom they shot, were indicted by the Grand Jury at Chicago for "kidnapping," but have been discharged by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, on habeas corpus. The Chicago Journal says that the Chief Justice decides that the prisoners have been unlawfully detained; that the power of attorney given by the owner of the slave was sufficient to arrest him, without the assistance of the officers of the law, and that they had a perfect right to use whatever weapons they found is necessary to employ, to securing that a rest.

GOOD NEWS.—According to the Albany Evening Journal, the refreshing showers of the last month have wonderfully improved the potato crop of that region, and the papers of New England and the West testify to the same fact.

A woman has been elected constable in Perry county, Illinois.

EMPLOYMENT.—Young men in every neighborhood may now have healthful, pleasant and profitable employment, by engaging in the sale of our new and valuable Books, and canvassing for our valuable Family Journals. For terms and particulars, address, post paid, FOWLERS AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

All who engage with us will be secured from the possibility of loss while the profits will be very liberal. oct7 4t

The Public are Cautioned against Persons putting up mixed gin in jugs, and selling it under the name of Schnapps. That name belongs exclusively to my gin; all others are counterfeit. The genuine has my name on the jug, cork, and label, and a facsimile of my signature on the label.

UDOLPHO WOLFE.

sept16-8t 18 and 22 Beaver Street, New York.

NEW YORK MARKETS, SEPT. 30.

ASHES—Steady, small sales.

COTTON—Quiet at 9½c for Middling Upland and 9½c for do. N. O.

FLOUR—The market is irregular and unsettled for Western. The prices are nominally the same. The sales foot up 5,000 bbls. at $7a7 25 for common to good State, and the same figures for mixed to good Michigan, and common to good Ohio. Southern Flour is in good request, chiefly for home consumption, with sales of 1,600 barrels at $7,50a $8 for mixed to good brands, the market closing firm. Rye Flour is quiet at $5 to $6 for the range. Corn meal dull at $4,12½ for State, $4,37½ for Jersey.

GRAIN—There is scarcely any inquiry for Wheat to-day, and prices are irregular. In the absence of sales we omit quotations as they would be entirely nominal. The market for Corn in the early part of the day was dull and in favor of buyers, but towards the close there was more inquiry, and prices very generally recovered.

The sales of the day aggregate 50,000 bushels including mixed at 75a76c, and unsound parcels at 74a75c. Oats are firm, and the supply much reduced. A good lot of Western and State would bring 50a55c. Rye is dull, but firm at $1,18a1,20.

PROVISIONS—The market for Pork to-day has been heavy, and Mess could be bought readily at $13 75; Prime is quoted nominally at $11,75. In Beef, there is no change of importance to notice, while the demand continues light. Lard is in limited request, with sales of 200 bbls at 10¼a10¾.

WHISKEY—Sold to the extent of 400 bbls, mostly Prison, at 41a42.

BARILLA—Teneriffe is firm—sales 50 tons at $27 at 6 mos, and $25 for Lump.

BREAD—Prices are lower, with a good home demand. Sales at 6½c for Pilot, 5c for Navy, 5½c for fine Navy, and 6½a8c for crackers.

BRICK—The market is steady at $4 75a6 for Hard North River.

COFFEE—The market is less buoyant, and to quiet—the stock of Rio is 12,000 bags. Sales of 60 bags Porto Rico at 11½.

DYEWOODS—Since our last sales have been made of 400 tons St. Domingo at $13a14 cash, in bond; 22 tons Barwood at $17 50; 60 tons various lots Fustic at $28a24, duty paid.

FISH—Dry Cod are in better supply, and prices are unchanged; sales of 800 quintals at $3,50a3 75. Mackerel are firm and prices remain as previously quoted; sales of 300 bbls. Smoked Herring are in firm stock and steady sales of 3,000 bbls at 55a70c for scaled, and 30c for No 1.

HAY—The market is better supplied, the demand is fair. Sales of 500 bales at 80a85c for shipping.

HEMP—Manilla has been quite active, with sales of 4,800 bales at 14 cts. Of Jute 150 bales sold in Boston for this market at $120; also 200 bales Sunn at 6c, 6 mos. American is firmer; sales of 100 bales at $225a235.

HIDES—The demand is fair but somewhat restricted by the enhanced prices demanded, and the stock has slightly diminished, numbering 225,160. The sales are 7,400 Angostura, 20a20½ lbs, at 16c, less 1 per cent and 6 mos; 2,300 Rio Grande, 20½ lbs, at 21c, less 5 per cent.; 3,700 do 20½ lbs, at 18c; 1,500 Mines, 18 lbs, 16c; 2,245 Central America, 18 lbs, at 14c; 300 Carthagena at 11c; 170 dry salted Maracaibo, 11, as they run; 1,500 Buenos Ayres in Boston, for this market, 20½ lbs, at 18c; 2,000 do in Salem, delivered here, 21½ lbs, at 18c, 6 mos.

HONEY—The stock is about exhausted and prices are nominal.

HOPS—Are in limited request at 37a40 for new crop 1854, and 30a33 for old 1853.

LATHS—Eastern are firm and in good demand at $1,87½.

GLOBE COOKING STOVES.

MESSRS. GRANSON, STUART & PETERSON,

Gents,—I would neither be doing justice to you nor my own feelings were I not to express my great satisfaction with the very superior manner in which your Improved Globe Cooking Stoves did the great amount of cooking which had to be done at the State Fair. I had eleven of your Stoves in operation without one particle of smoking (the joints of pipe to each Stove in the open air, and a gale a-going) no pressure to more than the usual, and in all cases your Stoves performed their work much better than any Cooking Stoves we ever used.

With a sincere desire that your Improved Globe Cooking Stoves may become as much known and celebrated as they deserve,

I remain yours respectfully,

(Signed,) E. M. FUSSELL,

418 Race St., Caterer of the State Fair.

Phila., Sept. 30, 1854.

Local News.

THE GREAT STATE FAIR.

The Fair of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, which opened on Tuesday week, closed on Friday, after having been visited by at least 160,000 people.

On the first day, upwards of 30,000 persons visited the Fair. Throughout the day the ring appropriated to the trial of horses was surrounded by hundreds of persons, witnessing the speed of several horses attached to private carriages, which were entered for the amusement.

The announcement that the horses would be tried, brought a vast multitude together on the afternoon of the second day, and at one time it was estimated that 10,000 surrounded the ring. A considerable portion of the space appropriated to the poultry exhibition broke down with the heavy weight upon it, without, however, doing any particular damage. Several ladies and gentlemen were slightly bruised, but that was the full extent of the injury. Inside the ring, the judges, Messrs. A. E. Kapp of Northumberland, and Col. Wm. Colder and John H. Berryhill, Esq., of Harrisburg, were much annoyed by the inefficiency of the police designed for that portion of the Fair grounds. One very exciting trial occurred which might have terminated in very serious consequences, but for the coolness and daring of a colored man, named Toby Smith, who was driving a horse belonging to Mr. Jacob Peters, in a sulky. This vehicle in rounding the curve end of the course, came in contact with a vehicle in which Mr. Howard was riding after a very spirited and pretty black horse, and one of the wheels becoming weak in consequence of the collision, the driver turned off the course towards the judges' stand, opposite the entrance. In approaching the stand, the wheel thus damaged broke off, and Toby fell under the sulky. He held tightly to the reins, while the horse took fright and jumped round and round, and then started off dragging Smith some thirty yards before he was stopped. All who witnessed the mishap anticipated the driver's death, but Toby, as soon as the horse was stopped, jumped up as coolly as if nothing had happened. Mr. Howard's wagon was slightly damaged, and the harness on Mr. Peters' horse was badly broken in pieces. There were a number of fine horses exhibited, and the trial of speed was quite satisfactory to the Committee.

On the third day, visitors were admitted upon payment of twenty-five cents each, and there was a general rush of men, women, and children. As early as seven o'clock, the scores of omnibuses which had been carrying passengers to and from the grounds for a shilling apiece, commenced wending their way over the Schuylkill, filled, in almost every instance, with double the number entitled to seats. As it was an extra occasion, the drivers, desirous of accumulating as large a fund for their employers as possible, and to be *accommodating* to their customers, permitted them to pile in, regardless of the safety of the poor horses attached to the coaches and the fine apparel of the passengers. Silks, satins, bareges, and other goods, the fancy of the gentle sex, and the fine cloth of the more stern, cut in the tip of the fashion, suffered to an enormous extent, but the anxiety to see the Fair sufficed for all the damage sustained, and instead of being chagrined, every one seemed pleased and contented with their lot. All the avenues leading westward were crowded with vehicles, and at nine o'clock in the morning it was a difficulty to find a cab or carriage disengaged. Throughout the day, the same state of things existed, and at one time, from Twentieth street to the grounds, Market street and the bridge and Bridgewater street was blocked up, as was also the case with Callowhill street, from the Spring Garden gas works, the wire bridge and Bridgewater street, south from that structure. Such a throng of people, horses, vehicles, &c., was never before witnessed in Philadelphia, and it is a matter of doubt whether any exhibition in this country ever attracted so great a crowd of human beings as were in and about the Fair. From reliable information, obtained at the offices and entrances, says the Ledger, it is not saying too much to give the number of visitors at *one hundred thousand!* This may appear exaggerated, but to many of those who were present it is a moderate computation. During the day there were 40,000 single tickets sold, and between 8,000 and 9,000 family tickets, admitting two persons. These were in addition to the members' tickets sold on Tuesday and Wednesday. The utmost decorum was noticed in every part of the Fair, except on the turf in the afternoon. There the crowd was so dense, that an unfortunate accident marred the pleasure of the sports. A sulky in which a gentleman was riding upset and threw him out, and the horse ran at a rapid pace round and round the course. After the animal was stopped, hundreds of men and boys rushed into the ring, and so obstinate were they that they refused to go out, and the trial of the horses had to be postponed. A gentleman who exhibited a large bull, prevailed upon the judges to allow him to try the animal on the course, assuring them he could go ten miles an hour in a sulky. A vehicle was accordingly procured and the bull entered. All eyes were riveted upon the man and his bull, but, instead of going ten miles an hour, he leisurely walked round, and convinced the judges that he could more easily be driven one mile in ten hours than in the time specified by its owner.

The closing day of the exhibition was nearly as well attended as the day previous. The expected address by the Hon. Wm. M. Meredith was not delivered, in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Meredith. Throughout the day, thousands of persons thronged the grounds, and a continual excitement was kept up, by the arrival and departure of persons on foot and in vehicles, and the removal, in the afternoon, of stock and products. At 10 o'clock the ploughing match came off, on the lands of the Bingham estate. There were 20 ploughs entered, and the competition occasioned the greatest interest. The best order prevailed, and everything passed off satisfactorily. At the conclusion of the ploughing the Committee made their report, which awarded to Newell French a premium of $15 for a double Michigan plough, and a like sum for the deepest ploughing; to Geo. Bachman, $10 for Wiggins' plough; to Jacob Sibbit, $15 for the best ploughing; George Blake, $12 for second best, and Robert Blake, $9 for third best; to H. Randolph Trego, 18 years of age, $10 best ploughboy.

ANIMALS.—The various animals included in the Cattle Show, elicited unbounded admiration. The whole of this department was thought by those best capable of forming a correct opinion on the subject, to have been superior to any ever collected together on any previous occasion. The horses were among the best the country can produce; the bulls, oxen, cows and calves comprised a number of the largest and most excellent breeds, the sheep and lambs were of very superior breeds also, while the hogs would compare with those of any former exhibition.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.—Mr. David Landreth presented a varied assortment of implements, adapted to hand and horse power, many of them manufactured at his steam works, Bristol, Pennsylvania, and others obtained from the best sources in this country and Europe. The collection embraced nearly 800 distinct specimens, ranging from the most delicate implements for ladies' use to the powerful Railway power and thresher. It is evident, with such varied materials, it would be difficult to give an intelligent sketch of the whole, and keep within the bounds of a newspaper report. We would, however, particularize Reading's Corn Sheller and Cleaner, capable of shelling and cleaning, ready for mill or market, one thousand bushels per day. Hickok's Cider Mill, with which a man and boy can make ten barrels of cider by hand. Miles' improved, and Wiggins' Ploughs, the admiration of the practical farmer. Delano's Independent Tooth Rake, which promises entirely to supercede the old and valued revolver, heretofore held in high esteem.

Cultivators of many patterns. In this implement great improvements appear to have been made of late. Mr. Landreth has done his part to bring the several makers' kinds to public notice. Hay Elevators, or Drags, as sometimes termed, are valuable aids at a hurried season; of these Mr. L. presented four distinct patterns, self-adjusting, manufactured at his works, and the invention of his intelligent workmen.

A stand of Seeds was displayed in bottles, and embracing upwards of 200 varieties, each properly labelled, and principally the produce of Bloomsdale, the seed grounds of Mr. Landreth, which comprise 270 acres—the largest seed farm, it is said, in the world.

HORTICULTURAL.—The horticultural exhibition was varied and interesting. Mr. A. L. Felton, of Ridge Avenue, was prominent among the exhibitors, and in addition to a fine display of vegetables, which occupied a table 100 feet long and 11 tubs in an adjoining tent, containing one bushel each of different kinds, produced on his farm, and numerous cans of prepared tomatoes, there was a splendid collection of strawberry plants in 100 pots, comprising 10 varieties. Each plant will bear the same year they are set out, and the fruit produced is among the very best to be found in the country. There were also three plates of Isabella grapes from Mr. Felton's farm, which were equal to the best black Hamburg. The fruit was large and full, and the flavor of an excellent quality.

H. A. Dreer had a collection of roses, embracing 20 varieties, for competition. There was also another display of roses and verbenas, admirably arranged.

David Miller, Jr., of the Cumberland nurseries, near Carlisle, Pa., exhibited 100 varieties of apples, among which were the Newtown Pippin, Esopus Spitzenburg, Smokehouse, Rambo, yellow Bellflowers, Swaar and Fallenwalder, considered the best for general cultivation in Pennsylvania.

Joseph P. Lee, a resident of Michigan, near Tecumseh, had an elegant exhibition of apples, pears, and other fruit.

David Murphy, of Burlington county, N. J., had some fine black Hamburg, Chasselas and white Frontenac grapes; Mr. Mackin, 30 varieties of pears, the Beaver County Agricultural Society a lot of apples, pears, peaches and grapes; and Isaac B. Baxter, several plates of pears and peaches, which were excellent specimens of good fruit.

POULTRY.—The poultry exhibition exceeded that of the State Poultry Society, a few months past.—There were several hundred fowls on exhibition, comprising the Royal Cochin China, raised from Queen Victoria's stock, Shanghaes, Golden and Silver Hamburg, Black Poland, Black Pheasant, Seabright and White Bantams, White Japan Silk, Black Spanish, Marinos, Speckled and White Dorkings, Wild Mountain Game, Sumatra Pheasant Game, Brahma Pootras, and a dozen or more varieties of fowls, pigeons, turkeys, large and small, geese, old and young, ducks, &c., &c. The depositors are Messrs. S. C. Ratford, (who has the most extensive display) James Gillespie, W. W. Clark, Jacob Bolt, H. W. Ditman, M. H. Cornell, James Killion, Wm. Leonard, Dr. J. T. Crabbe, J. J. Hoopes, Ammon Hayden, Robert Purvis.

LADIES' HOUSEHOLD GOODS.—The tent designated for the exhibition of ladies' household goods, possessed as much interest as any part of the Fair.—There were to be seen a number of articles made by the ladies—prominent among which were a table and piano covers, of drab cloth, decorated with raised zephyr work. These were made by Miss Margaret Gillespie, of Philadelphia, and took her three years to complete. On the piano cover was a bouquet, and on the table cover a wreath, which appeared almost like natural flowers; the colors were well blended, and the whole design and style of finish would compare with the finest and most artistic work in the whole Fair. Miss Gillespie commenced the covers when sixteen years of age, working only when her health permitted her so to do, and fortunately succeeded in getting them ready for the exhibition.

Mrs. Eliza G. Walker had some jellies and preserved fruit, which were quite popular with housekeepers generally. They had been preserved with much care.

A silk quilt, manufactured of the badges used by the officers and members of the State Fair in Pittsburg, in 1853, was quite pretty.

Margaret G. Bradley's case of zephyr artificials and shell houses, and the shell vases made by Mary Ann Royer, a child ten years of age, were mostly made, and showed a considerable amount of taste.

Mrs. G. H. Bucher exhibited some domestic soap and blankets, and Matilda B. Thomas two baskets of flowers, crochet mats and bonnets, and fine knit stockings.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city, was 232—Adults 117 and children 115.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, September 30, 1854.

REMARKS.—Trade generally continues dull and inactive. Cotton is in limited request, but with small receipts and a reduced stock holders are firm in their demands. Bark is scarce and has advanced. Breadstuffs of all descriptions are dull. Supplies of corn are very slowly, but there is little or no export demand, and prices of Flour, Wheat and Corn have materially declined. Coal is not so active, but prices are maintained, and free shipments are making to the Eastward. Fish coming without change. In Fruit but little doing. The accounts from the West in regard to the Apple and Peach crop are more encouraging, and the produce will be larger than was generally anticipated early in the season. In Hemp and Hides nothing doing. Hops are in limited request. Iron is dull, and the sales of all descriptions have been on a very restricted scale. Lead is scarce. In Lumber there is but little doing, and the market is dull. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses are in active request, and prices are looking upward, but the want of stock has materially restricted operations. Naval Stores are unchanged. Fish Oils are in good demand from store at full rates. In Provisions there is no change to notice. Rice has again advanced. Cloverseed is lower, but Timothy is in active request at the advance noticed last week. Tobacco is held firmly. In Freights but little doing.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts and stocks of Flour continue small, but in the absence of any export demand the market has been dull, and to effect sales holders have been compelled to submit to a decline of 30c per bbl. The only sales reported for shipment are 1,000 bbls good brands $8,25a8, closing with free sellers and no buyers at the latter figure. 100 half bbls sold at $8,50. Small sales for home consumption at $8a8,25 for common and good brands, and $8,25a7,50 for extra, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce, and there is very little coming in. Small sales at $6,75. Corn Meal is but little inquired after; sales of 900 bbls fresh ground Pennsylvania at $4 per bbl and some *old stock* at $5,50.

Inspections of Flour and Meal for the week ending the 27th inst. were as follows:

Barrels of Superfine Flour		9,737
Do	Fine	66
Do	Middlings	16
Do	Rye	124
Do	Corn Meal	303
Do	Condemned	47
	Total	10,291

JAMES J. BELAIR, Clerk. F. VANSANT.

GRAIN.—Supplies of Wheat continue to come forward slowly, both from the South and the interior, but the demand is limited, and prices have again declined 10a12c per bushel. Sales of 20a30,000 bushels at $1,50a1,60 for fair and prime red, and $1,70a1,80, afloat, for white, closing at $1,35a1,60 for red, and $1,70 for white. Rye is wanted, and is taken on arrival at $1,10a1,15 for Southern, and $1,15a1,18 for Pennsylvania. Corn is dull and 3c lower; 15,000 bushels yellow sold at 83a85c, closing at the former rate. Oats have been in active request, and prices better. About 15a20,000 bushels sold at 53a55c per bushel for Southern, and 56a58c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS.—The transactions have been limited in all descriptions. Mess Pork is held at $14,50 per bbl, but the sales have been only in retail lots. Beef remains without change. City packed Mess is held at $17,50, cash. Bacon—The stocks are now materially reduced, and there is little or none coming forward. There has been but little inquiry. Hams are scarce, and sell from 11 up to 13½ cts per lb for plain and fancy canvassed, as in quality. Sales of Sides at 8¼a9c, and Shoulders at 7¼a7½c, cash, 4 mos. No sales of salted Meats, and but little stock left to operate in. Lard is held firmly but the demand has been limited. Small sales of bbls at 11a11½c per lb, cash and on time, and kegs at 12a12½c. Butter is in demand, but there is very little offering. Sales of solid packed Western in bbls and kegs at 15a17c per lb. cash. In Cheese but little doing.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—There has been rather more demand for some descriptions of Cotton Goods, but the market generally is dull, and for Woollens prices are unsettled and drooping.

BARK.—Continues scarce, and in demand at an advance of $1 per ton. Small sales of No 1 Quercitron at $36. There is but little Tanner's Bark arriving. We quote Spanish Oak at $17 per cord, and Chesnut $13a14.

BEESWAX.—But little offering. Small sales of good yellow at 27a28c per lb, cash.

CANDLES.—Prices remain without change. Adamantine are held firmly at the late advance, and sell in lots at 22a28c per lb, 4 mos, for Western and city manufactured, as in quality. Sperm are worth 29a31 cts.

COAL.—The demand has somewhat fallen off, both for shipment and home consumption, but prices remain without change. Supplies are arriving freely, both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh mines. Colliers are in fair supply, and the rates of freight remain without change. There is no Bituminous Coal arriving.

The following is a report of shipments of Coal from Richmond, for the week ending the 23d inst.:

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Destination.	tons.
	2	19	56			Boston & vicinity,	16,379
		1	29			Conn. & R. Isl'd,	4,930
			5		47	N. Y. and vicinity,	10,194
			7		6	North River,	2,025
	1	1	23	11	14	Southern Ports,	4,821
	3	21	112	11	67		

Tons for the week	38,349
Total for the season	1,809,230
Same time last year	850,695
No of vessels for the week	244
Total for the season	6,647

COFFEE.—A cargo of Rio and an import of Laguayra have arrived since our last notice. The demand continues good, and holders are firm at the advance noted last week. Sales of 6a7,000 bags Rio at 10¼a11¼c per lb, on time. The stock in first hands is extremely small.

COPPER.—Limited sales of Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal are making at our former quotations.

COTTON.—The receipts during the past week have been quite limited, and the stock is now exceedingly small. The demand has been limited, but prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 730 bales at 8¾a11c per lb, on time, for Upland, and 9a12c for New Orleans.

DRUGS AND DYES.—Soda Ash is plenty and dull. Sales at 2¼a2½c per lb, 6 mos; some Sal Soda at 1½c, and Roll Brimstone at 2½c, on time.

FEATHERS.—Are in fair request, and but few offering. Small sales of good Western at 44a47 cts per lb.

FISH.—Supplies of Mackerel continue to come forward very slowly, but prices remain without change. About 500 bbls sold from the wharf on private terms. Small lots from store sell at $13, 15, and $9 per bbl for large Nos 1, 2, and 3, and small Fish at proportionate rates. In Codfish and Herring nothing except in a retail way.

FRUIT.—The market has been exceedingly quiet. Small sales of Bunch Raisins at $2 60a2,75 per box. In other descriptions of foreign Fruit there is little or no stock here to operate in. Dried Apples and Peaches sell slowly at our former quotations.

GINSENG.—But little offering. About 10,000 lbs Clarified sold at 50c, cash.

GUANO.—There is a steady demand for Peruvian at our last quotations.

HEMP.—Is dull, and no transactions have been reported.

HIDES.—Are not inquired after, and no sales have transpired.

HOPS.—Are in limited request, and sell slowly at 41a45c per lb for first sort new crop.

INDIGO.—Sales of 10 ceroons Guatemala at about $1 per ton, on time.

IRON.—The market has been dull during the past week. Supplies are arriving very slowly, but the demand is quite limited, and the only sales reported are small lots at $37,50a38 per ton, on time, for No 1 Anthracite, and $36 for No 2. Scotch Pig sells slowly at our last quotations. Blooms are scarce. In Bar and Boiler Iron steady sales are making at former rates.

LEAD.—The market is very bare of Pig Lead, and no sales have been reported, excepting a small lot of English at $6,50, cash.

LEATHER.—There has been a steady demand for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather at full rates.

LUMBER.—There is but little doing in any description, and the receipts are falling off. Laths sell in lots at $1,87½a2 per M. We quote Pickets at $8a9.

Shipped by Lehigh, week ending the 30d inst.

	Feet	1,394,618
Previously		35,454,745
Total this year		36,829,763

MOLASSES.—Continues very scarce and in demand; prices have an upward tendency; small sales of New Orleans at 23a25c, on time.

NAVAL STORES.—Prices are steady for all descriptions. Small sales of Common Rosin at $1,37½ per bbl, and Soap at $2 up to $3,25, as in quality. A small lot of Tar sold at $4. Pitch is unchanged.—Spirits of Turpentine is in steady demand; sales at 58a60c, cash and on time.

OILS.—There is an active inquiry for Fish Oils from store, and prices have an upward tendency. About 1,500 gallons Crude Whale sold at 68a81 cts, on time. A small sale of Winter Lard Oil at 98c, on time. Linseed Oil is dull at our last quotations.

The following are the Imports of Sperm and Whale Oil and Whalebone into the U. States for the week ending the 25th inst.:

	Bbls Sp.	Bbls. Wh.	Lbs Bone.
From Jan 1 to date	63,884	311,548	3,423,477
Same time last year	93,977	255,947	5,079,995

PLASTER.—Has been in rather better demand; two or three imports of Soft sold at $3,25 per ton.

RICE.—Is scarce and has again advanced; small sales at 5a5½c per lb, on time.

SALT.—A cargo of Turk's Island has arrived to a dealer.

SEEDS.—There has been rather more Cloverseed coming in; the demand is less active, and prices rather drooping. Small sales at $5,50a6,50 for inferior and prime quality. Timothy is in active request, and is taken on arrival at $4,50 per bushel. The market is bare of Flaxseed, and it is wanted at $1,75.

SPICES.—The only transactions reported are small sales of Nutmegs at 95ca$1 per lb, 6 mos.

SPIRITS.—Brandy is in fair request at full rates. In Gin no change. N E Rum commands 43a44 cts. Whiskey is firmer. Sales of bbls at 41c; hhds at 40a41c, and Drudge at 40c.

SUGAR.—There has been a good demand, and prices tend upward, but the reduced stock in first hands (less than 2,500 hhds) has materially restricted operations. Sales of 500 hhds Cuba and New Orleans at 5a6¾c per lb, on time.

TALLOW.—There is a fair demand for Country and City Rendered, within the range of 11a11½c per lb, cash.

TEAS.—Prices are firm for all descriptions, and there is rather more inquiry.

TOBACCO.—There is a steady demand for Manufactured at former rates. Leaf is held firmly.

WINES.—The demand is limited, but the stock is light and prices firm.

WOOL.—The market continues dull, and prices still continue to favor buyers. The demand has been quite limited—there being but little inducement for manufacturers to lay in stock under the present unsettled state of the market for Woollen Goods, and the week's sales only foot up 90,000 lbs at 20 to 45c per lb, 6 mos, as in quality.

FREIGHTS.—To foreign ports there is little or nothing doing, and the rates are nominal. Some Logwood was taken at 10s per ton. To Boston the packets are taking Flour at 25c per bbl, and measurement goods at 4c per foot. Colliers are in steady demand at $2,50 per ton to Boston, $1,90a1,62½ to Rhode Island, and $1,18a1,16 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

DISEASES OF THE LIVER.

☞ When the celebrated Dr. Rush declared that drunkenness was a disease, he enunciated a truth which the experience and observation of medical men is every day confirming. The many apparently insane excesses of those who indulge in the use of spirituous liquors, may be thus accounted for. The true cause of conduct, which is taken for infatuation, is very frequently a diseased state of the Liver. No organ in the human system, when deranged, produces a more frightful catalogue of diseases. And if, instead of applying remedies to the manifestations of disease, as is too often the case, physicians would prescribe with a view to the original cause, fewer deaths would result from diseases induced by a deranged state of the Liver. Three-fourths of the diseases enumerated under the head of Consumption, have their seat in a diseased Liver. (See Dr. Gunn's great works.)

☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for **Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills**, and take none else. There are other Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills, also his Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada. 19

ALMANAC.

Sept., 1854.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
7 Saturday,	6 19	5 41	2 50	
8 Sunday,	6 20	5 40	3 42	
9 Monday,	6 21	5 39	4 34	
10 Tuesday,	6 23	5 37	5 23	D. H. M.
11 Wedn'day,	6 42	5 36	6 13	Full 6 2 47
12 Thursday,	6 25	5 35	7 4	Last 13 6 57
13 Friday,	6 27	5 33	7 56	New 21 4 18
14 Saturday,	6 28	5 32	8 47	First 28 2 15

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. BENJAMIN W. IVINS, to Miss RACHEL D. WILMET, both of Haddonfield, N. J.

On the 28th ult. by the same, Mr. WILLIAM R. BAKER, to Miss ELIZABETH B. BROOKS, both of this city.

At Lagrange, Georgia, on the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Otis Smith, Mr. BENJ. B. DAVIS, of Montgomery, Ala. to Miss MARY E. daughter of the Rev. Wm. A. Callaway, of the former place.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Levi G. Beck, Mr. ENOS VANDEGRAFT, to Miss CHRISTIANA STAUFFER, both of this city.

On the 6th June, by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, Mr. THOMAS MOORE, to Miss MARY J. McILWAIN, both of this city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. FRANKLIN WHITECAR, of Fairton, N. J. to Miss LYDIA L. ROSS, of Cape May county, N. J.

By the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. THOMAS B. FRALEY, Jr. of the District of Richmond, to Miss HANNAH, daughter of Jos. Coffman, Esq. of Aramingo.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. John Coleman, Mr. DAVID W. HEPPARD, to Miss JULIA FLURY, both of this city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Dr. J. C. Lyons, Mr. JOHN SHANNON, to Miss JANE McCAFEE, all of this city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. F. Hodgson, Mr. PORTERFIELD HUTCHINS, of Maine, to Miss REBECCA CHAMBERLIN, of Absecom, N. J.

On the same day, by the same, Mr. EDWARD B. CHAMBERLIN, to Miss ANNA E. CONNOR, both of Absecom, N. J.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev John Coleman, D. D. Mr. LOUIS M. CHASTEAU, to Mrs. CATHARINE AXFELL, all of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Charles Brown, Mr. JOHN DAVIS, to Miss ANNIE IRVINE, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. DAVID B. BAKER, to Miss SARAH A. LOCKER, both of this city.

On the 22d of Aug. by the same, Mr. PETER H. BUCKIUS, to Miss CAROLINE S. daughter of Geo. F. Shoch, Esq. all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. J. F. Bouldin, Mr. SANDEY SIMPSON, of New Haven, Conn. to Miss CHARLOTTE MATTHEWS, of Baltimore.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. G. Clark, Mr. CHAS. SCHOFIELD, to Miss KATE JONES, both of Lower Merion, Montgomery county.

On the 10th inst. at St. Joseph's Church, by the Rev. F. X. Barbelin, Mr. JOHN MAKIN, to Miss HANNAH RYAN, both of this city.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ult. MARGARET, consort of Geo. Barrey, aged 41 years.

On the 26th ultimo, THOMAS J. son of Zabina and Matilda Ellis, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 26th ult. ALONZO, son of Andrew and Ann Getter, aged 13 years.

On the 26th ult. MARY, daughter of Wm. G. and Elizabeth B. Smith, aged 6 years.

On the 26th ult. EMMA FRANCES, daughter of B. C. and Eliza Bigelow, aged 20 months.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. CATHARINE BECK, aged 35.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of E. H. Spain, aged 24 years.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. SUSANNAH MYERS, aged 81.

On the 26th ult. JOHN DYNAN, aged 28 years.

On the 26th ult. ROBERT TATE, son of Thos and Catharine A. Maguire, aged 8 years and 2 months.

On the 26th ultimo, WILLIAM MONOHAN, aged 17 years.

On the 25th ult. JULIA ANN, wife of Capt. Peter S. Steelman, aged 37 years.

On the 24th ult. ROGER BROWN, aged 45 years.

On the 25th ult. SARAH FRENCH, aged 54 years.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH K. wife of John Roberts, aged 40 years.

On the 26th ult. JOHN McCANN, aged 11 years.

On the 26th ult. DANIEL TAYLOR, son of Dani and Elizabeth Magarge, aged 5 years and 8 months.

On the 25th ult. Mr. WILLIAM PRALTNEY, aged 33.

On the 25th ult. JOSEPH TOLSON, aged 40 years.

On the 25th ult. Mr. DARETTES, aged 34 years.

On the 24th ult. Mr. THOMAS MURPHY, aged 57.

On the 24th ult. GEORGE W. HEGERMAN, aged 19 months.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. MARY GAUL, aged 35 years.

On the 25th ult. ROSE KELLY, aged 61 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. ANN M. BOND, aged 34.

On the 24th ult. EDWARD D. HALL, aged 22 years.

On the 23d ult. MARGARET ANN, wife of John Loeue, aged 29 years.

On the 24th ult. MARGARET McKINNY, aged 22 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. GYSBY BOYD, aged 24 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. MARY SMYTH, aged 59.

On the 24th ult. Mr. WILLIAM KENNEDY, aged 67.

On the 23d ult. MATILDA HOUSTON, daughter of R. M. and Eliza A. Kerrison, aged 29 years.

On the 23d ult. ADALINE, wife of A. H. Prickett, aged 31 years.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS, No. 34 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, October 7, 1854.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**VERMONT.**	
Philadelphia Banks	par	Bank of St Albans	½ dis
U S Bank notes	12 dis	All solvent Banks	½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis	**CONNECTICUT.**	
Chambersburg	½ dis	All solvent Banks	½ dis
York	½ dis	Bk N Amelleymour	½ dis
Gettysburg	½ dis	**MASSACHUSETTS.**	
Carlisle	½ dis	All solvent Banks	½ dis
Middletown	½ dis	Dorchester and Milton	
Brownsville	½ dis	stolen notes	no sale
Pittsburg	½ dis	Coch'te Bk Bost	50 dis
Washington co	½ dis	**RHODE ISLAND.**	
Honesdale	½ dis	All solvent Banks	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis	Phoenix B'k, Westerly,	
Erie	1 dis	stolen notes	no sale
All other sol'nt Bks	par	**CANADA.**	
Relief notes	[illegible] dis	Montreal	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.		**VIRGINIA.**	
Trenton, M't Holly,		Bk of Va & brch's	1 dis
Burlington, Medford, Sal'm, Bridgeton, Camd'n, Prine'-ton, Bord'to'n Bkg Co	par	Far Bk & brch's	1 dis
Public Stock Bank		Valley Bk & brch's	1 dis
Belvidere,	[illegible] dis	Ex Bk & brch's	½ dis
Plainfield	closed	Wheeling	½ dis
State Bk Morris	do	**NORTH CAROLINA.**	
Coml Bk Perth Amboy	do	All solvent Banks	1½ dis
Peoples Bk Patterson	do	Small notes	1½ dis
N Hope Del Bridge Co	do	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Yardleyville do	10 dis	All solvent Banks	½ dis
New Brunswick	½ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Newark	½ dis	**GEORGIA.**	
Morris co	½ dis	All solvent Banks	1 dis
Middletown Point	½ dis	Bk St Mary's	25 dis
Orange	½ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Belvidere	½ dis	**ALABAMA.**	
Rahway	½ dis	Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
Dover	½ dis	Country Banks	3 dis
All New Jersey secured		**MISSISSIPPI.**	
by stocks	½ dis	All Banks	uncertain
DELAWARE.		**LOUISIANA.**	
All solvent Banks	par	All solvent Banks	1½ dis
Bk Milford	failed	**OHIO.**	
Under 5's	½ dis	Bk of Wooster	50 dis
MARYLAND.		Bk of Norwalk	60 dis
Baltimore Banks	½ dis	All solvent Banks	2 dis
Mineral Bk	½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
Cecil co	½ dis	Bk Massillon	failed
Frederick co	½ dis	**KENTUCKY.**	
Cumberland	½ dis	All solvent Banks	2 dis
Washington co	½ dis	Small notes	3 dis
Hagerstown	½ dis	**INDIANA.**	
Salisbury		All solvent Banks	2 dis
Havre de Grace	failed	Small notes	3 dis
Far & Millers		Washtenaw	no sale
Far & Mec Bk Kent Co, Md	failed	**ILLINOIS.**	
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.		Bk of Illinois	50 dis
All solvent Banks	½ dis	State Bk do	75 dis
NEW YORK.		Good Free Bks	1a3 dis
City Banks	par a ½ dis	**MISSOURI.**	
Solvent co Bks	½ dis	All solvent Banks	1 dis
James Bk	25 dis	**TENNESSEE.**	
New Rochelle	30 dis	All solvent Banks	3½ dis
Far Bk Onondaga	25 dis	Small notes	3 dis
Bk of Owego	redeemed	East Tennessee	3 dis
Mer & Man Bk City		F & M, Memphis	failed
Oswego	30 dis	**MICHIGAN.**	
Brokers—Drovers' Bk,		Gov't Stock Bk	10 dis
Ogdensburg	30 dis	All solvent Banks	3 dis
Bk Carthage	30 dis	Erie & Kalamazoo	
MAINE.		Bank	60 dis
Mercan Bk Bangor	1½ dis	**ARKANSAS.**	
All other solv't Bks	½ dis	All Banks	no sale
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		**WISCONSIN.**	
All solvent Bks	½ dis	All solvent Banks	1½ dis
		TEXAS.	
		Commercial & Agricultural Bk Galveston	10 pr ct

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HOWELL & BROTHERS,

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INVITE the attention of dealers to their assortment of PAPER HANGINGS, comprising all goods in their line of business.

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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ROSS, CAMBLOS & CO., STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

No. 26 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's [illegible]	104¼	—	P Township	34	36
" [illegible]	113	—	Girard	19½	19½
" [illegible]	117½	—	Western	70	70
" [illegible]	117½	—	Man & Mech	29	30
" [illegible]	107	—	Bk of Com	60	71
July Interest off			Camden N J	65	68
Philada 6s	98½	99	Georgetown	65	65
" 5s	83	84	Trust Bk Co	34	—
" [illegible] 6s	90	90½	Pitt'bg Bk	56½	57
County 5s	83	84	M & M Pitts	59	60
Penna 5s	100	—	Exch'ge, Pitts	55	—
" 5s	84	84	Com, Cin	15	—
Kentucky 6s	107	—	Louis, Ky	160	—
Tennessee 5s	83	84	Kentucky Bk	101	101½
Illinois 6s	—	—	Northern	100	—
Cincinnati 6s	95½	96	Union, Tenn	—	64
TerpssT'[illegible]	39	40	Plant's, Tenn	—	64
" Bds 5s	56	—	Vicksburg	10	11
Schuyl N 6s	74½	75	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	92½	93½	N O Gas Lt	110	—
" 1st Loan	98	—	Schuyl Nav	32½	33
" Mort 6s	94	95	" pref'd to	30½	33
C & D C'l 6s	85	86	Lehigh Nav	67	68
C & Am R Bds	96	97	C & Del Cal	—	—
BeaMdw R 6s	81	83	Morris Cl	13½	13½
Susqueh Cl 6s	61½	62	Penn&OhioCl	30	—
Norrist'n R 6s	96	—	Union Cl	10	11
Harris R 6s	95	—	Camd&Am R	154	—
Wil R 6s	96	97	Penna R	44	45½
Read R 6s	76½	76½	Bea Mdw R	30	30½
" Mort 6s	83½	84½	Lykens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Shares	3	—	North Am Cl	—	14
N Amer Bk	140	143	Susqueh Cl	10	11
Penna Bank	114	115	Norristown R	57	57½
Philadelphia	130	130	Harrisburg R	35	—
Far & Mec	69	70	Reading Road	38½	38½
Commercial	61½	63	Wilmington R	34½	34½
N Liberty	60	—	Minehill R	64	65
Mechanics	29½	29½	N Liberty Gas	25	25
Southwark	70	—	N W Min Co	—	25
Kensington	70	71	L'g Island RR	14½	14½

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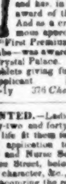

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The Governor's Fireside.
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The Petition.
The Lady's Dressing Room.
The Night before the Execution.
The Mountain Forge.
The Waif of the Wild Waters.
The Plebeian's Patrician Bride.
A Bevy of Fair Women.
The Lone Isle.
The Apparition.
Evanishment of "Sweet Maud."
The Theft of the Infant.
The Young Widow's Forest Home.
The Bereaved Mother.
The Angel of the Pestilence.
The Inmate of the Dead Ward.
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Thaddeus.
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The Shadow.
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A Vision of Sudden Death.

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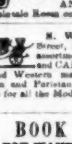

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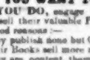

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OR FALLING FITS.

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TESTIMONY IN FAVOR

OF THE VEGETABLE

EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS!

In the publication of the following certificates of cures, the names have been suppressed, as the testimonials were voluntarily offered, and it would be improper to publish them without the consent of the parties, and some of whom would be unwilling to publish to the world that they or their children, or friends, ever had Fits, when the circumstance is always regarded as one of the family secrets.

READING, BERKS COUNTY, PA., December 22, 1852.

To Seth S. Hance:

DEAR SIR—The Pills my brother bought of you in November, I mean the VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS, are out, and I got a friend to enclose you five dollars, for which I wish you to send me immediately two boxes more. I have been troubled for many years with FITS, and have tried the skill of many Physicians, but nothing which I have taken appears to have met the requirements of my case as well as your EPILEPTIC PILLS.

ANOTHER CASE OF FITS!

CLARKSBURG, VA., November 15, 1852.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR—Having been afflicted for some years past with FALLING FITS, I saw your advertisement and determined to give your Pills a trial, and I am happy to say that since I commenced the use of them, I have not had an attack. I believe them to be a first-rate article, for, as I have written to you in a former letter, I was attacked every two weeks, but since I have been using them I have not had an attack.

Yours, respectfully.

LETTER FROM A DRUGGIST.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16, 1852.

DEAR SIR—Please send me two boxes more of your VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS—the person for whom I procured them, is much pleased with their effects. They seem to have an excellent effect.

A PERFECT CURE OF EPILEPSY.

PITTSBURG, November 25, 1852.

DEAR SIR—It is now ten months since my wife has had any of these nervous attacks. She thinks she is cured. She has not had any symptoms of the disease for the last nine months. She took your VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS for about four months, and discontinued them four months since. Mrs. S. was treated by the best old school Physicians in the State for ten years, then by the best Homœopathic for eighteen months, without a cure. It is to your Vegetable Extract Pills, and with a strict regard to diet, that we ascribe her cure of the most dreadful disease that ever afflicted the human family. I wish every person afflicted with Epilepsy had this medicine, and would give it a thorough trial. It may not cure in all cases, but in this it has performed wonders.

A VERY REMARKABLE CURE.

MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA, December 17, 1852.

DEAR SIR—I wish to inform you that one of my family has been afflicted with FITS for a number of years, and seeing an advertisement in a newspaper, concerning your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS, I came to the conclusion, after trying almost every Physician in my reach, and all having failed in relieving my child of the disease, to send for six boxes of your Pills, which proved an effectual cure for my daughter, who is now about 18 years of age. I think there is no other medicine in use equal to them, and I will be for ever grateful to you for the use of them, for my daughter whom it has cured.

Yours, respectfully.

NERVOUS

AND CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES.

These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system, and although they are prepared especially for the purpose of curing FITS, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. In fact, it is almost impossible to convey an adequate idea of the speedy and almost miraculous results which these Pills effect in the diseased, broken down and prostrated nervous systems. Persons who were all lassitude, weakness and debility, before their use, at once become robust and full of energy. No matter whether the constitution has been broken down by excess, weak by nature, or deteriorated by sickness, their effect on the unstrung and shattered nervous organization is equally certain and apparent. In cases of neuralgia, headache, vertigo, pain in the nerves of the face, and the various train of Nervous Affections; palpitation of the heart, periodical headaches, or shivered state of the frame, frequent fits of abstraction, total inability, dislike to society, melancholy, religious mono-mania, fears and flushes of the face on the slightest occasion, a desire that existence should terminate; they will produce a cure in an astonishingly short period of time, and it will also restore digestion, excitement, a tendency to blush, restlessness, sleeplessness, incapacity for study or business, loss of memory, confusion, giddiness, blood to the head, mental debility, hysterics, indecision, wretchedness, thoughts of self-destruction, fear of insanity, &c. They will increase and restore the appetite, strengthen the emaciated, renew the health of those who have destroyed it by excesses, and produce continual cheerfulness and equanimity of spirits, and soothing life.

Persons of pale complexion and consumptive habits are restored by the use of a box or two, to bloom and vigor, changing the skin from a pale, yellow, sickly color to a beautiful florid complexion.

We assure the reader that the utmost reliance may be placed in these Pills, in the cure of the maladies mentioned above, and also of those which follow, viz: Loss of muscular energy, and general prostration, irritability, and all Nervous Affections, indigestion, sluggishness of the Liver, weakness, &c., or any of the consequences of indiscretion, or indulgence, which render it the most valuable remedy ever discovered. In fact, as a remedy for the above complaints, these Pills stand unrivalled and alone. There is no other reliable remedy, or any that has authentically received the sanction of the medical faculty.

In constitutional diseases, the action of these Pills is not less happy and decided. Numerous instances might be mentioned in which persons have inherited dreadful maladies from their infancy, and had endured years of misery and suffering, spent hundreds of dollars, and finally been cured by the use of the Vegetable Extract Pills.

CASE OF NERVOUSNESS AND PROSTRATION.

NEWBERN, N. C., Jan. 1, 1853.

DEAR SIR—My wife has been afflicted for the last seven years with general weakness, prostration, sour stomach, dyspepsia, constipation, extreme nervousness and headaches brought on, as I believe, originally, by a severe cold during sickness, which nearly terminated her life. Several Physicians were employed, and a great many medicines, to no purpose. Among the rest were numerous cordials and other medicines advertised for the same purpose as yours. And at last a friend of the family requested me to try your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS, which I did, with no hope that it would operate with any better effect than the others, but I rejoice, my dear sir, when I inform you she has not yet taken three boxes, and is now enjoying better health than she has for twenty years previous to this date. Constipation, headache, nervousness and dyspepsia are all gone, and I have not the least doubt that they will ultimately restore her to complete health. I shall ever take pains in recommending them to others troubled in like manner, and I also know them to be equally good for FITS; for, as I said before, the friend of mine who recommended them to me, had a little daughter who was cured of Fits by the use of them.

COMPLICATION OF DISEASES.

TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 27, 1852.

DEAR SIR—I have been severely afflicted for a length of time with great PHYSICAL DEBILITY and PROSTRATION of the whole NERVOUS SYSTEM. At times I have fallen in the street by attacks of dizziness in the head, accompanied by ringing in the ears. I also suffered with dyspepsia, sickness at the stomach, and sensations of weakness. Heard that your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS were adapted for such complaints, and procured a box, and to my astonishment, before I had used the box, I was like another man; indeed, one-half dozen boxes cured me entirely. I have never been so surprised at any result in my life. I consider your medicine a great blessing, and will extend its use as far as lies in my power. You are at liberty to publish this if you choose.

DIMNESS OF VISION AND DEBILITY.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 17, 1852.

DEAR SIR—I enclose you five dollars for two boxes more of your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS. I want them for a friend of mine, who has Fits; they have entirely cured me. I was afflicted for many months with pains in the head and dimness of sight, together with great nervous debility; so much, that it was with much difficulty for me to walk or keep about. My digestive organs, also, were much deranged. I used quite a number of remedies, but received little or no benefit until I took your EXTRACT PILLS, which have restored me to more than my usual health, as I am now enjoying better health than I have done for a number of years. I am now 60 years of age. I believe them to be an invaluable medicine, which I recommend to my numerous acquaintances, and they are very large. I hope this hasty sketch may be as much benefit to you as the medicine has been to me.

EDITORIAL EVIDENCE.

The editor of the *American Courier* writes as follows:—"We have examined a number of letters, which may be called certificates, in reference to the cure of this most distressing and terrible disease, so performed by the medicine prepared by Mr. S. S. Hance, of Baltimore, and advertised in another column of this paper, and can confidently commend it to those who have friends or relatives suffering from Epilepsy, or Falling Fits. The letters invariably speak in the most sanguine and grateful terms of the results of the medicine; one, from Plymouth, Luzerne county, Pa., ordering a supply, says—'I am much encouraged, as I have not had a fit since I last wrote you.'"

And again:—

"Among all 'the ills that flesh is heir to,' there is perhaps none more distressing than that of Epilepsy. The constant dread of attack, together with the prostrating and terrible nature of the disease, conspire to render a panacea, a desideratum most devoutly to be wished, and such an one it is believed and confidently asserted, will be found in the preparation offered in this paper by Seth S. Hance, Baltimore."

☞ As these Pills are composed of some of the most expensive materials in the Materia Medica, it will be impossible to have them around the country on agency, as common Patent Medicines usually are. But in order to let the afflicted in the most remote parts of the country have a chance to obtain them, to any part of the United States, or any country with which the United States has postal arrangements, on the receipt of a remittance.

PRICES—Vegetable Extract Epileptic Pills, $3 per box, two boxes for $5, or $24 per dozen.

☞ ALL ORDERS must be addressed, post-paid, to

SETH S. HANCE,

108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

☞ UNPAID LETTERS not taken from the office. aug5-3t

[illegible] might the better enjoy the scene about to [illegible].

A herald, in a blue tunic, blew his trumpet [illegible] ... "the red boy," "the yellow boy," and "the blue boy." A goodly number of [illegible] ... The "blue boy" in a sonorous voice, proclaimed their names and titles. The characters assumed for the occasion were—alas for mockery and veneration!—the very greatest heroes of the middle ages; among them, "Richard Coeur-de-Lion," "the Black Prince," "Harry, of England," (Henry V.) "Hotspur," "Sir William Wallace," etc. There were also some of a more comic character, (it was all comic enough) there were Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, Sir Hudibras, etc. But the name of the *first* competitor was about to be proclaimed, and a dead silence ensued.

"The Knight of Malta!" shouted the herald from the north, whose voice was unluckily very thick.

"The Knight of the *Altar!*" repeated the east herald, whose ears were no better than the other's voice, and,

"The Knight of the—Halter!" vociferated the west herald, who was too far off to hear well.

"Oh! that is too funny! Poor Lapwing! How she would enjoy that!" said Mrs. Waugh.

But just then the Knight of the "Halter" dashed forward on the road, with his lance balanced lightly in his right hand—and without pausing or slackening his speed in the least, sped through the area, and bore off the ring! The band of music struck up a triumphal air, and the spectators gave a shout of congratulation. The successful aspirant turned and rode around the area, and fell into his place. And the ring was restored to its station.

And then the name of another candidate was proclaimed in turn, by the three heralds, and he rode forward. This was a splendid equestrian—but alas, as he sped through the course he only touched and did not carry off the ring, and the music kept a dead silence, while he rode back crest-fallen, with his lance trailing by the saddle-bow.

Then came a third candidate who also missed; and then a fourth, who carried off the ring; and a fifth and a sixth, who failed even to touch it; and a seventh and eighth, who bore it off in triumph. And thus, with more or less success, all the candidates who had failed were ruled out from the list of competitors, while those who had succeeded remained for a second trial of skill.

There were but nine competitors in the second course. And this passed off with the like success as the first—that is to say, less than one half the candidates succeeded. Five failed, and had their names stricken off the list. Four remained to try the third course. These were "The Black Prince," "Hotspur," "Don Quixote De La Mancha," and "The Knight of Malta," alias of the "Halter."

With the narrowing down of the number of competitors, the excitement of the actors, as well as of the spectators, arose. On the part of the rivals there was of course more fatigue and less steady coolness than before. Perhaps it was upon this account, that in riding the third course, three of the competitors failed, while only one, "The Knight of Malta," succeeded, thus remaining, as he, and every one else supposed, sole victor of the field!

Not so they knew of however! "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and "oft expectation fails, and most oft there where most it promises." For while the victor knight, bearing aloft the ring upon the point of his lance was careering around the field, and the ladies were waving handkerchiefs, and casting bouquets in his way, and while the triumphant music was pealing, and the crowd was shouting, and the trumpets blowing, and the heralds vociferating, and the "King at Arms" preparing to proclaim, through his marshals, that the renowned "Knight of Malta" was the victor of the day, and entitled to the honor of crowning the lady of his fealty Queen of Beauty and Love—hark! the winding of a horn, whose piercing notes penetrated through all grosser sounds and announced the advent of a new challenger!

And lo! at the west gate a vision of dazzling splendor! Sun and stars and diamonds, how radiant! It was a young knight, a mere stripling, in what seemed silver-plated scale armor, that glanced and flashed in the sunlight with blinding radiance—his helmet was encircled by a diadem of what seemed precious stones—diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, that sparkled, glowed, and blazed in rays of many colored fire, crested with a snow white plume—his steed was white with housings of white satin, wrought with a deep border of silver lilies, and finished with a deep fringe of silver threads. Light, graceful, aerial, and dazzlingly radiant, was this resplendant vision! All the crowd arose to look, and then turned their half-blinded eyes away.

A herald from the King at Arms demanded his name, lineage, and country.

"PRINCE ARIEL from the Court of Fairy."

His errand at the tournament?

To challenge the victor knight to a trial of a dozen rounds! This was very trying indeed, just in the moment of victory. But by all the gallant and generous usages of chivalry, this challenge must not be refused—besides, the Fairy Prince was such a mere sprite—not likely to conquer in *material* contests. The assembly also, by acclamation, demanded that the challenge should be accepted. And it was accepted. Order was restored. Lots were drawn for the first trial, which fell on the fortunate Knight of Malta.

Once more with lance balanced in his right hand, the knight spurred on his charger towards the arch, and passed under it, carrying off the ring. And while he rode round the area, the crowd shouted, and the music pealed forth as before.

It was now the turn of the Fairy Prince. He was stationed at the west gate. With a swift, smooth, wavy motion, he galloped on, his silver armor glancing in the sun rays, passed under the arch, and carried off the ring. And the music struck up, the crowd applauded, etc.

The Knight of Malta's turn. He dashed on, with lance held as before, and passed under the arch, bearing off the ring, amid the usual peals and plaudits.

And then again the Fairy Prince. He sped forward, like arrow to its aim, swept through the arch, and bore off the prize, amid the acclamations of the impartial multitude, and the bandsmen of the music.

So far the success was equal, although the Fairy Prince far surpassed the Knight in elegance, and aerial grace of carriage. And this equality of success continued for several more rounds.

At length, however, the Prince seemed to wish to bring the contest to a crisis. And when his turn came round, instead of sweeping onward like a flash of lightning, as he had done before, he set forward in a gentle amble, until he got within a few feet of the arch, when he backed his horse for a flying leap, aimed his lance, and vaulted through, carrying off the ring upon the point, and falling again into the gentle amble, finished the course; then turning on his road he rode back, and in the act of vaulting through the arch, replaced the ring upon the hook, amid deafening thunders of applause!

This was a feat that had not been attempted before. The Knight of Malta thus tacitly challenged to rival this skill, declined the attempt, and in all knightly courtesy yielded the palm to the Fairy Prince as Victor of the Day!

The excitement of the crowd was unprecedented. Every man was up on his feet. Every lady was waving her handkerchief. The band of music went mad, and raved away in a perfect storm of triumph! The heralds nearly split their throats blowing the trumpets. And the King at Arms, and all his marshals, vociferated themselves hoarse, in trying to "conquer a peace."

At length, however, silence was restored.

And then "Prince Ariel, of Fairyland," was pronounced victor of the day, and entitled to the honor of crowning his liege lady Queen of Beauty and of Love.

But who was the radiant Prince Ariel, and who the lady of his choice? *That* was the question that excited to the utmost the interest of the breathless assembly.

He had received the crown from the King at Arms, and was about to indicate his queen by the act of coronation! What lady would it be?

He now rode around the area bearing the crown in his hand, and, approaching the seats of the spectators, paced along beneath them, his snow-white charger prancing in its spangled white housings, his silver armor flashing in the sun, his diadem of precious stones burning like a circlet of fire around his helmet, his snow-white plume dancing above his closed visor.—Ah, who was the dazzling Fairy Prince?

Reader, have you ever doubted his identity for a single moment?

But lo! he has passed before a group among the spectators. Expectation is on tip-toe! All turn their eyes to that focus! But how is this? It is our rustic party from Luckenough, and there is no fair lady in the group! What can the Fairy Prince mean? All eyes are riveted to the spot. And the Commodore and his party don't know what to make of it, at all.—The Commodore's eyes are distended to their widest ability. And the rest of the party [illegible]. They have a faint suspicion that the visitor is in search of Jacquelina.

The Fairy Prince now bows before the group, and the snow-white steed sweeps the snow-white housings [illegible]; and, placing the crown upon the point of his lance, he raises it and lays it at the feet of—even Commodore! and raising his visor, reveals the golden locks and laughing hazel and mischievous blue eyes of—Jacquelina!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Correspondents.

DUTIES OF A MAIDEN LADY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It seems that the duties of a maiden lady are as complicated and various as those of a matron at an asylum of orphans. If she reside in the home of her parents, she is expected to perform the labor of half-a-dozen young misses. It is her province to replace everything torn down by others, and to remember the exact place where all household articles have been placed. Any neglect in point of apparel is deemed nearly unpardonable, as she has no children of her own to fix; so it must be sheer negligence if she does not appear every day perfectly neat in costume. She can, as well as not, make and mend for half-a-dozen nephews, cut and make dresses, and do the repairing for as many nieces; do the making and repairing for the neighbors generally, as she has abundance of time. Do any of the married fraternity wish to visit for a month or more, Aunt Mary can, as well as not, come and keep house and take care of the children, which she is expected to do with her face all the while wreathed with the sweetest smiles. Should a shadow flit across her brow, Aunt Mary is at once branded as a sour, calculating old maid, who is cross to children and every one else. Although the mother may scold them by the hour, it is to be expected—she has so many cares. If her parents are dead and gone, all want the honor of taking care of Aunt Mary, and she is pulled about something like the prisoner of an Arab or Indian, though not with quite so much danger to life and limb. It is not expected she can do much, but it would reflect dishonor on the family not to proffer her a home. If she be finally established with some brother or sister, all envy the privileged one the deed of charity they have the honor of dispensing. She is frequently reminded of the privilege she enjoys, which none but the most affectionate relatives would bestow. Every job, which others dislike doing, she is expected to be eminently qualified by nature to perform—to possess untiring filial affection, and true sisterly love.

E. E.

Clippings.

☞ A letter from Boulogne to a London paper says: "Some persons in England would have been shocked to have heard, as they might have heard, on Sunday, a polka and variations from 'Robert the Devil' played during High Mass. The Mass was chanted in Latin, and some verses were sung by the men composing the bands."

☞ When the riot in the Crescent City, the other day, was at its height, one of the papers there tells us, one of the Fathers was sought for at a somewhat late hour of night, for the purpose of obtaining an order relative to the riot, and was found two-thirds drunk. In that happy state of obliviousness, the imminency of the danger was strongly represented to him, and his exertions were requested for the suppression of difficulties. The old gentleman bloomed out like a mammoth cactus, and informed the solicitor that "There was no difficulty; only every one go to bed, and nobody would be killed; he had examined carefully; he had drunk whiskey with both parties; and more peaceable citizens and b—b—better gentlemen couldn't be found. The shouting was only for fun. If anybody attacks you, ask them to drink, and it'll all be settled. Try it—I did." And from his appearance we should think he had, and found it exceedingly sedative—on himself.

☞ A New York paper has the following: "Those who have been born and brought up here, as well as those in Philadelphia and Baltimore, as a general thing, have more fully developed figures than the Boston ladies, and we presume that there is no doubt but what it is owing to our greater immunity from the east wind."

☞ Telegraphic experiments were recently made at Portsmouth, England, with perfect success, at a mill-dam five hundred feet across, by which, with an operating battery on one side, and the corresponding dial on the other side, a telegraphic message was conveyed through the water, without the aid of connecting wires. An electric wire from each side was submerged, terminating in a plate constructed for the purpose. It is contended that in the same manner a telegraphic message may be conveyed across the British channel, without continuous cables of wire.

☞ A young lady, so Godey says, whose name was Patty, being addressed by a Mr. Cake, accepted him on condition that he would change his name, declaring that she would never consent to be called "*patty-cake*."

☞ The Dutch, when they owned the Spice Islands, in order to keep up prices, allowed only a certain quantity to be sent to market, and burnt all the balance. The coal operators at Pottsville will please make a note of it.

☞ In Boston, good potatoes are selling at from 65 to 70 cts per bushel, and winter apples at $1 50 per barrel. The crops of both are represented, in the New England States, to be nearly, if not quite average yields. In many portions of the great West, the fruit crop is abundant; and we learn that the same statement is true of the interior of this State.

☞ The following incident really occurred at a French Court within the last month: A man was before the Court on a charge of stealing some candles, and the prosecutor was examining witnesses who had bought from him. One of these said: "That though he suspected the candles had been stolen, he bought a sous worth; but that, in order not to encourage robbery, he had paid for them with a bad sous!"

☞ "Zeb," said a chap to his chum, the other day, "seems to me you didn't stay long at Squire Togger's last night." "No," was the reply, "I was sayin' a few pleasant things to the daughter, and the old man came in and gave me a hint to go." "A hint, Zeb, what sort of a hint?" "Why, he gave me my hat, opened the door, and just as he began to raise his cowhide boot, I had a thought that I wasn't wanted, and so I—I took my leave."

☞ An over-the-way neighbor fairly posed us the other night, by asking us the simplest question: "When is a fish crazy?" and assured us it was only when the aforesaid fish was in-sane. We left immediately, and went into our own house, with a bang of the door.

☞ The best joke we have heard for a long time was cracked by a village preacher. He was preaching on a very sultry day in a small room, and was annoyed by those who casually dropped in after the services had commenced, invariably closing the door after them. His patience, at last exhausted by the extreme oppressiveness of the heat, he vociferated to an offender, "Friend, I believe if I were preaching in a bottle you would put the cork in!"

☞ A dry sort of genius once undertook to name and classify the different sorts of fools in this world, as follows: 1st. The ordinary fool. 2nd. The fool who is one and don't know it. 3rd. The fool who is not satisfied with being a fool in reality, but undertakes, in addition, to play the fool.

☞ The wit of Douglas Jerrold is never so keen as when exercised on juvenile literary presumption. When M. Lamartine's merits were being discussed at a club of artists and authors, "Oh," said a clever young author, "he and I row in the same boat." Douglas Jerrold, who was present, turned round and said, "But not with the same sculls."

☞ The Chinese are said to have labored for centuries under great embarrassment, from not knowing how to make a barrel. They could do everything without any difficulty. They could make the staves, and set them up, and hoop them in; and, indeed, with the help of a man inside, they could put the second head on; but how to get the man out, after the barrel was headed up was a problem which they could not solve.

☞ A certain member of Congress from one of the Eastern States, was speaking one day on some important question, and became very animated, during which a brother member, his opponent on the question, sat smiling. This annoyed him very much, and he indignantly demanded why the gentleman from ——— was laughing at him. "I was smiling at your manner of making monkey faces, sir," was the reply. "Oh! I make monkey faces, do I? Well, sir, you have no occasion to try the experiment, for *nature has saved you the trouble*." The hammer was distinctly heard, amid a roar of laughter, calling the house to order.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the *State*, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year, will be ORIGINAL SKETCHES by GRACE GREENWOOD and by FANNY FERN—MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR THE FATAL VOW, by Mrs. Southworth—LETTERS FROM DEMERARA by Mrs. Denison—LETTERS FROM EUROPE by "G. G.," &c., &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

SOURCES OF DISEASE.

In the neighborhood of Golden Square, London, a place used for 200 years for the burial of the dead during epidemics, and where the bodies of thousands were deposited during the great plague, the cholera has been terribly fatal—400 persons dying recently in a few hours.

On the other hand, many persons are said to have died from cholera of late in London, who possessed good constitutions, were in comfortable and even affluent circumstances, and resided in houses where there was no complaint of defective drainage.

Whether the residences of this latter class, however, were in the vicinity of pestilential places, we are not informed. We think it probable that an investigation would show that either their residences, or their places of business, were more or less exposed to various unhealthy influences.

There have been a number of sudden deaths from cholera, &c., within the last month or two, in one cluster of small houses that we pass very frequently. The houses are situated in a somewhat low spot, as compared with the surrounding ground, and the air, when the wind sets to the street from that quarter, gives strong evidence that either hog-pens or slaughter-houses, or perhaps both, are conspiring to ruin the health of the neighborhood. To call this great mortality "unaccountable," and "Providential," with the smell of such nuisances in one's nose, is a kind of sinful nonsense. So far around as that infected air extends, so far the health of the neighborhood must inevitably suffer—those at the outskirts of the circle suffering the least, but still not being exempt from the pestilential influence.

We have instanced one of these infected vicinities in our midst, but doubtless their name is "legion." Hog Pens, large and small, Bone-boiling establishments, Glue and Soap manufactories, Chemical Works, &c., &c.—all should be banished from every thickly settled neighborhood. Most of them are sources of cholera, and those that are not, are productive of fevers and other diseases. The testimony that certain complaints have been cured by the smell of such places, is no more to be taken as evidence that they are promotive of the general health, than the fact that calomel and other poisons are useful in various diseases, is a proof that they would be excellent for well persons, and as a regular diet. A man should be guided by his nose in such matters, before all the testimony and all the physicians in christendom. Its opinion of what kind of air is best for the bodily functions, is worth that of all the laborers who work in such pest-houses, and naturally are desirous of pleasing their employers. All that the God given sense of smell repudiates, should be abated as a nuisance—for even if it were not injurious to health, what man has a right to place a stench under the nose of his neighbors, thus invading their equal right to pure and pleasant air, and injuring the value of their property. If he could keep his stench at home, within his own borders, that would be another matter—but if he cannot do that, he has created a nuisance, which the Board of Health should abate if it has the power, and if it have not, such power should be given it.

For everyone knows how expensive and difficult it often is for individuals to remove such nuisances by course of law, especially when in the possession of wealthy firms—and so they are allowed to go on, poisoning on the right hand and on the left, killing a mother here, and an infant there, and ruining sound constitutions everywhere, in order that their owners may pile up treasure for earth, and condemnation for the Day of Judgment. As the sailor said in New Orleans, if his satanic majesty does not finally get some of these wealthy owners of pestilence-manufactories, who care not how many of their fellow-citizens suffer in health and in property so long as they can put money in their purses, "there is no use in having any devil."

DISGRACEFUL.—There could be no more significant sign of the degradation into which politics have fallen—and the consequent mean character of many of the nominations for office—than the fact that it is becoming a common custom in this city, to make candidates avow their sentiments under oath! Even the *friends* of the "*gentlemen*" nominated now-a-days, seem to have very little faith in their integrity and truthfulness; but require them to go before some Alderman, and make a regular affidavit that they never have done, and never will do, this, that or the other.

That any man possessing a decent share of self-respect, would submit to the degradation of such a procedure, is not to be supposed. And we therefore think no elector can go very far wrong in voting against every candidate whose friends evidently do not consider his word of honor a sufficient dependance. That by doing so, we may elect some one not much better is very probable—for between many of the opposing candidates, it is a regular "pull Dick, pull devil" affair. But one good result would be attained by a general pursuance of such a course, and that would be an indignant rebuke of the new and disgraceful practice to which we have alluded. A rebuke that might tend perhaps to the future nomination of men, whose words would be universally allowed to be as good as their oaths.

A SIGNIFICANT MISTAKE.—At the Agricultural Exhibition in Canada, the workmen, desirous of paying a compliment to Gov. Elgin, ran up a flag which they supposed to be that of Great Britain, but which, when it unrolled itself, proved to be the glorious stripes and stars. The American flag had been brought down among others to adorn the Exhibition. The only difference was that it was about twenty years too soon for the free flag of the Union to be flung abroad upon the Canadian air.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

The Water Cure Journal, for September, contains the following remarks upon the bathing and clothing of children:

"But if parents will use cold water on their own persons, let me entreat them to have mercy on their helpless children. [illegible] ... cold water. I believe it injurious to [illegible] ... who do it, will find that they have [illegible].

The [illegible] of children being washed is small, compared with the evil effects that often follow the application of cold water to the head, viz: congestion of the head or lungs, especially the latter. True, cold water to the head, will make precocious children, and it will also fill the graveyard with the opening buds of infancy. I think it will be found that more children die with head diseases since the use of water has been in vogue, than before; and for the reason already given.

The [illegible] head [illegible] more blood than any other organ of the system. The application of cold water to the head increases the amount, and hence it is no uncommon thing for children, especially "smart ones," die as above stated with head disease. Indeed, it has become a proverb among our mothers at least, "that such children are too smart to live," and it is so.

By such treatment, the brain becomes too active and large for the body, and, like a powerful engine in a small boat, soon shatters it to pieces and sends it to the bottom. I cannot close my remarks without entreating mothers in the name of humanity not to attempt to toughen, as it is called, their children, by half-clothing them in cold weather. My heart has ached as I have seen them thus exposed to the piercing winds of a northern winter. Many a mother has thus sown the seeds of premature death in her offspring, for which she has excused herself by calling it a "mysterious Providence."

If you would have healthy, robust children, see that they are warmly clad, especially their extremities. In connection with cold bathing, I would utter my disclaimer against the prevailing practice of rubbing the skin with coarse, rough towels, or horse-brushes. No error in the water-treatment is more injurious. A healthy skin is smooth, soft, and velvet-like; and anything that irritates it and makes it rough is injurious.

But a few of the people understand the functions of the skin, or the importance of a healthy body. My limits will not allow of my discussing the matter here. At some future time I may take it up. I approve of gentle rubbing of the skin with *soft* cloths; or, better, with the bare hand. But it should not be rubbed any way to produce unpleasant sensations.

If we credit the reports of patients who have taken treatment at our Water-Cure Establishments, the heroic or cold treatment is too much in vogue in them for their good."

There is scarcely anything more difficult than the proper management of children. Even after sound general rules have been adopted relative to bathing, clothing, diet, &c., the modification of said rules to suit the varying constitutions of children, is a matter of the utmost difficulty, requiring the greatest discernment and the most careful judgment. Young parents—beginning the married state with the works of the two Combes and other excellent authors, as text-books—imagine that they have the whole theory of physical, moral and mental education at their tongue's end, and that nothing will be easier than to put it into practice. But with the education of every successive child, their confidence in their own wisdom probably will decrease, until, when they have had some half-dozen children, they probably will be ready to admit that they know scarcely anything. For the same rules that seem to work admirably with one child, will prove entirely insufficient, if not positively injurious, in the case of another. We think it is Andrew Combe who tells of a little girl of his acquaintance, whom her supper of bread and milk regularly sickened—and who did not begin to flourish until a cup of tea was substituted in the place of her former diet. And such differences as this in the constitutional requirements of children, render the task of bringing them up so very difficult an undertaking. How few succeed in overcoming the difficulty, and reducing the best theories to a practical solution, is proven by the large proportion of pale and puny forms and faces to be found in the ranks of the young.—Any one who turns his attention to this subject, and will observe the general condition of American children, as seen in the public schools, and other places where numbers are gathered together, will be struck with the fact of the very few whom he could term from their appearance positively healthy.

The Water-Cure people have done their full share in injuring the health of our children—and we are glad to see from the extract quoted above, that they are beginning to repent of it. For the last five or six years we have been firmly convinced that the use of cold water was being carried to a hurtful extreme by very many. We tried daily washing in cold water ourself for one winter, and were well satisfied that however beneficial it was for others, it was injurious to us. The effect is highly invigorating for the time, but it is an invigoration which is purchased at the expense of the regular amount of vital power. You are living fast, but drawing upon the principal to do it. Moreover, the skin—excited to do more than its share in the relief of the organization—becomes dry and harsh, and testifies by its itching that too much of the refuse of digestion is being directed through its delicate system of drainage.

Cleanliness no doubt is a great promoter of health—but even cleanliness may be pushed to an extreme. It is better to get a little dirty, than to be paddling in water all day like a fish. Besides in the use of *cold* water, especially in cold weather, the water operates not only as a purifier, but as a powerful tonic. So far as cleanliness is needed, water about the temperature of the skin would attain that more easily, without the medical effect produced by the cold.

Perhaps, however, there is no error which has led to a greater amount of foolish practice in this respect, than the forgetfulness that the same thing which is an excellent remedy for one disease, may only aggravate another, and be entirely unsuitable as a common treatment for persons in health. That cold water has been of great use in certain cases of long-standing indigestion, is very probable—but it does not follow that it will be equally useful in preserving as in restoring health. Even for certain individuals who consider themselves well, the daily use of cold water may be advantageous as counteracting a constant tendency of the system in some injurious direction. But because it has been a great help to such, is no reason that persons having no such tendency should experience the same degree of benefit. Cold water, as a remedy for certain complaints and diseases, thus may be, and no doubt really is, highly beneficial—but to use it as some do, and without regard to the temperature of the water or of the weather, is, as a general thing, to ruin health instead of to preserve it.

Of course what we have said of the use of cold water in general, applies even more strongly in the case of children, whose constitutions are even less able to bear the great shock thus inflicted.

We think that every wise parent, whatever other conclusions as to the subjects of bathing, diet and dress he may settle down upon, as having been weighed in the balance of experience, and not found wanting, will unite with us in extolling the great importance of Moderation. Do not carry anything to an extreme—we are located in the medium zone, let our practice be conformable therewith. Let Moderation, in bathing, in exercise, in study, in dress, in diet, be the great general law of our household government—not to be departed from except upon good grounds. Nature has in herself considerable power of compensation—and for small deviations from what she would most like, she will pardon and provide; accomodating herself to a reasonable amount of error. But she cannot pardon and allow for extreme departures from her requirements. Therefore, if we keep in the line of moderation, we shall not often deviate in our ignorance further than she is prepared to make allowance for.

Relative to the practice of rubbing down the skin of a man with something rather less rough than a currycomb, as if he were a horse, so frequently recommended some years ago, we subscribe fully to the doctrine laid down by our water cure friend. As also to what is said relative to the clothing—with a caution. There is just as much danger of erring on the side of too much clothing, as on that of too little. If the child be clothed too warmly, he becomes enervated, and if it causes him to perspire, is in danger of taking cold. Besides, to many children, too much clothing by day or night is intolerably oppressive—they cannot endure it. We see no other way therefore than to consult the pleasure of the child—and scarcely know whether it is better to err upon the side of too much or too little. A tender, delicate child generally will desire more covering than a strong and healthy one—and yet the former will often suffer even more from an excess of clothing than the latter.

Ah, well! it is a difficult matter to do your duty in these respects. Every one will acknowledge this—and some perhaps more readily and fervently than those who try the hardest, and really know the most. Between errors upon the right hand and upon the left—not omitting the great error of too much attention and care, to the forgetfulness of the importance of what some wise man called "a little wholesome neglect"—the management and education of children is if anything even more difficult than the management and education of men. Needing much forethought, sound judgment, great command of temper,—and, to add to all these, some humility, and a readiness to acknowledge that you have been mistaken, and will adopt another course for the future. If we may add, in conclusion, another rule, in addition to that great one of Moderation, for the government of children, and parents, we would say, Follow Nature. We know that she constantly misleads, and therefore is not infallibly to be trusted—but still we say, Follow Nature. Nature originally was the God-given guide of man [illegible]. And, however, she may have become crippled, and occasionally false, owing to her being wrested and distorted with all the perversions and abominations of her [illegible] ... his truest guide [illegible]. Follow Nature, therefore, at a safe distance and with discretion—but, to lose sight of her, is to go entirely astray. She may not lead you exactly in the right path, but she is always in the neighborhood of the right—for, by a law of her existence, she cannot wander far from it, and live. Follow Nature therefore, [illegible] she is the only guide in very many respects that we have to follow. And she will be a better one, as we grow better.

FANNY FERN.

MR. EDITOR:—Do you not think that Fanny Fern is exhausting her peculiar vein—is she not depreciating a little? I hear that the sale of her last volume—her second series—is by no means equal to that of the first. What do you think about the matter?

CRITIC.

We think, Mr. Critic, that we shall be after you with a "sharp stick," if you call the mental powers of one of our lady contributors into question with such remarkable freedom. We have now a series of sketches engaged from Fanny's pen—and we are willing to leave to yourself and to our readers, after perusing the forthcoming articles, whether there is any exhaustion of her peculiar vein—any depreciation of her powers, be it never so little.

THE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—This was on the whole an excellent exhibition—though not, we confess, quite equal to what a Pennsylvania *State* Fair should be. We think that Philadelphia, with half a-dozen of the nearest counties, could do as well any day. At the present writing, we have not an authoritative account of the number of visitors, but it must have been immense. We suppose somewhere between one and two hundred thousands. The Society must have cleared many thousands of dollars by the operation.

We hear great complaints of the awards of prizes. It is said that not only were the prizes given often with gross unfairness—as the pecuniary interests of individual members of the committees dictated—but that many prizes which were promised were not given at all. And that nothing like the pledged $7,000 was awarded. By next week we expect to be able to make some specific statements relative to this matter—getting up thus a small *exhibition* of our own; not a *Fair*, however, but an *unfair*.

THE LOST HEIRESS.—This fascinating production of Mrs. Southworth's, whose forthcoming in book form we announced some weeks since—is now before us. It is published in beautiful style—with excellent print and paper—and adorned with a portrait of the author, and a view of her romantically situated cottage residence on the Potomac; which cottage, we are pleased to state, is her own property, bought with the products of her gifted pen.

A short concluding chapter has been added to the story by Mrs. Southworth, in revising it, as it was thought upon consideration, that the reader's curiosity as to the after fortunes of the more interesting personages of the story, was not sufficiently gratified. Published by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

INFORMATION WANTED.—One of our subscribers in Kentucky wishes to know if "the man B——— who recently ran around the New York Hippodrome, was any relation to the *fast* witness, of the same name, in the Ward trial, at Elizabethtown?" And one of our Missouri subscribers after reading the directions in the Post, of the 9th of September, for making two kinds of cement, desires to know whether, in the one the lime used should be *quick* or *slaked*, and, in the other, what should be the proportions of white lead and sand? Will some expert in those kinds of cement-making please enlighten the Missourian, through the medium of our columns?

WAUGH'S ITALIA.—It will be seen by an advertisement, in another column, that this beautiful painting will be exhibited but a short time longer in Philadelphia. It has already been visited by a large number of our citizens.

New Publications.

THE FEMALE PROSE WRITERS OF AMERICA; With Portraits, Biographical Notices, and Specimens of their Writings. By JOHN S. HART, L.L.D. New Edition, Thoroughly Revised. Published by E. H. Butler & Co., Phila.

Half a century ago, a woman who could write a book was looked upon in this country as one of the marvels of the world. Hannah Adams, of Boston, at that period, was one of those marvels. Her "View of All Religions," when it first appeared in New England, was, in fact, looked upon as almost the eighth wonder. But now we have over sixty women in the United States, whose fame is sufficient to justify their names being enrolled in this ponderous and magnificent volume—women, some of whose prose writings already have adorned the pages of American literature in such a manner as to leave the works of Hannah Adams entirely in the shade. Among the brilliant galaxy of literary female celebrities, are Miss Sedgwick, Miss Leslie, Mrs Gilman, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Stephens, and our contributors, Mrs. Southworth, Grace Greenwood, Fanny Fern, Mrs. Lee Hentz, and Miss Eliza Sproat. Mrs. Denison, by some oversight, which Mr. Hart doubtless will regret, is not in the volume. The biographical sketches are, most of them, exceedingly interesting, and the "selections" from the writings of the various authors are made with taste and judgment.

THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE. By the Rev. H. HARBAUGH. (Elegantly Illustrated.) Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

"How beautiful!" will be the exclamation of many, as these leaves are turned over. The twelve illustrations are truly elegant embellishments of the volume. The Dove, the Swallow, the Sparrow, the Swan, the Ostrich, the Peacock, the Pelican, the Partridge, the Quail, the Eagle, and the Stork, are all exquisitely colored. In his sketches of the various birds, the author has made use of the poets old and new, because "an utterance is given to them which is denied to others"—because they are the true naturalists, if not of the letter, of the spirit. He thinks that we must not be too prosy when we go forth into the fresh, green, blooming, musical, joyous world, where the birds are. Not only as they dwell and sing in the groves must the birds be viewed, but also as they live in our minds, hearts, memories, feelings, and associations. While, therefore, he has labored to make the work scientifically correct, and as to its facts strictly reliable, he has endeavored, at the same time, not so much to give descriptions of dead birds as to make a picture of living ones.

A PRACTICAL AND COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC; Containing Definitions of Terms, and Rules of Operations, with Numerous Examples; the Whole Forming a Complete Treatise for the Use of Schools and Academies. By GERARDUS BEEKMAN DOCHARTY, L.L.D. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, and Getz & Buck, Phila.

The author of this Arithmetic has had the advantage of long experience as a teacher, and is at present Professor of Mathematics in the New York Free Academy. He offers, as an apology for the appearance of the volume, a desire to add to the already large number of excellent works, one arranged on scientific principles, and thoroughly adapted to the wants of this great commercial nation.

POEMS BY THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The author of these Poems is a native of Boston, where he now resides. Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, he is a professor of "the healing art." He was early known in literary circles, by an admirable translation of Dante's "Inferno." His Elegy on Webster, which appears in this volume, was regarded as one of the best poems elicited by the death of the great orator and statesman. His last poem was the Prize Address recently delivered on the opening of the new Theatre in Boston.

MONTHLIES. T. B. Peterson and Getz & Buck have Putnam's Monthly, for October. It is embellished with a portrait of the Author of "Our New President," being No. 4 of "Portraits of Contributors" to the Magazine, and contains several able articles, among which is a highly interesting one on "African Proverbial Philosophy"—we judge, by Bayard Taylor.

T. B. Peterson, and Getz & Buck, have Harper's Magazine for October. Abbott's Life of Napoleon is brought down to the Battle of Waterloo. The events of that great struggle—in which one man battled against the allied sovereigns of Europe—are sketched with stirring interest.

Getz & Buck also have the Knickerbocker Magazine, for October, which is, as usual, full of good things.

IDIOCY—ITS CAUSES, &c.—The Sixth Annual Report of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-Minded Youth, has recently been published in Boston, from which it seems that the number of pupils now in the school is [illegible]. Reading, writing, drawing, and arithmetic, it appears, have been taught to these feeble-minded ones, with a degree of success; and the change which has been brought about in many of the unfortunate children, is very great, both in habits and knowledge. From the Report of the Superintendent of the School, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, we extract the following remarks in relation to the

CAUSES OF IDIOCY.

It is not the heart alone that beats responsive to the emotions and passions, but every function of the body, even to the coloring of the hair may be affected by the habitual condition of the moral nature. We may even consider health as of different qualities—as more or less gross; for instance, that a slight and graceful Apollo is in higher and more perfect health than a brawny Hercules, who could slay a bull with his fist, and digest even its flesh in a dreamless sleep. In this sense, other things being equal, (which of course implies equal cerebralism,) the health of the intellectual man is higher, and more perfect than that of the fool; and the health of the intellectual man who is at the same time amiable and good, is higher and more perfect than that of the merely intellectual man.

But even supposing that such speculations are fanciful, it is in no fanciful sense that idiots are said to enjoy less than average health; for, using the words in their ordinary meaning, and speaking of health as it is usually understood, idiots, in general, enjoy but little of it. They usually come of "poor stock," and that which is deeply tainted with scrofula. They are, for the most part, the offspring of parents one or the other of whom was of feeble structure, or in an unhealthy condition either of body or mind. Many of these unfortunates are so feebly and imperfectly organized from their very conception, that they cannot resist ordinary exposure after their birth, and the feeble flame of life goes out in infancy, or flickers awhile, and is extinguished in early childhood.

Epilepsy and kindred disorders, destroy many while yet in tender years. Others, that survive awhile, are so weakened by fits, by gluttony, by self-abuse, and by unwise treatment of various kinds, especially by the use of drugs, (which are so generally and profusely administered,) that their systems cannot resist diseases which are not ordinarily fatal, and they too, die young. Comparatively few reach maturity, and far fewer still survive to old age; so that the census is but an imperfect indication of the extent of the evil. It tells, indeed, a sad tale of human degradation and wretchedness, but it does not tell the whole truth. Some men may rejoice that it does not. They may be glad to be spared part of a painful sight, from the whole of which they would fain turn their eyes, if they could. But alas! God will not let us look away with impunity. He will continue to scourge society until it becomes conscious of its sin, repents and amends. Men have been worrying themselves about their souls, and the souls of their neighbors, in utter disregard of the fact, that the character and condition of the soul, as evinced in its manifestations here below, are indissolubly connected with the character and condition of the body. It is high time to consider that much may be done toward the care of souls, by care of bodies.

It was stated in a Report made in 1847–8, by the undersigned, as Chairman of the Massachusetts Commission for investigating the condition of idiots, that minute, personal inquiries had been made concerning the parents and immediate progenitors of three hundred and fifty-nine congenital idiots. It was found that almost all these came of very poor and feeble stock; stock such as, in animals, farmers would never breed from. It was found in every case except four, that is in three hundred and fifty-five, out of the three hundred and fifty nine cases, that the parents were closely related by blood—or that one or the other of them had a decided hereditary tendency to mental derangement—or was of a marked scrofulous habit of body—or was impaired in health by disease, or by intemperance, or by sensual excesses—so that the idiocy of the child was clearly explicable upon physiological principles.

Additional experience, gained during several years, and the examination of many new cases, corroborates this opinion. The same conclusion would be drawn by any physiologist, from *a priori* reasoning, and one would suppose that common sense must lead most persons to adopt it; nevertheless it is not so. There is the most profound ignorance, or utter indifference to these considerations. It is very seldom that the parent of an idiotic child thinks of looking within himself for the cause of his child's infirmity, or suspects that he is in any way responsible for it. Indeed, the parents are very slow to perceive the child's deficiency, and are the last to admit that it is idiotic. They see that the child, though four, five, or six years old, cannot talk, cannot learn to dress, or take care of himself, but still they fondly dwell upon some things which he can do. They themselves have learned to understand his ways and his expression of his wants, and they insist upon it that if the poor thing could only speak and express what he knows, all would be well. They do not consider that the child continues to be mute after infancy because it has not mental capacity enough to learn to speak.

Sometimes parents bring a child for examination, saying, deprecatingly, "We would not have you think he is an idiot, for he is not nor anything like it,—but somehow he is strange,—he cannot learn things, and we cannot account for it," whereas, before they have done speaking, a practiced eye sees idiocy in the very appearance of the child, and sees the probable causes of idiocy in the very appearance of one or both the parents.

In other cases when the causes are not apparent at first sight, they come out upon a little questioning. The parents say that they, and even their doctor, were satisfied that everything was "right" about the child until it had "fits." They do not reflect that the fits are only symptoms of internal disorder. They got from the elephant down to the tortoise and think they have reached bottom.

A regular series of questions, framed with a view to ascertaining all the important facts of the case,—the antecedents if not the causes of the idiocy,—generally brings out one or more of the following circumstances:

That the family of one or both the parents is peculiarly scrofulous;

That one (if not both) of the parents inherits this scrofulous temperament;

That the family of one (if not of both) of the parents is peculiarly subject to some form of insanity;

That one (if not both) of the parents (or one of their immediate progenitors) had been greatly impaired in health by disease, intemperance, or sensuality; or,

That the parents were nearly related by blood.

In this matter of intermarriage of relatives, my experience with various classes of infirm children, goes to show that nature protests against it, and sometimes with terrible vehemence. Where both parties are of sound constitutions, and without marked tendency to any particular form of disease, the liability to infirmity among the *immediate* offspring is small. Where one party is of unsound constitution, the liability is greater. Where both are unsound, it is very great.

Where one party has a constitutional tendency to a particular form of disease, and the other either has no such tendency, or a tendency to some other form of disease, the diverging tendencies seem to correct each other, so that the liability is not great; but where both have the same constitutional tendency, then the danger is so great that some kind of infirmity is almost sure to appear in some of the offspring.

MEMORABLE WOMEN; The Story of Their Lives. By MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND. With Eight Illustrations by Birket Foster. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is not only a most absorbing and entertaining book, but it is also a pure and wholesome one—a book for all classes and for all seasons. The memorable women whose life-stories are told, are Lady Russell, Madame D'Arblay, Mrs. Piozzi, Mary L. Ware, Mrs Hutchinson, Lady Fanshawe, Margaret Fuller, and Lady Sale. In selecting these women for her heroines, Mrs. Crosland remarks that she was not guided by the admiration so commonly felt for those brilliant characters who have been remarkable for merely intellectual qualifications and unprofitable and injudicious heroisms, but she endeavored simply to set before the young women of the present day examples of wives and mothers who have done their duty under difficulties and temptations; and if, in some cases, genius has accompanied high moral endowments, we have all the more reason to be gratified by the picture of combined excellence of heart and mind.

A TENNESSEEAN ABROAD; Or Letters from Europe, Africa and Asia. By RANDAL W. MACGAVOCK, A. M., L.L.D. Published by Redfield, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

The author of this new book of travels, is a member of the Nashville Bar. In the Spring of 1851, he crossed the Atlantic, and, during an absence from home of two years, visited all the more interesting portions of the three grand divisions of the Eastern hemisphere. The letters comprising the volume, are his impressions—first and last—of the scenes and the people he encountered during his peregrinations. His style is off-hand and familiar, and he has given us a very readable book.

SYNONYMS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. Being the Substance of a Course of Lectures Addressed to the Theological Students, King's College London. By RICHARD C. TRENCH, B. D. Published by Redfield, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

To divinity students this must be an invaluable work. The little volume grew out of a short course of lectures on the synonyms of the New Testament, which, in the fulfilment of his duties as Professor of Divinity at King's College, the talented author more than once addressed to the theological students there.

EVERYBODY'S PAMPHLET.—"The Constitution and the Slave Laws" is the title of a pamphlet recently published by D. M. Dewey, of Rochester, N. Y. It contains the Constitution of the United States, the Fugitive Slave Act of 1793, the Missouri Compromise Act of 1820, the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, and the Nebraska and Kansas Bill of 1854. These acts and bills are published without note or comment. It will therefore suit everybody, both North and South, East and West.

SPENSER AND THE FAIRY QUEEN. By JOHN S. HART, L.L.D. Published by Hayes & Zell, Philadelphia.

We have here an attempt—and quite a successful one—to reproduce, under modern [illegible] ... the sparkle of the diamond can be restored by a little art. The aim of the author, in his essay, has been to put the reader in possession of some of the glorious and sparkling ideas with which Spenser's "Fairy Queen" abounds. These ideas are presented, in this volume, partly in the prose language of the essayist, and partly in the poetical language of the author, with the orthography modernized so far as the rhythm and rhyme of the verse would permit. The extracts are not introduced as mere isolated specimens, but are intimately mixed up with the thread of the argument, the whole being woven together into one continuous story. By these means, the legendary exploits and scenes of Fairy Land are contemplated through a medium that brings their truths home to the "business and bosoms" of the men and women of the present day.

AFRAJA; A Norwegian and Lapland Tale; or, Life and Love in Norway. Translated from the German of THEODORE MUGGE, by EDWARD JOY MORRIS. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This romance is the production of one of the most distinguished writers of fiction in Germany. A German critic says of the author and his romance: "This popular writer has again displayed his genius in a graphic and interesting narration of entirely new and attractive scenes. His romance introduces us to a region with which he is thoroughly acquainted from personal observation, but which is a rare and almost untrodden field of fiction—the remote neighborhood of the North Pole, and those icy, desert steppes, where the Laplander pursues his wandering life of privation and suffering. His life-like descriptions of the manners and customs of this curious people are drawn with such power as to awaken the keenest interest in his brilliant story." The characters, too, it may be added, are portrayed with skill and fidelity to nature.

THE BETTER LAND; Or, The Believer's Journey and Future Home. By AUGUSTUS C. THOMPSON, Pastor of the Eliot Church, Roxbury, Mass. Published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston, and by Sheldon, Lamport & Blake, New York; for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

This is a volume of religious essays, in which the author—in staunch orthodox style—discourses upon various subjects, among which are, The Society of Angels, Resurrection of the Body, and Perpetuity of Bliss in Heaven. In the closing chapter, the Rev. author thus admonishes the reader: "Grasp not at bubbles; chase not shadows. Let not the pitiful honors and treasures of *a world soon to be burnt up*, arrest you on the path to glory. Believe and live for eternity. We are borderers upon eternity; we live upon the marches between two worlds. The present is only the dim dawning of our being."

THE GOBLIN SNOB; Imagined and Illustrated by HENRY L. STEPHENS. Published by De Witt & Davenport, New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Here is a little trifle—(not a very small one either)—for all those who believe it is better for people to laugh than to cry. To be sure there are *times to laugh*, as well as *times to cry*; but, then, after all, it is best for every one to laugh when he can, and to cry only when he cannot help it. There are nearly fifty comic cuts in this "funny" affair, illustrative of incidents in the lives of Goblin Snob and his scapegrace son. The poetry, (for it is a poetical pictorial) is as droll as the illustrations—and that is not saying much for it.

LIFE'S LESSON; A Tale. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This is an American story—of the moral and religious school—the author of which is among the unknowns. The "Lesson" should be read and pondered over by all those unfortunate male members of the great human family who are sneeringly, but very properly, called old bachelors—those good-for-nothing, useless and miserable cumberers of the ground, whose lives are not worth living, and whose deaths are scarcely worth recording.

PROGRESS AND PREJUDICE. By MRS. GORE. Published by De Witt & Davenport, New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is a new novel by the author of "The Painter's Daughter," "Mothers and Daughters," &c. Mrs. Gore endeavors, through the medium of fiction, to effect essential progress by doing away with that old family pride and prejudice which have caused so much unhappiness in social life. The characters are naturally drawn, and the story is gracefully told.

THE LAST OF HIS NAME. By ELBERT PERCE. Published by Riker, Thorne & Co., New York; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The author of this story of home life, is the translator of those of Mrs. Carlen's Swedish novels which have recently been published in this country. The events, which are narrated in a spirited and pleasing manner, are those which might naturally occur in the history of any family, whether in Sweden or America.

☞ The Shepherd says to Christopher North, in his Noctes Ambrosianae, with equal beauty of thought and language: "I weel believe that only the Shears o' Fate will ever cut the cords o' our friendship. I fancy it's just the same wi' you as wi' me, we maun [must] like ane anither whether we will or no—and that's the sort o' friendship for me—for it flourishes, like a mountain flower, in a' weathers." Happy those who are joined together by such a friendship!

☞ A gentleman, showing a friend his portrait, admirably done by the photographic process, "It's very well," said his friend, returning it to him, "but the fact is, I hate the style altogether." "But, why, my good sir?" "Because," replied he, "it is a foe to graphic art!"

☞ An old farmer, who feared neither God nor man, had hired a devout negro; and to get some Sunday work out of him, he would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday would put that point to the man's conscience. One morning, old Sambo proved refractory; he would "work no more on Sundays." The master then argued with him that it was "a case of necessity; that the Scriptures allowed a man to get out of a pit, on the Sabbath day, a beast that had fallen in." "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, "but not if he spend Saturday in *digging de pit for de very purpose!*"

☞ When a person is carrying a cotton umbrella, it is, curious enough, never his own property—he has "just borrowed it from a friend!"

☞ As they are to have a Baby Convention at Springfield, Ohio, it is well to forewarn ambitious mothers of what they will have to contend with. The St. Louis Republican has been shown a specimen three years and two months old, which weighs 135 pounds. He is too old to contest for the prize, but it shows what can be done in the Western Valley. If there are any in that region of one or two years, and of proportionate weight it will be of no use for people this way to attend the assemblage of juveniles with the view of securing a prize.

☞ The Rev. M. Chapin being asked of what use the elders were in a church? replied, that "it was to give power to ministers; he was a unit, the elders ciphers—placed upon my right hand, they increase my power; but my elders have got on the wrong side, and reduce me to a fraction."

☞ In describing the death and burial of a lovely child, a correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator gives this beautiful yet touching glimpse of real life: "And now there came a sadder moment than all: tottering with feeble step, the grandmother, with her weight of years, had come to offer consolation to her stricken children. With wild emotion the bereaved mother loosed her head on her parent's breast, and sobbed out her grief. With holy words the old lady comforted her, and then came and bowed her head to look into that calm, infant face. 'She looks like an angel, does she not, mother?' whispered the mourner. 'She is an angel, my child,' replied the grandmother, a solemn, lofty awe overspreading her face; 'she is wiser now there than any of us; for she has read the great mystery.'"

☞ Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more that all may be of a piece. But poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

☞ People who are anxious to "astonish the Browns" are informed that the latest style out for creating a sensation, is to get a big lithograph likeness of yourself stuck in music and bookstore windows. For making your face familiar to the public, and to be gazed at by everybody, it beats every other method out, two to one; besides, it is, as the dry goods clerks say, "very cheap and durable."

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES FROM THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

NUMBER XXI.

A little longer sojourn among the Indians of British Guiana, and we will [illegible] ... we are now visiting, shew signs of rejoicing; the women have lost, for the while, that stolidity of look that usually deadens all expression in their dull faces—they mingle light laughter with their musical language, and sometimes clap their hands. Their little black eyes twinkle with their humor, their handsome mouths disfigured by ornaments of the coarsest character, show goodly rows of snowy teeth. As we pass, they cast their glances to the ground. And here let me say aside, that the Indian woman is always modest, and as a general thing gives attention to personal cleanliness. She seldom appears without the "kinsim," a little apron, gaily ornamented with beads—her glossy hair is neatly braided and folded, either across the temples, or over the top of the small head. A group of men, women, and children, although in size inferior to both European and African, presents a very pleasing picture. The men with their bushy locks, holding firmly the bow and arrow, or the long blow pipe, stand in easy, graceful attitudes. The little children spring lightly about, with the agility of wild forest birds, and sing and shout in their strange, soft dialect. The women, many of whom have extremely beautiful forms, carry their little infants in small hammocks, which they sling over the shoulder. Some, whose babes and sucklings have grown "too large for their hammocks," instead of their "shoes"—which superfluities they never wear, are put astride the mother's hip, and thus clinging to her body, are partly supported with one arm. But to the cause of this unwonted merriment; let us learn what it is.

Into this hut, which looks as if recently put in order, we enter reluctantly, for it seems some ceremony is in preparation.

"Is he sick?" we ask, pointing to a stalwart looking Indian swinging in his hammock, and watching the contents of a huge calabash, as it is brought before his vision filled with food.

A burst of laughter follows our interrogation; and a feeble wail attracts attention in another quarter. What is it? The queerest, tiniest, brightest-eyed Indian baby I ever saw!

How old?

"One—one sun," says the Indian woman, holding up a finger, and pointing to that benignant luminary, who condescends to smile broadly on the little copper-skin face.

"And where is his mother?"

We are directed to a slender, good-looking Indian squaw, bending over the coal-pot, *cooking food for her big-boned husband*. Think of that! delicate Philadelphians, New Yorkers, and Bostonians, with your muffled door bells, your thick carpets, your double curtains, your soft-footed nurses, your marble-topped medicine stands, your whispering voices, your dark chambers, your solemn doctors, your heavy bills, and your light diets. Those Indian mothers are nature's foster children. There are no delicacies here—no pastries, no rich seasonings, no corsets, no turning day into night, no squeamishness about the weather, no calling doctors for a cut finger, no close nurseries, no thick swaddling drapery, and consequently the squaw of South America, with a more delicate organization than the most of English or American females, suffers no diminution of strength from the severest sickness. And yet—and yet—who would wish, in all respects, to change places? Give us our own customs, with some modification in the matter of pampering, thin shoes, and coddling for imaginary diseases with quack medicines—and we ask no more.

This, then, is the custom of the Arawaks—the ancient Indian etiquette. The father, on the birth of a child, remains for several days at home in his hammock, receiving the congratulations of his friends, and sometimes, as in the present scene, the mother of the new-born infant cooks his food for him.

I cannot help thinking that this lazy fellow, and the fiddler before mentioned, are brothers, or, at any rate, of some relation.

We are still on the route of investigation, and circumstances certainly transpire for our benefit as if perfectly aware that we were coming, and had taken particular pains to be up and doing on our arrival.

A volley of guns startlingly near, rouses even the "father man" from his hammock, and scatters the nurses. The young mother snatches up her baby, scarcely old enough to be other than good-natured, and going to the front of her look-out, stretches her neck to see. We of course follow the multitude. Witchy Witch meanwhile shrugging his shoulders and making horrible faces.

'Tis a singular kind of dance—there they hop, in and out, giving each other most uncomfortable switches on the legs with sharp leather thongs. Why is it? What is it? A funeral! Here lies the body in a large pine box—the body of a woman who has recently died—and here go dancing those fiendish-looking savages, blood streaming from their legs to the ground, and yet, though they must suffer intolerably with the pain, giving no indication by their grim smiles or stolid faces. One would think a funeral among these people must be a consummation not devoutly to be wished.

The *Accaways* tribe bury their dead in the hammocks in which they die, burn the hut, leaving the ashes smouldering over the remains. They then leave the place, never again to return. It is said they believe the soul still hovers over the spot of interment, and will visit whoever disturbs it with disease.

When a great man dies among the *Arrawaks*, his nearest relatives plant a large field of cassava, and with much mourning and lamentation, bewail the deceased. The cassava ripens in twelve months, and then the friends and relations are once again gathered together—treated with a feast of game—and with the cassava they make a merry time of it for several days. A dance is then performed near the grave, in which lashes, thongs, blood, and howls, play each an important part—and frequently the revellers are so lacerated, that they keep their hammocks for several days. The whips are hung wherever the person died, and, after six months, are buried in the grave with him—it is supposed, that should resentment have existed in his lifetime, it is forgotten at this ceremony.

The *Carabeese* put their dead into a hammock, and if it be a person of consequence, watch it with the greatest solicitude. It is often washed with water by the women, and they must be the nearest female relations; thus they keep it till the skeleton only remains—then carefully cleanse the bones, put them into an Indian basket, and almost sacredly preserve them.

The outlines of the above I have taken from a work by the Rev. J. H. Bernau, who wrote a book entitled "Missionary Labors in British Guiana—about the year 1837." I will now make a few extracts in his own words.

"If the Carabees should happen to quit the place, the bones are burnt in the very place where the person expired, and the ashes carefully collected and taken with them.

"In ordinary cases, however, the body is interred in the hammock in which the person died; and the attendants at his funeral walk round his grave once or twice, and concern themselves no further about it. The women who had been engaged in scraping and burning the bones of the dead, are considered unclean for several months after, and not allowed to touch any of the food eaten by the men.

"Among the *Warraws* the following (interesting) customs prevail. If a captain, or any other individual of influence, dies, the corpse is put into a canoe, and all that he possessed when alive. On his heart is placed a looking glass, and into his hands, his bow and arrows. His favorite dog is killed, and its carcass put with him into the grave, but not in the canoe, to assist him in procuring his food in the untried world. The corpse is always buried on the same spot where the person expired, and a fire kept burning there for many weeks. I could never learn the reason of this latter custom, but suppose that the Indians imagine that the body is conscious of the chill of death, and requires warmth till accustomed to it. The relations and friends bewail the deceased with howling and doleful lamentations for several months together. His widow and children become the property of his brother, or the next male relation. This latter circumstance creates a great deal of strife, and is the occasion of many sorrows. Should, for instance, the widow refuse to become his wife, she is subjected to severe floggings and frequent insults; but if these fail to soften her, she is then allowed to choose whom she pleases. Her children, however, must remain, and are not allowed to be at large till they arrive at the age of puberty.

"The Macusis, and all the rest of the tribes in the interior of British Guiana, bury their dead in almost a sitting posture, without coffins, performing the same ceremonies related above, with some slight modifications."

All these tribes are superstitious—believing in spirits hovering over them—tell strange stories of haunted burial places, and have firm faith—as who ever saw an Indian that had not?—in the immortality of the soul.

Clippings.

☞ A [illegible] took place the other day, between Miss Jones and a Mr. Eddy. On the strength of this, an editor in the neighborhood gets off the following: "In sailing down the stream of life, Miss Jones has got within the influence of an 'Eddy' that we trust will cause her to revolve in a circle of beatitude for the remainder of her existence."

☞ A Yankee [illegible] a paper called "The [illegible]" ... be upon the street, or they may be done brown.

☞ Some people, even in high quarters, it is said, have an objection to thirteen at dinner. Mr. Buchanan happened to be one of the company of this number, at Dr. Henderson's, and on its being remarked and pronounced unlucky, he said, "I admit that is unlucky in one case." "What is that?" "When there is only dinner enough for twelve."

☞ The Springfield Republican says that seven of a flock of sheep entered a jewelry store in that city on Thursday morning, led off by a stalwart buck. The latter was instantly attracted by the sight of another bristling buck in the large mirror at the end of the store, and lowering his head and taking a fair start, he plunged into his supposed rival. Judge, perhaps, his own and the storekeeper's astonishment at the crash that ensued. One of the four panes of which the mirror was composed, though a third inch thick, shivered to pieces under his well directed blow. The shop dog here interposed and drove off the animals before they could do more mischief.

☞ A Yankee has invented a machine for putting babies to sleep. It is supplied with fresh milk, paregoric, Godfrey's Cordial and sugar, which it dispenses according to the necessities of the case. Mothers have only to chuck Thomas and Mary into the machine, where they will be cared for in the best manner for eight hours. To those who are fond of "lightening the cares of life," going to evening soirées, flirting, and such like, the new invention will indeed be a "blessing to mothers."

☞ The editor of the Ocean Emblem gives the following reason for not publishing Commodore Stockton's letter. It ought to be satisfactory: "We were not at home when the letter was first published by the Commodore, and our partner found that there was not a sufficient quantity of cap I's in the office to set it up."

☞ The New York Times, in an article on "Literary Criticisms in the United States," has the following sentence: "Give an American an idea of a book, and it is sufficient for all his purposes. He will do his own judging. Beauty of finish and completeness of execution are afterthoughts, and will come among the recreations of leisure. Energy of intellect is our obvious characteristic. The demand is for stamina of brains, and mere sensibility exerts no commanding sway."

☞ It is positively denied, we learn, that the Know Nothings intend, should they come into power, to set apart one day in every week to go a-gunning after Irishmen.

☞ Ole Bull, at the latest advices, was sick at San Francisco with the Panama fever. Before he was taken sick, he and Strakosch gave three concerts, from which they realized the snug little sum of $34,000—probably the most successful concerts ever given in California. In crossing the Isthmus, Ole Bull, in his usual careless way, intrusted his violins and jewelry to an Indian whose name he did not even take the pains to inquire. On his arrival at Panama the Indian, jewelry, and violins, were *non est*.

☞ A Paris paper asks, "What is that which is found at the end of a garden, may be seen twice in a year, and which not only begins the night but finishes the morn?" It is probably the letter N, which is at the end of *jardin*, is twice in *l'annee*, commences la *nuit*, and terminates *le matin*.

☞ We noticed, on our trip to Springfield, says a Boston paper, in a little village near Worcester, a small two-story house, without a garden. The occupant, evidently with the fear of next Thanksgiving before his eyes, has planted a pumpkin-vine at the side of his residence. But not having real estate enough, wherewith to indulge the wide-spreading propensity of the vegetable, he had twined it up the side of the house, and there upon the sloping roof, lay a dozen or so of fine, large golden coated pumpkins, as could be wished. Truly, this man can be said to live "under the shadow of his own pumpkin vine."

☞ One of our subscribers, says the Ogdensburgh Sentinel, stopped his paper for six months last year, because we advertised so much. In the mean-time, his farm was advertised for non-payment of taxes, and sold. On discovering the difficulty, it cost him one or two days' travel with horse and buggy, and ten per cent. of the taxes—to say nothing of the vexation, to redeem it. How much did he gain by stopping his paper? He came back and subscribed again.

☞ The Amesbury (Mass.) Villager tells a good story of an exceedingly anxious individual, who was "most crazy" to obtain some account of the Know Nothings. He was told by a wag, that if he would come out to ——— that night, at ten o'clock, and advance fourteen paces into the barn, he would there find a party to initiate him in due form into the mysterious order. The proposition "took," and he accordingly went to the place at the time appointed. He had scarcely entered, however, when he was saluted with a most unceremonious "grip" in the rear, which caused him to vacate the premises in quick time, leaving a part of his "hinder" garments in the teeth of a careful watch-dog, whose owner had given him the euphonious title of "Know Nothing."

☞ The Glasgow Herald, speaking of a deceased gentleman, says: "He was not more respected in public than revered in private." A contemporary, quoting the paragraph, has completely reversed its signification by dropping a single letter, and writing: "He was no more respected in public than revered in private." One letter does sometimes make a great difference.

☞ The following is from a late number of the New York Tribune: On Wednesday, the 13th inst., by the Rev. Mr. T. A. Eaton, Mr. William Inslee, of New Orleans, to Miss Theresa Birch, of this city:

Strange! what he hated most when young,
He dearly loves in riper years;
And *Birch*, which once his boy-heart wrung,
Now proves his solace—calms his fears.
In *Birch* he finds his earthly bliss,
Nor hesitates the rod to kiss.

☞ In obedience to the exacting dictates of fashion, the ladies are wearing what is called the "Ugly," which is described as follows, by the New York Express: "The 'Ugly,' we see, is coming into use—the 'Ugly' as a protection from the sun, the air, and the outside world. The 'Ugly' is an additional bonnet inserted on and over the fashionable one, and hence, when ladies are venturing out on foot, or in the country, or on a travel, the 'Ugly' is added to the bonnet that fashion requires. And what is the 'Ugly?' The name itself, in part, answers the question, for it is an *ugly* thing. The 'Ugly' is to the head what a top is to a gig, or a chaise. The 'Ugly' lets up and down like one of those tops. The 'Ugly' is of a different color from the bonnet, and it might be called a parasol, a veil, or anything else, descriptive of what hides or shades the face. Ladies, hence, now often wear two bonnets on their head instead of one."

☞ A LARGE SHEET OF PAPER.—An English paper says: "A few days since, Messrs. Evans & Arrowsmith, of Bristol, received at their establishment a sheet of paper, weighing 1 cwt., and measuring 2,784 feet in length, or more than half a-mile.

☞ The following notice lately appeared in the Limerick Chronicle, in the shape of an advertisement: "An extensive landed proprietor on the banks of the Shannon, will make a wager of £500 that he has the handsomest wife, the handsomest nine children, and the handsomest estate in Ireland. Applications to be made to J. F. E. G., Eyres's Hotel, Glin, county Limerick."

GAS FROM WOOD.—The method of making gas from wood, invented by Professors Pettenkofer and Breisach, of Bavaria, has been recently tested on a large scale in the Philadelphia City Gas Works, and also at the Northern Liberties Gas Works, in consequence of the high prices of coal. It is said to give great satisfaction. The principal difference in the method of making wood gas, from that used in making coal gas, consists in a gradual increase of temperature in inverted generators, where the gas undergoes a second decomposition. It is said that more gas can thus be made from one cord of wood than from one ton of coal, and from the former as much made in one hour as an hour and a half as from coal in four hours. This results, in part, from the improvements made in the apparatus.—*North American*.

THE BOARD OF MISSIONS.—In the discussion of the recent resolutions relative to the Choctaw Mission, the amount of support received by the American Board from the Southern States was referred to. It seems that of the aggregate receipts of $305,065 for the year ending July, 1853, only $18,900 came from the slave States; and for the year ending July, 1854, the discrepancy is still larger, as of the aggregate sum of $302,279 received, only $8,680 came from the South. Dr. Bacon said that the contributions even from the Sandwich Islands were of more importance. Whether such worldly considerations had any effect on the minds of the brethren, we shall not pretend to determine.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1854.

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

On account of the high price of paper, the New York Sun has been reduced in size. The Philadelphia Ledger and the Baltimore Sun are now the two largest penny papers in the country.

At Meredith Bridge, N. H., potatoes have fallen from one dollar to two shillings per bushel.

Mr. James Campbell, of Taneboro', Mass., has a tomato vine nine feet four inches high, which covers a space of thirty one feet in circumference, and has from fifteen hundred to two thousand tomatoes.

M. de Lamartine has just sold a history of Turkey, in six volumes, to the proprietors of a Paris daily newspaper, for £4,800.

In Boston, on Saturday week, four foreign paupers were directed by a magistrate to be returned to Great Britain, from which country they were transported hither. In a few days they will sail from Boston for Liverpool.

The $3 hotels in New York have reduced their prices for board to $2 50 per day, and the $2 50 houses to $2 00.

In consequence of the prevalence of the yellow fever at Charleston, it has been found impossible to obtain any telegraph operators, and the office is consequently, for the present, closed. One or two of the operators heretofore employed recently fell victims of the epidemic.

Davidson King, the late Surveyor General of California, is charged with being a defaulter to the Government to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars.

While extra good workmen in California are earning from three to six dollars a day, the San Francisco papers tell us that the supply of labor generally is far in advance of the demand.—The highest wages are paid to jewellers, seamen, workers in metals, joiners, &c.

Among the many uses to which beet-root can be applied, is that of making pasteboard. A manufactory has just been established at Fontain, in France.

The Albany Express states that a young girl from the country recently died in Albany, with a board bill unsettled. The friends were poor, having expended all their money in providing medical aid for the deceased. When they went to remove the body, they were told that they could not have the corpse until $100 was paid!

We are informed by a gentleman from the Tejon Pass, says the Mariposa Chronicle, that there are three backwoodsmen living there, who have killed 150 grizzly bears since December last.

The namesake and son of Tam O'Shanter, the hero of Burns's poem was on the moors recently, for the fifty fifth season. The patriarchal sportsman, we believe, proved himself as good a shot as of yore. Mr. Samson, who is a seedsman in Kilmarnock, is probably the oldest man on the Scottish moors in 1854.

The President's House Grounds at Washington, D. C., on the south side, have recently been adorned with a new fountain, the basin of which is twenty four feet in diameter, and the rim of granite.

A sectarian riot took place in Cincinnati on the evening of the 25th ult. Some Protestants having attempted to organize a Sabbath School, a mob of German Catholics attacked the house rented for the purpose, and threatened death in case of persistence in the undertaking.—Three persons were wounded by pistol shots.

The concourse of pious pilgrims at the shrine of Juggernaut was so great this year, that a local famine ensued, and hundreds of Hindoos were to be seen lying in the roads dying of starvation.

The tusks of a mastodon or mammoth, of enormous size, were found recently near Poughkeepsie, and upon excavation, the skeleton of the animal was discovered. As far as the exhumation has extended, the bones were found partially petrified, which promises the recovery of the entire skeleton in a more perfect state than any yet found.

Upwards of four hundred vessels on the Atlantic ocean, ninety miles distant, were counted from the Summit House, on Mount Washington, (White Mountains) on the 11th ult., when the best view since the house was erected, was enjoyed.

A soluble glass has been applied to the woodwork and scenery in the Munich Theatre, for the purpose of preserving, and, as far as possible, rendering them incombustible. This glass is, in fact, a solution of free silica in caustic alkali; and if the wood is properly seasoned, there can be no doubt of the value of the application.

The Rev. Horatio Potter, of Albany, has been elected Provisional Bishop of New York, (in place of the late Rt. Rev. Dr. Wainwright) by the New York Protestant Diocesan Convention. Dr. Potter is a brother of the Bishop of Pennsylvania.

The New York Tribune's correspondent at St. Thomas, reports that a rumor is current there to the effect that Mr. Pierce's diplomatic agents to the Dominican Republic, Mr. and Mrs. Cazneau, have succeeded in their mission, so far at least as to secure the Bay of Samana for a United States naval station.

It would appear, by the Paris correspondence of the New York Tribune, that the U. S. Charge (Mr. Belmont) has opened a banking house at the Hague. The various Rothschilds are severally citizens of the various counties where they reside, and accordingly it would be treason for any one openly to take up the Russian loan, though considered a profitable job. In this dilemma, Mr. Belmont's loan-shop comes into action.

The time of the commencement of the Ohio State Fair has been postponed until the 17th of October next, in consequence of the breaking out of sickness at Newark.

The population of Memphis, Tenn., according to a local census just taken, is 12,687 persons, being an increase of twenty five per cent. since the U. S. census of 1850 was taken. This, however, is only the enumeration of the city proper, for it appears that the city and suburbs have an aggregate population of 16 000. Memphis is one of the most flourishing towns on the Lower Mississippi.

In the letter sent by Mr. Bronson, candidate for Governor in New York, to the Temperance Convention, defining his position with regard to temperance, he says he thinks that the Legislature has the power to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks, but declares that he is opposed to extreme measures.

The Westfield (Mass.) News Letter is responsible for the following paragraph: Marcus I. Whitney, of Southwick, left his buggy to be repaired at Charles C. Fowler's shop, in this town on Monday, August 28. On returning to his home he found that his dog was missing. On Wednesday following, Mr. W. came to Westfield, and found his dog in his buggy, where he had been watching with true faithfulness for more than fifty hours. Several persons tried to drive the dog from the buggy, but their efforts were in vain. He only left it on the arrival of his master.

A negro slave of H. Ferguson, near Selma, Alabama, aged 105 years, was lately murdered on his master's plantation, by some robber for the sake of a considerable sum of money which he was known to have saved up and carried about him.

Two watch seals, formerly belonging to General Washington, were lately ploughed up almost at the same time; the one, a gold seal, was lost by his nephew, in Virginia, about seventeen years ago; and the other, a silver one, was lost by himself, at the scene of Braddock's defeat. He was wont to wear them both together, until he lost the silver one. Both bear his initials.

Frederick William Joseph Shelling, one of the most distinguished German philosophers of the present century, died in Switzerland on the 20th of August last. During the latter years of his life, at Berlin, he held the title of Privy Counsellor.

A gentleman of Boston says that two ingenious mechanics of that city, are now perfecting a process by which they will be enabled to manufacture printing paper from pine and other soft wood. They have already made fair paper from this stock, although it has cost twenty per cent. above that manufactured from rags. They are now studying out a cheaper process.

The first sheep introduced into any part of the present territory of the United States, were brought from England to Jamestown, in Virginia, by the London Company, in 1609. In 1648, the number of sheep in that colony had increased to three thousand.

Emigrants from Texas Arkansas, and other States, are already on their way to the Mesilla Valley, (the territory recently purchased by the United States from Mexico,) with a view to obtain the best locations, and to make settlements.

How some fast young men make a large show on small salaries, is shown by the following "instance," from a New York paper: An old established iron manufacturing firm found itself seriously embarrassed in its finances, and has just been obliged to make an assignment to the creditors. Upon an examination of the business accounts, it was discovered that the clerk, who had devoted considerable time to sailing yachts and trotting fast horses, and finally sailed for Europe on a pleasure trip, had been unfaithful to the trust confided to him. Among other contrivances for lining his pockets, he had been accustomed each pay day, to set apart a considerable amount as the share of wages due to workmen who had not been in the employ of the concern for a year past, and appropriating the same as he saw fit.

A statement of the profits of the Hamburg gambling banks, shows them to average forty per cent. on the capital subscribed in shares. This, as justly observed by a Baden journal, is the severest commentary that can be given upon the ruinous nature of these splendid hells forty per cent. profit after paying all expenses.

A few days ago, says the Niagara Mail, an enormous serpent was discovered in the garden of Moffat's hotel, Niagara. This most truculent looking reptile was about twelve feet long, and as thick almost as a man's leg. After sundry stratagems he was taken alive by Mr. Moffat and barrelled up. It turned out to be an Anaconda, which got away from an exhibition that had been held on the Common about fortnight previous, since which time his makeshift has been enjoying himself at large, and feeding luxuriously on chickens, of which a considerable number had disappeared very mysteriously from the neighborhood.

The editor of the Kenosha (Wisconsin) Telegraph, says: "Last year we had a tree which *bore one* apple. This year the crop of the tree is doubled." We think the nature of the tree must have been totally changed, as it is certainly the first instance that we remember of any tree bearing one year an apple and the next year a *pair*.

The city of Quebec is about to be supplied with pure water from the lake at Lorette. The lake is about ten miles distant, and sufficiently elevated to enable the water to be conveyed to the top of the highest houses in the city. The water has hitherto been carted from the river, and has proved a fertile source of disease, being full of impurity, and with a large per centage of saline matter.

Hinsdale, Massachusetts, has a population of 1,600, and since the first of January last, only one American has died; and in Pittsfield, with a population of 4,600, only two deaths have occurred since the 4th of July, and one of these was a man 90 years of age.

A Convention of Railroad Superintendents and Presidents of the various Railways of Ohio and Indiana was held at Columbus, on Friday, the 22nd ultimo. Delegates from 26 roads were present, being a larger representation than at any previous Railway Convention held in the West. Resolutions were adopted entirely doing away with the free-pass system, and after the expiration of the current year, no pass, in any case, will be granted. When the President of one Railway shall have occasion to travel over another, he will be charged full fare. The practice of passing clergymen at half fare, will also cease at the close of the year. Resolutions looking to a gradual but general increase of the tariff of prices for freight and passage, were agreed upon. The new regulations are to go into effect on the first of January next.

The Maryland Colony in Liberia has been organized as an independent Republic by the election of W. A. Prout as Governor, and B. J. Drayton as Lieutenant-Governor, both, of course, colored men. The new Constitution, which has been adopted prohibits the traffic in ardent spirits.

Messrs. Mitchell & Garsler, distillers at Alton, Illinois, have contracted for about 25,000 bushels of corn, to be delivered from the Illinois River; 12 000 at 45 cents without sacks, and 13 000 at 50 cents per bushel, sacks included. These are about double the rates paid last year by the same parties.

Commodore Perry did not get to Jeddo, as he intended. The Commissioners would not agree to it. When the Commodore determined, in spite of their remonstrances, to run up, the interpreters, who were on board the Commodore's ship, told him that just as sure as he came in sight of Jeddo, they would perform the "Hari Kari" on themselves, that is to rip themselves open, (an action they think highly commendable,) and the Commissioners would do the same also. He endeavored to reason with them on the folly of such an intention, but they coolly replied that they were not there to discuss the propriety of their customs, but to conform to and execute them. They had already stripped themselves to their under garment, when the Commodore seeing their resolution inflexible, turned his ships about, and anchored a considerable distance down the bay.

POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Governor Bigler not being able, on account of ill health, to "stump the State," has issued an "Address to the People of Pennsylvania," in which he, in the first place, congratulates them on the flourishing condition of all the great interests of the State, excepting only the agricultural, which has suffered materially by the drought of the season, and then remarked that the finances of the State were never in a more wholesome condition.

He says that the currency of the State seems to be in a wholesome condition. He opposes omnibus legislation, as also the policy of municipal subscriptions. He has resisted, and will continue to resist, any and all attempts at innovation upon the common school system, and would never sanction a division of the school fund for any purpose. Should the sovereign people, in October, demand a prohibitory liquor law, their will shall be carried into effect by him, if elected, in an efficient constitutional form. He is opposed, and will oppose, all secret societies to accomplish political ends, and Know Nothings and Snow Nothingism can expect from him no quarter. He does not state whether he will himself vote for or against a Prohibitory Law—and gives the subject of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise entirely the go-by.

The following are the nominations made in Pennsylvania, for members of Congress.

Dis. and Counties.	Whig and Anti-Neb.	Nebraska.
1 Philadelphia	E J Morris	T B Florence / John Titus*
2 Philadelphia	Job R. Tyson / J R. Chandler	J. Hamilton Jr.
3 Philadelphia	Wm Millward	James Landy / Geo. W. Reede
4 Philadelphia	John Lambert	H. M. Phillips / Jacob Broom*
5 Phila. & Mont.	Nathan L Jones	J. Cadwalader
6 Chester & Del	J. Hickman	John Hickman
7 Bucks & Lehigh	Saml Bradshaw	A. Bridges
8 Berks	John C. Myers	J. G. Jones
9 Lancaster	I. E. Hiester	
10 Dauphin, &c.	A. E. Roberts / John C. Kunkel	
11 Northum'd, &c.	Jas. H. Campbell / Kimber Cleaver*	W. L. Dewart
12 Luzerne, &c.	H. M. Fuller	J. W. Cake
13 Northam'n &c.	E. F. Stewart	H. B. Wright
14 Bradford, &c.	Galusha A. Grow	Asa Packer / No opposition
15 Centre, &c.	L. A. Mackey	Allison White / J. J. Pearce
16 Cumberl'd, &c.	Lemuel Todd	J. R. Bonham
17 Adams, &c.	D. F. Robison	Wilson Reilly
18 Cambria &c.	John R. Edie	J. Cresswell
19 Armstrong, &c.	John Covode	A. Drum
20 Fayette, &c.	John R Knight	W. Montgomery
21 Allegheny,	David Ritchie	C. Shaler
22 All'y & Butl'r	S. A. Purviance	O. D. Palmer
23 Beaver, &c.	John Allison	C. Trout
24 Clarion, &c.	J. B. Corner	D. Barclay
25 Craw'd & Erie	John Dick	

FOR GOVERNOR.

James Pollock, William Bigler.

FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Daniel M. Smyser, Jeremiah S. Black.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER.

George Darsie, Henry S. Mott.

* Native American. † Independent.

Appended to the ticket to be voted this fall is a ballot headed "Prohibitory Liquor Law," to which is added "*For* a Prohibitory Liquor Law," and "*Against* a Prohibitory Liquor Law."

NEW YORK.—The Liberty Convention, which met at Syracuse on the 28th, passed a series of their usual resolutions, and then nominated William Goodall, of New York, for Governor, and Austin Ward for Lieutenant Governor.

The Mass Convention of the Free Democrats met at Auburn on the 25th, and adjourned without nominating a ticket. The regular Free Democratic Convention assembled immediately after, when Mr. Hale, from the Committee previously appointed, reported resolutions denouncing the Fugitive Slave Law; expressing a willingness to co-operate with other parties favorable to the overthrow of the slave power; regarding slavery as a sin against God and an outrage upon all valid law; and finally, calling for the prohibition of the liquor traffic. The resolutions were adopted. At the evening session the Convention nominated Mr. Clark for Governor, Bradford R. Wood for Lieut. Governor; and Charles A. Wheaton for Canal Commissioner.

The Anti Nebraska Convention met at Auburn on the 26th. A motion to substitute a resolution looking to the nomination or endorsement of the Whig State ticket, was made, but was ruled out of order. The original resolution, after much debate and confusion, was laid on the table. Mr. Raymond's orthodoxy upon the temperance question having been called in question, Mr. Chambers read a letter from Mr. R., pleading in favor of Prohibitory Law. A letter was read from each of the Whig nominees, endorsing the proceedings of the Saratoga Anti-Nebraska Convention. The Convention then nominated Mr. Raymond for Lieutenant Governor, after a long debate, by a vote of 127 ayes to 84 nays for Mr. Wood. Myron H. Clark was then nominated for Governor, by acclamation.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Democratic State Convention, which met at Lowell on the 26th, nominated Henry W. Bishop for Governor. A letter from him was read, declining the nomination, and endorsing the Nebraska Bill. The Convention refused to accept his declination.—Mr. Usher, of Medford, charged President Pierce with being false to the Baltimore Platform, and the pledges of his Inaugural. The uproar which followed these remarks was tremendous. Mr. Usher was denounced as a Free Soiler, and obliged to stop speaking. Subsequently he was permitted to go on, at the intercession of his friends. He said the Democratic party was on the verge of destruction, and the people repudiated the measures of the late Congress. The storm again commenced, when the speaker retired, but as his friends would allow no other member to speak, he was permitted to finish. After a speech in defence of the Administration, by Mr. Cook, of Lenox county, the resolutions reported by the committee were passed by a tremendous *aye*, followed by a few *noes*, many of the opponents of the Nebraska Bill declining to vote. The Convention then nominated Caleb Stetson, of Braintree, for Lieutenant Governor, and then adjourned. The entire control of the party machinery has thus, after an interval of six years, passed into the hands of the Hunker Democracy.

OHIO.—The Old Line Democrats in Cincinnati held a mass meeting on the 29th, and were addressed by Hon Geo E. Pugh, and others.—The meeting was very disorderly, and the Know Nothings seemed to be in the majority. The excitement seems to increase as the election approaches.

MAINE.—Full returns from the Sixth Congressional District, confirm the previously reported election of Mr. Fuller, the Democratic candidate.

VERMONT.—The Legislature stands, politically, thus: Senate, 22 Whigs, 6 Free Soilers, 2 Democrats; House, 121 Whigs, 54 Free Soilers, 51 Democrats; joint ballot, 143 Whigs, 60 Free Soilers, 53 Democrats.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—A meeting was held in Washington, on the 27th, of the "true friends of civil and religious liberty," which was very largely attended. Resolutions were passed setting forth that America is the home of the oppressed of whatever name, creed, or nation, but that Americans must rule the country. The meeting was called as a counter to that of Friday, the call for which intimated that civil and religious liberty was in danger in the city. Strong opposition to the Administration was expressed by the speakers on account of so many Government officers taking part in the proceedings of the meeting of Friday. Perfect order was maintained throughout. As a demonstration of the strength of the Know Nothings in that city, it would indicate that party as being very numerous. There were from two to three thousand persons present, among whom entire unanimity prevailed.

KENTUCKY.—At the municipal election, at Louisville, on the 29th ult., Wm. B. Shepherd was elected Mayor by 950 majority, a result which has taken the city by surprise, as Mr. Shepherd was not known as a candidate until the next morning. This is said to be a Know Nothing victory.

SLAVERY IN ILLINOIS.—A letter from Illinois to the Charleston Courier speaks of an enterprise which appears to be on foot in that State to repeal the clause of the State Constitution which prohibits slavery, and to take a direct vote of the people on the question of establishing slavery. He says that those engaged in the movement have already been sounding public sentiment on the subject, and find it singularly favorable, and in order to insure its success, he urges Southern men to emigrate to Illinois in preference to Kansas or Nebraska. Probably considerable will depend upon the result of the next election.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the steamship America we have Liverpool dates to the 16th ult.

THE CRIMEA EXPEDITION.—The long talked of expedition to the Crimea, sailed on the 4th inst. It is the largest expedition ever recorded in the annals of warfare. The fleet numbers 25,000 sailors, and 3,000 cannon! The land force, conveyed in some 700 transport ships, numbers 74,000 troops, of which there are 30,000 English, 35,000 Turks, and 10,000 Egyptians. The English squadron left Varna, to join the expedition on the 3d inst. The French troops, under Gen. St. Arnaud, and the Turks sailed on the 5th, to join the British off the mouth of the Danube. The debarkation of this monster expedition would take place at Point Babo, where there is 15 fathom depth of water. Once landed, the troops will proceed to entrench, and next aim to defeat the Russians in the field, and if successful, push on to the great stronghold Sebastopol. From the sea the fort Constantine, mounting 110 guns, will be the principal object of attack. A position has been discovered from whence the Russian fleet can be enfiladed, and either burnt or compelled to come out and fight. Prince Menschikoff will conduct the siege of Sebastopol. The arrangements for the defence are of the most extensive and stupendous character. There is a large number of troops in the camp, besides a full garrison in the city. Many of the ships in port have been converted into fire ships. A new levy of ten men in the thousand has been ordered throughout the western portion of the Empire.

THE BALTIC FLEET.—Orders calling home the Baltic fleet to England, causes an apprehension that the Russian fleet will escape from the Baltic, and commit devastation on the commerce of England and France. There is a rumor that Admiral Napier wishes to resign. This is doubtful.

FROM THE DANUBE.—The Russians have evacuated Brailow and Galatz, leaving the passage of the Danube free. Four thousand Austrians entered Bucharest on the 6th, and were formally received by Omar Pacha. It was reported that Omar and the Austrian commander subsequently disagreed.

PERSIA.—There is a complete rupture between Persia and the Porte.

RUSSIA.—The Independence Belge gives the substance of the Czar's reply to the last note of the four powers. The Czar expresses his surprise that Austria should have transmitted such proposals, unaccompanied by any concessions on the part of the powers. The Czar unconditionally rejects the proposals, and says that Russia has made every concession compatible with honor, and it only remains for him to try the eventualities of war in order to arrive at a solid basis for negotiations. The Emperor will avoid increasing the complication of the war, but will repel with energy all attacks from whatever quarter.

PRUSSIA.—Prussia informs the Germanic Diet that she never bound herself by the guarantees demanded by the Western Powers, and is resolved to remain neutral.

AUSTRIA.—Austria has officially notified the Western Powers of the Czar's refusal; and the Four Powers express themselves satisfied with the armed neutrality of Austria.

ENGLAND.—The accounts from the harvest throughout England, as well as from the Continent, continue to be most satisfactory.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.—The Indian mail had arrived at Trieste, bringing dates from Calcutta to August 12th, Shanghae to July 15th, Canton to July 20th. Trade in India was favorable, but in China very dull. The greatest confusion exists there. The insurgents have taken several places near Canton, and were threatening that city. The foreigners are protected by the factories and the ships in port.

FRANCE.—The military exercises continue at Boulogne. On the 14th a sham battle was enacted, in which 80,000 men took part. An invading army of 40,000 advanced from St. Omer to attack Boulogne, and was met by an army of defence numbering 40,000. On an immense fire and smoke the invading army prevailed, and Boulogne was conceded as taken.

The French Minister has been recalled from Berlin, and Ferdinand Barrot has been appointed in his place.

SPAIN.—Republicanism is reported to be extremely active in Spain, and another outbreak is considered as approaching. The Republicans are well organized throughout the kingdom. A programme of the intended movement is secretly circulated, and the Marquis of Albards is recognized as the head of the movement, and keeps himself concealed. Public opinion connects Mr. Soule with this revolutionary movement. Queen Christina has arrived at Lisbon, where she is to embark for France.

COTTON MARKET.—LIVERPOOL, Sept. 15, Friday Evening.—The Brokers' Circular reports the sales for the week at 41,500 bales, including 30,275 American. The sales to speculators reached 1,500, and the sales for export 8 450 bales. The market is dull and prices are easier, but not quotably lower.

Denniston quotes cotton as declined 1-16 in value. Orleans fair 6½; Orleans middling 5 3-16; Mobile fair 6; Mobile middling 5¼; Upland fair 6; Upland middling 5 1-16. The sales to day (Friday) reached 6,000 bales, the market closing dull.

BREADSTUFFS.—Western Canal flour 29s; Ohio 32s. Corn, yellow and white, 34s. White wheat 9s 6d.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, Sept. 15.—Consols are quoted at 95¼a95⅜.

FUNERAL DISTURBANCE.—The Rev. Francis Zeimer pastor of the German Lutheran Church, at the corner of High and Wylie streets, Pittsburg, has been bound over by Mayor Volz, of that city, to answer a charge of disturbing a burial service of one of the members of William Tell Lodge of the Order of Odd Fellows, at the graveyard of his church. According to the testimony, the funeral procession having entered the yard, and found the pastor performing the burial service for another member of his church, close by, the Odd Fellows waited until he had got through, and then sent a messenger to invite him to say something over the grave of their departed brother. He gave some short answer, and went to another part of the yard to bury another of his church members.—The Odd Fellows then went on with their own ceremonies, and while they were in the midst of them, the minister returned, pushed violently through the crowd, and uttered threatening and abusive language, upbraiding the Odd Fellows for what he termed their heathenish ceremonies.

THE CHICAGO FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—The three white men from St. Louis, who attempted to arrest a fugitive slave in the streets of Chicago, some weeks since, but were prevented by a crowd of vagabonds and negroes, one of whom they shot, were indicted by the Grand Jury at Chicago for "kidnapping," but have been discharged by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, on habeas corpus. The Chicago Journal says that the Chief Justice decides that the prisoners have been unlawfully detained; that the power of attorney given by the owner of the slave was sufficient to arrest him, without the assistance of the officers of the law, and that they had a perfect right to use whatever weapons they found it necessary to employ, in securing that a rest.

GOOD NEWS.—According to the Albany Evening Journal, the refreshing showers of the last month have wonderfully improved the potato crop of that region, and the papers of New England and the West testify to the same fact.

A woman has been elected constable in Perry county, Illinois.

EMPLOYMENT.—Young men in every neighborhood may now have healthful, pleasant and profitable employment, by engaging in the sale of our new and valuable Books, and canvassing for our valuable Family Journals. For terms and particulars, address, post paid, FOWLERS AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

All who engage with us will be secured from the possibility of loss while the profits will be very liberal. oct7-4t

The Public are Cautioned against Persons putting up mixed gin in jugs, and selling it under the name of Schnapps. That name belongs exclusively to my gin; all others are counterfeit. The genuine has my name on the jug, cork, and label, and a fac-simile of my signature on the label.

UDOLPHO WOLFE.

sep16-4t 18 and 22 Beaver Street, New York.

NEW YORK MARKETS, SEPT. 30.

ASHES—Steady; small sales.

COTTON—Quiet at 9½c for Middling Upland and 9½c for do. N. O.

FLOUR—The market is irregular and unsettled for Western. The prices are nominally the same. The sales foot up 5 000 bbls. at $7a7 25 for common to good State, and the same figures for mixed to good Michigan, and common to good Ohio. Southern Flour is in good request, chiefly for home consumption, with sales of 1,000 barrels at $7,50a$8 for mixed to good brands, the market closing firm. Rye Flour is quiet at $5 to $6 for the range. Corn meal dull at $4,12½ for State, $4 37½ for Jersey.

GRAIN—There is scarcely any inquiry for Wheat to-day, and prices are irregular. In the absence of sales we omit quotations as they would be entirely nominal. The market for Corn in the early part of the day was dull and in favor of buyers but towards the close there was more inquiry, and prices very generally recovered.

The sales of the day aggregate 50,000 bushels including mixed at 73a76c, and unsound parcels at 71a75½c. Oats are firm, and the supply much reduced. A good lot of Western and State would bring 50a53½c. Rye is dull, but firm at $1,18a1,20.

PROVISIONS—The market for Pork to-day has been heavy, and Mess could be bought readily at $13 75; Prime is quoted nominally at $11,75. In Beef, there is no change of importance to notice, while the demand continues light. Lard is in limited request, with sales of 200 bbls at 10½a10½.

WHISKEY—Sold to the extent of 400 bbls, mostly Prison, at 42a42½.

BARILLA—Teneriffe is firm—sales 50 tons at $47 on 4 mos, and $28 for Lumps.

BREAD—Prices are lower, with a good home demand. Sales at 6½c for Pilot, 5c for Navy, 5½c for fine Navy, and 6a8c for crackers.

BRICK—The market is steady at $3 75a4 for Hard North River.

COFFEE—The market is less buoyant, and is quiet on the stock of Rio's 12,000 bags. Sales of 60 bags Porto Rico at 11¼.

DYEWOODS—Since our last sales have been made of 400 tons St. Domingo at $13a14 cash, in bond; 22 tons Baswood at $17 50; 60 tons various lots Fustic at $25a34, duty paid.

FISH—Dry Cod are in better supply, and prices are unchanged; sales of 800 quintals at $3,50a3 75. Mackerel are firm and prices remain as previously quoted; sales of 200 bbls. Smoked Herring are in firm stock and steady sales of 3,000 bbls at 58a70c for scaled, and 30c for No 1.

HAY—The market is better supplied, the demand is fair. Sales of 500 bales at 80a85c for shipping.

HEMP—Manilla has been quite active, with sales of 4 800 bales at 14 cts. Of Jute 150 bales sold in Boston for this market at $120; also 200 bales Sunn at 6c, 6 mos. American is firmer; sales of 100 bales at $225a235.

HIDES—The demand is fair but somewhat restricted by the enhanced prices demanded, and the stock has slightly diminished, numbering 225,100. The sales are 7,400 Angosturas, 20a20½ lbs., at 16c, less 1 per cent and 6 mos; 2,300 Rio Grande, 20½ lbs. at 18c, less 5 per cent.; 3,780 do 20½ lbs, at 18c; 1,100 Minas, 16 lbs 16c; 2,346 Central America, 18 lbs. at 14c; 700 Carthagena at 11c; 100 dry salted Maracaibo, 11, as they run; 1,500 Buenos Ayres in Boston, for this market, 20½ lbs. at 18c; 3,000 do in Salem, delivered here, 21½ lbs, at 18c, 6 mos.

MONEY—The stock is about exhausted and prices are nominal.

HOPS—Are in limited request at 37a40 for new crop 1854, and 30a33 for old 1853.

LARD—Eastern are firm and in good demand at $1,671.

GLOBE COOKING STOVES.

Messrs. GHEEN, SMART & PETERSON, Gents,—I would rather be doing justice to you nor my own feelings were I not to express my great satisfaction with the very superior manner in which your Improved Globe Cooking Stoves did the great amount of cooking which had to be done at the late State Fair. I had seven of your Stoves in operation, [illegible] the work much better than any Cooking Stove I ever used.

With the sincere desire that your Improved Globe Cooking Stoves may become as much known and celebrated as they deserve,

I remain yours respectfully,

Signed, S. H. FUSSELL,

413 Race St., Caterer of the State Fair.

Philada., Sept. 30, 1854.

Local News.

THE GREAT STATE FAIR.

The Fair of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, which opened on Tuesday week, closed on Friday, after having been visited by at least 100,000 people.

On the first day, upwards of 30,000 persons visited the Fair. Throughout the day the ring appropriated to the trial of horses was surrounded by hundreds of persons, witnessing the speed of several horses attached to private carriages, which were entered for amusement.

The announcement that the horses would be tried, brought a vast multitude together on the afternoon of the second day, and at one time it was estimated that 10,000 surrounded the ring. A considerable portion of the stands appropriated to the poultry exhibition broke down with the heavy weight upon them, without, however, doing any particular damage. Several ladies and gentlemen were slightly bruised, but that was the full extent of the injury. Inside the ring, the judges, Messrs. A. E. Kapp of Northumberland, and Col. Wm. Colder and John H. Berryhill, Esq., of Harrisburg, were much annoyed by the insufficiency of the police designated for that portion of the Fair grounds. One very exciting scene occurred which might have terminated in very serious consequences, but for the determination and daring of a colored man, named Toby Smith, who was driving a horse belonging to Mr. Jacob Peters in a sulky. This vehicle in rounding the south side of the course, came in contact with a vehicle in which Mr. Howard was riding after a very spirited and pretty black horse, and one of the wheels becoming weak in consequence of the collision, the driver turned off the course towards the judges' stand, opposite the entrance. In approaching the stand, the wheel that damaged broke off, and Toby fell under the sulky. He held tightly to the reins, while the horse took fright and jumped round and round, and then started off dragging Smith some thirty yards before he was stopped. All who witnessed the mishap anticipated the driver's death, but Toby, as soon as the horse was stopped, jumped up as coolly as if nothing had happened. Mr. Howard's wagon was slightly damaged, and the harness on Mr. Peters' horse was badly broken in pieces. There were a number of fine horses exhibited, and the trial of speed was quite satisfactory to the Committee.

On the third day, visitors were admitted upon payment of twenty-five cents each, and there was a general rush of men, women, and children. As early as seven o'clock, the scores of omnibuses which had been carrying passengers to and from the grounds for a shilling apiece, commenced wending their way over the Schuylkill, filled, in almost every instance, with double the number entitled to seats. As it was an extra occasion, the drivers, desirous of accumulating as large a fund for their employers as possible, and to be *accommodating* to their customers, permitted them to pile in, regardless of the safety of the poor horses attached to the coaches and the fine apparel of the passengers. Silks, satins, bareges and other goods, the fancy of the gentle sex, and the fine cloth of the more stern, cut in the tip of the fashion, suffered to an enormous extent, but the anxiety to see the Fair sufficed for all the damage sustained, and instead of being chagrined, every one seemed pleased and contented with their lot. All the avenues leading westward were crowded with vehicles, and at nine o'clock in the morning it was a difficulty to find a cab or carriage disengaged. Throughout the day, the same state of things existed, and at one time, from Twentieth street to the grounds, Market street and the bridge and Bridge water street was blocked up, as was also the case with Callowhill street, from the Spring Garden gas works, the wire bridge and Bridgewater street, south from that structure. Such a throng of people, horses, vehicles, &c., was never before witnessed in Philadelphia, and it is a matter of doubt whether any exhibition in this country ever attracted so great a crowd of human beings as were in and about the Fair. From reliable information, obtained at the offices and entrances, says the Ledger, it is not saying too much to give the number of visitors at *one hundred thousand!* This may appear exaggerated, but to many of those who were present it is a sober conception. During the day there were 40,000 single tickets sold, and between 8,000 and 9,000 family tickets, admitting two persons. These were in addition to the members' tickets sold on Tuesday and Wednesday. The utmost decorum was noticed in every part of the Fair, except on the turf in the afternoon. There the crowd was so dense, that an unfortunate accident marred the pleasure of the sports. A sulky in which a gentleman was riding upset and threw him out, and the horse ran at a rapid pace round and round the course. After the animal was stopped, hundreds of men and boys rushed into the ring, and so obstinate were they that they refused to go out, and the trial of the horses had to be postponed. A gentleman who exhibited a large bull, prevailed upon the judges to allow him to try his animal on the course, assuring them he could drive it a mile an hour in a sulky. A vehicle was accordingly procured and the bull entered. All eyes were rivetted upon the man and his bull, but, instead of going ten miles an hour, he leisurely walked round, and convinced the judges that he could more easily be driven one mile in ten hours than in the time specified by its owner.

The closing day of the exhibition was nearly as well attended as the day previous. The expected address by the Hon. Wm. M. Meredith was not delivered, in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Meredith. Throughout the day, thousands of persons thronged the grounds, and a continual excitement was kept up, by the arrival and departure of persons on foot and in vehicles, and the removal, in the afternoon, of stock and products. At 10 o'clock the ploughing match came off, on the lands of the Bingham estate. There were 10 ploughs entered, and the competition occasioned the greatest interest. The best order prevailed, and everything passed off satisfactorily. At the conclusion of the ploughing the Committee made their report, which awarded to Newell French a premium of $15 for a double Michigan plough, and a like sum for the deepest ploughing, to Geo. Bachman, $10 for Wiggins' plough; to Jacob Sibbit, $15 for the best ploughing; George Blake, $12 for second best, and Robert Blake, $8 for third best; to H. Randolph Trego, 18 years of age, $10 best ploughboy.

ANIMALS.—The various animals included in the Cattle Show, elicited unbounded admiration. The whole of this department was thought by those best capable of forming a correct opinion on the subject, to have been superior to any ever collected together on any previous occasion. The horses were among the best the country can produce; the bulls, oxen, cows and calves comprised a number of the largest and most excellent breeds, the sheep and lambs were of very superior breeds also, while the hogs would compare with those of any former exhibition.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.—Mr. David Landreth presented a varied assortment of implements, adapted to hand and horse power, many of them manufactured at his steam works, Bristol, Pennsylvania, and others obtained from the best sources in this country and Europe. The collection embraced nearly 800 distinct specimens, ranging from the most delicate implements for ladies' use to the powerful Railway power and thresher. It is evident, with such varied materials, it would be difficult to give an intelligent sketch of the whole, and keep within the bounds of a newspaper report. We would however, particularize Reading's Corn Sheller and Cleaner, capable of shelling and cleaning, ready for mill or market, one thousand bushels per day. Hickok's Cider Mill, with which a man and boy can make ten barrels of cider by hand. Miles' improved, and Wiggins Ploughs, the admiration of the practical farmer. Delano's Independent Tooth Rake, which promises entirely to supercede the old and valued revolver, heretofore held in high esteem.

Cultivators of many patterns. In this implement great improvements appear to have been made of late. Mr. Landreth has done his part to bring the several makers' kinds to public notice. Hay Elevators, or Drags, as sometimes termed, are valuable aids at a hurried season; of these Mr. L. presented four distinct patterns, self-adjusting, manufactured at his works, and the invention of his intelligent workmen.

A stand of Seeds was displayed in bottles, and embracing upwards of 200 varieties, each property labelled, and principally the produce of Bloomsdale, the seed grounds of Mr. Landreth, which comprise 270 acres—the largest seed farm, it is said, in the world.

HORTICULTURAL.—The horticultural exhibition was varied and interesting. Mr. A. L. Felton, of Ridge Avenue, was prominent among the exhibitors, and in addition to a fine display of vegetables, which occupied a table 100 feet long and 11 tubs in an adjoining tent, containing one bushel each of different kinds, produced on his farm, and numerous cans of prepared tomatoes, there was a splendid collection of strawberry plants in 100 pots, comprising 10 varieties. Each plant will bear the same year they are set out, and the fruit produced is among the very best to be found in the country. There were also three plates of Isabella grapes from Mr. Felton's farm, which were equal to the best black Hamburg. The fruit was large and full, and the flavor of an excellent quality.

H. A. Dreer had a collection of roses, embracing 20 varieties, for competition. There was also another display of roses and verbenas, admirably arranged.

David Miller, Jr., of the Cumberland nurseries, near Carlisle, Pa., exhibited 100 varieties of apples, among which were the Newtown Pippin, Esopus Spitzenburg, Smokehouse, Rambo, yellow Bellflower, Swaar and Fallenwalder, considered the best for general cultivation in Pennsylvania.

Joseph F. Lee, a resident of Michigan, near Tecumseh, had an elegant exhibition of apples, pears and other fruit.

David Murphy, of Burlington county, N. J., had some fine black Hamburg, Chasselas and white Frontenac grapes; Mr. Mackin, 50 varieties of pears; the Beaver County Agricultural Society a lot of apples, pears, peaches and grapes; and Isaac B. Baxter, several plates of pears and peaches, which were excellent specimens of good fruit.

POULTRY.—The poultry exhibition exceeded that of the State Poultry Society, a few months past.—There were several hundred fowls on exhibition, comprising the Royal Cochin China, raised from Queen Victoria's stock, Shanghaes, Golden and Silver Hamburg, Black Poland, Black Pheasant, Seabright and White Bantams, White Japan Silk, Black Spanish Morinee, Speckled and White Dorkings, Wild Mountain Game, Sumatra Pheasant Game, Brahma Pootras, and a dozen or more varieties of fowls, pigeons, turkeys, large and small, geese, old and young, ducks, &c., &c. The depositors are Messrs. S. C. Raiford, (who has the most extensive display) James Gillespie, W. W. Clark, Jacob Bait, H. W. Ditman, M. H. Cornell, James Kilison, Wm. Leonard, Dr. J. T. Grabbe, J. J. Hooper, Ammon Holden, Robert Purvis.

LADIES' HOUSEHOLD GOODS.—The tent designated for the exhibition of ladies' household goods, possessed as much interest as any part of the Fair.—There were to be seen a number of articles made by the ladies—prominent among which were a table and piano covers, of drab cloth, decorated with raised zephyr work. These were made by Miss Margaret Gillespie, of Philadelphia, and took her three years to complete. On the piano cover was a bouquet, and on the table cover a wreath, which appeared almost like natural flowers; the colors were well blended, and the whole design and style of finish would compare with the most exquisite artistic work in the whole Fair. Miss Gillespie commenced the covers when sixteen years of age, working only when her health permitted her so to do, and fortunately succeeded in getting them ready for the exhibition.

Mrs. Eliza G. Walker had some jellies and preserved fruit, which were quite popular with housekeepers generally. They had been preserved with much care.

A silk quilt, manufactured of the badges used by the officers and members of the State Fair in Pittsburg, in 1853, was quite pretty.

Margaret G. Bradley's case of zephyr artificials and shell houses, and the shell vases made by Mary Ann Royer, a child ten years of age, were neatly made, and showed a considerable amount of taste.

Mrs. G. H. Bucher exhibited some domestic soap and blankets, and Matilda B. Thomas two baskets of flowers, crotchet mats and bonnets, and fine knit stockings.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city, was 230—Adults 117 and children 113.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, September 30, 1854.

REMARKS—Trade generally continues dull and inactive. Cotton is in limited request, but with small receipts and a reduced stock holders are firm in their demands. Bark is scarce and has advanced. Breadstuffs of all descriptions are dull. Supplies come in very slowly, but there is little or no export demand, and prices of Flour, Wheat and Corn have materially declined. Coal is not so active, but prices are maintained, and free shipments are making to the Eastward. Fish remain without change. In Fruit but little doing. The accounts from the West in regard to the Apple and Peach crop are more encouraging, and the product will be larger than was generally anticipated early in the season. In Hemp and Hides nothing doing. Hops are in limited request. Iron is dull, and the sales of all descriptions have been on a very restricted scale. Lead is scarce. In Lumber there is but little doing, and the market is dull. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses are in active request, and prices are looking upward, but the want of stock has materially restricted operations. Naval Stores are unchanged. Fish Oils are in good demand from store at full rates. In Provisions there is no change to notice. Rice has again advanced. Cloverseed is lower, but Timothy is in active request at the advance noticed last week. Tobacco is held firmly. In Freights but little doing.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts and stocks of Flour continue small, but in the absence of any export demand the market has been dull, and to effect sales holders have been compelled to submit to a decline of 50c per bbl. The only sales reported for shipment are 1,000 bbls good brands $8,25a8, closing with free sellers and no buyers at the latter figure. 100 half bbls sold at $8,50. Small sales for home consumption at $8a8,25 for common and good brands, and $8,25a9,50 for extra, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce, and there is very little coming in. Small sales at $6,75. Corn Meal is but little inquired after; sales of 900 bbls fresh ground Pennsylvania at $4 per bbl. and some *old stock* at $3,50.

Inspections of Flour and Meal for the week ending the 27th inst. were as follows:

Barrels of	Superfine Flour	8,737
Do	Fine	66
Do	Middlings	16
Do	Rye	134
Do	Corn Meal	303
Do	Condemned	47
	Total	10,291

JAMES J. BELAIR, Clerk.

F. VANSANT.

GRAIN—Supplies of Wheat continue to come forward slowly, both from the South and the interior, but the demand is limited, and prices have again declined 10a15c per bushel. Sales of 20a30,000 bushels at $1,50a1,60 for fair and prime red, and $1,70a1,80, afloat, for white, closing at $1,55a1,60 for red, and $1,70 for white. Rye is wanted, and is taken on arrival at $1,10a1,15 for Southern, and $1,15a1,18 for Pennsylvania. Corn is dull and 3c lower; 15,000 bushels yellow sold at 83a85c, closing at the former rate. Oats have been in active request, and prices better. About 18a20,000 bushels sold at 53a55c per bushel for Southern, and 56a58c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The transactions have been limited in all descriptions. Mess Pork is held at $14,50 per bbl, but the sales have been only in retail lots. Beef remains without change. City packed Mess is held at $17,50, cash. Bacon—The stocks are now materially reduced, and there is little or none coming forward. There has been but little inquiry. Hams are scarce, and sell from 11 up to 13½ cts per lb for plain and fancy canvassed, as in quality. Sales of Sides at 8½a9½c, and Shoulders at 7¼a7½c, cash, 4 mos. No sales of salted Meats, and but little stock left to operate in. Lard is held firmly but the demand has been limited. Small sales of bbls at 11a11½c per lb, cash and on time, and kegs at 12a12½c. Butter is in demand, but there is very little offering. Sales of solid packed Western in bbls and kegs at 15a17c per lb, cash. In Cheese but little doing.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There has been rather more demand for some descriptions of Cotton Goods, but the market generally is dull, and for Woollens prices are unsettled and drooping.

BARK—Continues scarce, and in demand at an advance of $1 per ton. Small sales of No 1 Quercitron at $26. There is but little Tanner's Bark arriving. We quote Spanish Oak at $17 per cord, and Chestnut $13a14.

BEESWAX—But little offering. Small sales of good yellow at 27a28½c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—Prices remain without change. Adamantine are held firmly at the late advance, and sell in lots at 22a23c per lb, 4 mos, for Western and city manufactured, as in quality. Sperm are worth 29a31 cts.

COAL—The demand has somewhat fallen off, both for shipment and home consumption, but prices remain without change. Supplies are arriving freely, both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh mines. Colliers are in fair supply, and the rates of freight remain without change. There is no Bituminous Coal arriving.

The following is a report of shipments of Coal from Richmond, for the week ending the 23d inst.:

Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schrs.	Sloops.	Boats.	Destination.	tons.
2	19	58				Boston & vicinity,	16,379
	1	29				Conn. & R. Isl'd,	4,930
		5			47	N. Y. and vicinity,	10,194
		7			6	North River,	2,025
1	1	23	11		14	Southern Ports,	4,811
3	21	112	11		67		

Tons for the week	38,349
Total for the season	1,059,230
Same time last year	850,695
No of vessels for the week	244
Total for the season	6,647

COFFEE—A cargo of Rio and an import of Laguayra have arrived since our last notice. The demand continues good, and holders are firm at the advance noted last week. Sales of 5a7,800 bags Rio at 10¼a11½c per lb, on time. The stock in first hands is extremely small.

COPPER—Limited sales of Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal are making at our former quotations.

COTTON—The receipts during the past week have been quite limited, and the stock is now exceedingly small. The demand has been limited, but prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 730 bales at 9½a11c per lb, on time, for Upland, and 9a12c for New Orleans.

DRUGS AND DYES—Soda Ash is plenty and dull. Sales at 2¼a2½c per lb, 6 mos; some Sal Soda at 1½c, and Roll Brimstone at 2½c, on time.

FEATHERS—Are in fair request, and but few offering. Small sales of good Western at 44a47 cts per lb.

FISH—Supplies of Mackerel continue to come forward very slowly, but prices remain without change. About 500 bbls sold from the wharf on private terms. Small lots from store sell at $19, 15, and $9 per bbl for large Nos 1, 2, and 3, and small Fish at proportionate rates. In Codfish and Herring nothing except in a retail way.

FRUIT—The market has been exceedingly quiet. Small sales of Bunch Raisins at $2 60a2,75 per box. In other descriptions of foreign Fruit there is little or no stock here to operate in. Dried Apples and Peaches sell slowly at our former quotations.

GINSENG—But little offering. About 10,000 lbs Clarified sold at 50c, cash.

GUANO—There is a steady demand for Peruvian at our last quotations.

HEMP—Is dull, and no transactions have been reported.

HIDES—Are not inquired after, and no sales have transpired.

HOPS—Are in limited request, and sell slowly at 45a48c per lb for first sort new crop.

INDIGO—Sales of 10 cerons Guatemala at about $1 per ton, on time.

IRON—The market has been dull during the past week. Supplies are arriving very slowly, but the demand is quite limited, and the only sales reported are small lots at $37,50a38 per ton, on time, for No 1 Anthracite, and $36 for No 2. Scotch Pig sells slowly at our last quotations. Blooms are scarce. In Bar and Boiler Iron steady sales are making at former rates.

LEAD—The market is very bare of Pig Lead, and no sales have been reported, excepting a small lot of English at $6,50, cash.

LEATHER—There has been a steady demand for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather at full rates.

LUMBER—There is but little doing in any description, and the receipts are falling off. Laths sell in lots at $1,87a2 per M. We quote Pickets at $8a9.

Shipped by Lehigh, week ending the 23d inst.

	Feet
	1,204,638
Previously	35,454,745
Total this year	36 659 383

MOLASSES—Continues very scarce and in demand; prices have an upward tendency; small sales of New Orleans at 23a25c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—Prices are steady for all descriptions. Small sales of Common Rosin at $1,87½ per bbl, and Soap at $2 up to $3,25, as to quality. A small lot of Tar sold at $4. Pitch is unchanged—Spirits of Turpentine is in steady demand; sales at 58a59c, cash and on time.

OILS—There is an active inquiry for Fish Oils from store, and prices have an upward tendency. About 1,500 gallons Crude Whale sold at 60a61 cts, on time. A small sale of Winter Lard Oil at 98c, on time. Linseed Oil is dull at our last quotations.

The following are the Imports of Sperm and Whale Oil and Whalebone into the U. States for the week ending the 25th inst.:

	Bbls Sp.	Bbls. Wh.	Lbs Bone.
From Jan 1 to date	66,887	311,846	3,423,477
Same time last year	83,977	255,947	5,079,985

PLASTER—Has been in rather better demand; two or three imports of Soft sold at $3,25 per ton.

RICE—Is scarce and has again advanced; small sales at 5a5½c per lb. on time.

SALT—A cargo of Turk's Island has arrived to a dealer.

SEEDS—There has been rather more Cloverseed coming in; the demand is less active, and prices rather drooping. Small sales at $5,50a6,50 for inferior and prime quality. Timothy is in active request, and is taken on arrival at $4.50 per bushel. The market is bare of Flaxseed, and it is wanted at $1,75.

SPICES—The only transactions reported are small sales of Nutmegs at 90ca$1 per lb, 6 mos.

SPIRITS—Brandy is in fair request at full rates. In Gin no change. N E Rum commands 45a46 cts. Whiskey is firmer. Sales of bbls at 41c; hhds at 40a41c, and Drudge at 40c.

SUGAR—There has been a good demand, and prices tend upward, but the reduced stock in first hands (less than 2,800 hhds) has materially restricted operations. Sales of 560 hhds Cuba and New Orleans at 5a5½c per lb. on time.

TALLOW—There is a fair demand for Country and City Rendered, within the range of 11a11½c per lb, cash.

TEAS—Prices are firm for all descriptions, and there is rather more inquiry.

TOBACCO—There is a steady demand for Manufactured at former rates. Leaf is held firmly.

WINES—The demand is limited, but the stock is light and prices firm.

WOOL—The market continues dull, and prices still continue to favor buyers. The demand has been quite limited—there being but little inducement for manufacturers to lay in stock under the present unsettled state of the market for Woollen Goods, and the week's sales only foot up 80,000 lbs at 30 to 45c per lb, 6 mos, as in quality.

FREIGHTS—To foreign ports there is little or nothing doing, and the rates are nominal. Some Logwood was taken at 10s per ton. To Boston the packets are taking Flour at 25c per bbl, and measurement goods at 4c per foot. Colliers are in steady demand at $2,30 per ton to Boston, $1,50a1,62½ to Rhode Island, and $1,10a1,15 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

DISEASES OF THE LIVER.

☞ When the celebrated Dr. Rush declared that drunkenness was a disease, he enunciated a truth which the experience and observation of medical men is every day confirming. The many apparently insane excesses of those who indulge in the use of spirituous liquors, may be thus accounted for. The true cause of conduct, which is taken for infatuation, is very frequently a diseased state of the Liver. No organ in the human system, when deranged, produces a more frightful catalogue of diseases. And if, instead of applying remedies to the manifestations of disease, as is too often the case, physicians would prescribe with a view to the original cause, fewer deaths would result from diseases induced by a deranged state of the Liver. Three-fourths of the diseases enumerated under the head of Consumption, have their seat in a diseased Liver. (See Dr. Gunn's great works.)

☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills, and take none else. There are other Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills, also his Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada. 18

ALMANAC.

Sept., 1854.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
7 Saturday,	6 19	5 41	2 59	
8 Sunday,	6 20	5 40	3 46	
9 Monday,	6 21	5 39	4 34	
10 Tuesday,	6 23	5 37	5 22	D. H. M.
11 Wedn'day,	6 24	5 36	6 13	Full 6 2 47
12 Thursday,	6 25	5 35	7 4	Last 13 6 57
13 Friday,	6 27	5 33	7 56	New 21 4 18
14 Saturday,	6 28	5 32	8 47	First 28 2 18

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. BENJAMIN W. IVINS, to Miss RACHEL D. WILMET, both of Haddonfield, N. J.

On the 28th ult. by the same, Mr. WILLIAM R. BANES, to Miss ELIZABETH B. BROOKS, both of this city.

At Lagrange, Georgia, on the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Otis Smith, Mr. BENJ. B. DAVIS, of Montgomery, Ala. to Miss MARY E. daughter of the Rev. Wm. A. Callaway, of the former place.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Levi G. Beck, Mr. ENOS VANDEGRAFT, to Miss CHRISTIANA STAUFFER, both of this city.

On the 6th June, by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, Mr. THOMAS MOORE, to Miss MARY J. MCILWAIN, both of this city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. FRANKLIN WHITECAR, of Fairton, N. J. to Miss LYDIA L. ROSS, of Cape May county, N. J.

By the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. THOMAS S. FRALEY, Jr. of the District of Richmond, to Miss HANNAH, daughter of Jos. Coffman, Esq. of Aramingo.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. John Coleman, Mr. DAVID W. HEPPARD, to Miss JULIA FLURY, both of this city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Dr. J. C. Lyons, Mr. JOHN SHANNON, to Miss JANE MCCAFFEE, all of this city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. F. Hodgson, Mr. PORTERFIELD HUTCHINS, of Maine, to Miss REBECCA CHAMBERLIN, of Absecom, N. J.

On the same day, by the same, Mr. EDWARD R. CHAMBERLIN, to Miss ANNA E. CONNOR, both of Absecom, N. J.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev John Coleman, D. D. Mr. LOUIS M. CHASTEAU, to Mrs. CATHARINE AZPELL, all of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Charles Brown, Mr. JOHN DAVIS, to Miss ANNIE IRVINE, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. DAVID B. BAKER, to Miss SARAH A. LOCKER, both of this city.

On the 22d of Aug. by the same, Mr. PETER H. BUCKIUS, to Miss CAROLINE S. daughter of Geo. F. Shoch, Esq. all of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. J. F. Bouldin, Mr. SANDEY SIMPSON, of New Haven, Conn. to Miss CHARLOTTE MATTHEWS, of Baltimore.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. G. Clark, Mr. CHAS. SCHOFIELD, to Miss KATE JONES, both of Lower Merion, Montgomery county.

On the 10th inst. at St. Joseph's Church, by the Rev. F. X. Barbelin, Mr. JOHN MAKIN, to Miss HANNAH RYAN, both of this city.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ult. MARGARET, consort of Geo. Barrey, aged 41 years.

On the 26th ultimo, THOMAS J. son of Zebina and Matilda Ellis, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 26th ult. ALONZO, son of Andrew and Ann Getter, aged 13 years.

On the 26th ult. MARY, daughter of Wm. G. and Elizabeth B. Smith, aged 8 years.

On the 26th ult. EMMA FRANCES, daughter of S. C. and Eliza Bigelow, aged 20 months.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. CATHARINE BECK, aged 35.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of E. H. Spain, aged 24 years.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. SUSANNAH MYERS, aged 83.

On the 26th ult. JOHN DYNAN, aged 29 years.

On the 26th ult. ROBERT TATE, son of Thos. and Catharine A. Maguire, aged 8 years and 2 months.

On the 26th ultimo, WILLIAM MORGAN, aged 17 years.

On the 25th ult. JULIA ANN, wife of Capt. Peter S. Steelman, aged 37 years.

On the 24th ult. ROGER BROWN, aged 45 years.

On the 25th ult. SARAH FRENCH, aged 54 years.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH K. wife of John Roberts, aged 40 years.

On the 26th ult. JOHN MCCANN, aged 11 years.

On the 26th ult. DANIEL TAYLOR, son of Danl. and Elizabeth Magarge, aged 3 years and 8 months.

On the 25th ult. Mr. WILLIAM PRALTHY, aged 33.

On the 25th ult. JOSEPH TOLSON, aged 40 years.

On the 25th ult. Mr. PARKYTES, aged 34 years.

On the 24th ult. Mr. THOMAS MURPHY, aged 37.

On the 24th ult. GEORGE W. HEGERMAN, aged 19 months.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. MARY GAUL, aged 35 years.

On the 25th ult. ROSA KELLY, aged 61 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. ANN M. BOND, aged 34.

On the 24th ult. EDWARD D. HALL, aged 22 years.

On the 23d ult. MARGARET ANN, wife of John Lorue, aged 29 years.

On the 24th ult. MARGARET MCKINNY, aged 22 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. GYSEY BOYD, aged 24 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. MARY SMYTH, aged 59.

On the 24th ult. Mr. WILLIAM KENNEDY, aged 67.

On the 23d ult. MATILDA HOUSTON, daughter of R. M. and Eliza A. Kerrison, aged 20 years.

On the 23d ult. ADALINE, wife of A. H. Prickett, aged 31 years.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS, *No. 3½ South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, October 7, 1854.

Bank	Rate
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia Banks	par
U S Bank notes	10 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Washington co	½ dis
Honesdale	½ dis
Wayne-burg	½ dis
Erie	½ dis
All other sol't Bks	par
Relief notes	½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Burlington, Medford, Sal'm, Bridgeton, Camd'n, Princeton, Bord'to'n BkgCo	par
Public Stock Bank, Belvidere,	25 dis
Plainfield	closed
State Bk Morris	do
Coml Bk Perth Amboy	do
Peoples Bk Patterson	do
N Hope Del Bridge Co	do
Yardleyville do	10 dis
New Brunswick	½ dis
Newark	½ dis
Morris co	½ dis
Middletown Point	½ dis
Orange	½ dis
Belvidere	½ dis
Rahway	½ dis
Dover	½ dis
All New Jersey secured by stocks	½ dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent Banks	par
Bk Milford	failed
Under 5's	½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore Banks	½ dis
Mineral Bk	½ dis
Cecil co	½ dis
Frederick co	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington co	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Salisbury; Havre de Grace	failed
Far & Millers	
Far & Mec Bk Kent Co, Md	failed
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent Banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City Banks	par a ½ dis
Solvent co Bks	½ dis
James Bk	25 dis
New Rochelle	30 dis
Far Bk Onondaga	25 dis
Bk of Owego	redeemed
Mer & Man Bk City Oswego	25 dis
Broke—Drovers' Bk, Ogdensburg	30 dis
Bk Carthage	30 dis
MAINE.	
Mercan Bk Bangor	15 dis
All other solv't Bks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent Bks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent Banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent Banks	½ dis
Bk N AmoSeymour	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent Banks	½ dis
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
Coch'te Bk Bost	50 dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent Banks	½ dis
Phoenix B'k, Westerly, stolen notes	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	1½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & brch's	1 dis
Far Bk & brch's	1 dis
Valley Bk & brch's	1 dis
Ex Bk & brch's	1 dis
Wheeling	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent Banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent Banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
All solvent Banks	1 dis
Bk St Mary's	25 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
Country Banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All Banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent Banks	1½ dis
OHIO.	
Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Bk of Norwalk	60 dis
All solvent Banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
Bk Massillon	failed
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent Banks	2 dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent Banks	2 dis
Small notes	2 dis
Waukesaw	no sale
ILLINOIS.	
Bk of Illinois	30 dis
State Bk do	75 dis
Good Free Bks	1a3 dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent Banks	1 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent Banks	3½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
East Tennessee	3 dis
F & M, Memphis	failed
MICHIGAN.	
Gov't Stock Bk	1½ dis
All solvent Banks	3 dis
Erie & Kalamazoo Bank	60 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All Banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
All solvent Banks	1½ dis
TEXAS.	
Commercial & Agricultural Bk Galveston	10 pr ct

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THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ROSS, CAMBLOS & CO., STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

No. 26 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's '56	104½	—	P Township	34	35
" '62	113	—	Girard	12½	12½
" '67	117½	—	Western	70	72
" '68	117½	—	Man & Mechs	29	30
" '65	107	—	Bk of Com	60	71
July Interest off			Camden N J	65	68
Philada 6s	100	80	Georgetown	62	65
" 5s	83	84	Trent Bk Co	34	—
" Gas 6s	99	99½	Pitt'bg Bk	25½	27
County 5s	83	84	M & M Pitts	50	60
Penna 5s	100	—	Exch'ge, Pitts	55	—
" 5s	84	84	Com, Cin	15	—
Kentucky 6s	107	—	Louis, Ky	100	—
Tennessee 6s	93	94	Kentucky Bk	101	101½
Illinois 6s	—	—	Northern	100	—
Cincinnati 6s	95½	96	Union, Tenn	—	94
Texas T Notes	39	40	Plant's, Tenn	—	94
" Bds 5s	30	—	Vicksburg	10	11
Schuyl N 6s	74½	75	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	93½	93½	N O Gas Lt	110	—
" 1st Loan	95	—	Schuyl Nav	23½	25
" Mort 6s	94	95	" pref'd 10	31½	33
C & D C'l 6s	85	86	Lehigh Nav	67	68
C & Am R Bds	95	97	C & Del Cal	—	—
BeaMdw R 6s	81	82	Morris Cl	13½	13½
Susqueh Cl 6s	61½	62	Penn&OhioCl	90	—
Norrist'n R 6s	95	—	Union Cl	10	11
Harris R 6s	95	—	Camd&Am R	154	—
Wil R 6s	95	97	Penna R	44	45½
Read R 6s	76½	76½	Bea Mdw R	35	38½
" Mort 6s	83½	84½	Lykens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Shares	2	—	North Am Cl	—	14
N Amer Bk	140	143	Susqueh Cl	10	11
Penna Bank	114	115	Norristown R	57	57½
Philadelphia	126	130	Harrisburg R	55	—
Far & Mec	69	70	Reading Road	38½	38½
Commercial	61½	62	Wilmington R	34½	34½
N Liberty	60	—	Minehill R	64	65
Mechanics	29½	29½	N Liberty Gas	29	25
Southwark	70	—	N W Min Co	—	95
Kensington	70	73	L'g Island RR	14½	14½

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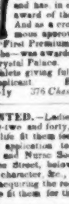

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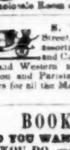

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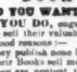

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FITS! FITS! FITS!

THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS,

FOR THE CURE OF

Fits, Spasms, Cramps, and all Nervous and Constitutional Diseases.

PERSONS who are laboring under this distressing malady, will find the VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY,

OR FALLING FITS.

These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and, although they are prepared especially for the purpose of curing fits, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. In chronic complaints, or diseases of long-standing, superinduced by nervousness, they are exceedingly beneficial.

TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS!

In the publication of the following certificates of cures, the names have been suppressed, as the testimonials were voluntarily offered, and it would be improper to publish them without the consent of the parties, and who would be unwilling to publish to the world that they or their children, or friends, ever had Fits, when the circumstance is always regarded as one of the family secrets.

READING, BERKS COUNTY, PA., December 27, 1852.

To Seth S. Hance:

DEAR SIR—The Pills my brother bought of you in November, I mean the VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS, are out, and I get a friend to enclose you five dollars, for which I wish you to send me immediately two boxes more. I have been troubled for many years with FITS, and have tried the skill of many Physicians, but nothing which I have taken appears to have met the requirements of my case so well as your EPILEPTIC PILLS.

ANOTHER CASE OF FITS!

CLARKSBURG, Va., November 15, 1852.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR—Having been afflicted for some years past with FALLING FITS, I saw your advertisement and determined to give your Pills a trial, and I am happy to say that since I commenced the use of them, I have not had an attack. I believe them to be a first-rate article, for, as I have written to you in a former letter, I was attacked every two weeks, but since I have been using them I have not had an attack.

Yours, respectfully.

LETTER FROM A DRUGGIST.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10, 1852.

DEAR SIR—Please send me two boxes more of your VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS—the person for whom I procured them, is much pleased with their effects. They seem to have an excellent effect.

A PERFECT CURE OF EPILEPSY.

PITTSBURG, November 26, 1852.

DEAR SIR—It is now ten months since my wife has had any of those nervous attacks. She thinks she is cured. She has not had any symptoms of the disease for the last nine months. She took your VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS for about four months, and discontinued them four months since. Mrs. S. was treated by the best old school Physicians in the State for ten years, then by the best Homœopathic for eighteen months, without a cure. It is to your Vegetable Extract Pills, and with a strict regard to diet, that we ascribe her cure of the most dreadful disease that ever afflicted the human family. I wish every person afflicted with Epilepsy had this medicine, and would give it a thorough trial. It may not cure in all cases, but in this it has performed wonders.

A VERY REMARKABLE CURE.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Georgia, December 17, 1852.

DEAR SIR—I wish to inform you that one of my family has been afflicted with FITS for a number of years, and seeing an advertisement in a newspaper, concerning your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS, I came to the conclusion, after trying almost every Physician in my reach, and all having failed in relieving my child of the disease, to send for six boxes of your Pills, which proved an effectual cure for my daughter, who is now about 18 years of age. I think there is no other medicine in the world equal to them, and I will be ever grateful to you for the use of them, for my daughter whom it has cured.

Yours, respectfully.

NERVOUS AND CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES.

These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system, and although they are prepared especially for the purpose of curing FITS, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. In fact, it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the speedy and almost miraculous results which these Pills effect in the diseased, broken down and prostrated nervous systems. Persons who were all lassitude, weakness and debility, before their use, at once become robust and full of energy. No matter whether the constitution has been broken down by excess, weak by nature, or debilitated by sickness, their effect on the unstrung and shattered nervous organization is equally certain and apparent. In cases of neuralgia, headache, vertigo, pain in the nerves of the face, and the various train of Nervous Affections, palpitation of the heart, periodical headaches, cold and shivered state of the frame, frequent fits of abstraction, total inability, dislike to society, melancholy, religious mono-mania, [illegible] they will produce a cure. They will also remove depression, excitement, a tendency to blush, restlessness, sleeplessness, incapacity for study or business, loss of memory, confusion, giddiness, blood to the head, mental debility, hysteria, indecision, wretchedness, thoughts of self-destruction, fear of insanity, &c. They will increase and restore the appetite, strengthen the emaciated, renew the health of those who have destroyed it by excesses, and induce continued cheerfulness and equanimity of spirits, and soothing life.

Persons of pale complexion and consumptive habits are restored by the use of a box or two, to BLOOM and VIGOR, changing the skin from a pale, yellow, sickly color to a beautiful FLORID COMPLEXION.

We assure the reader that the utmost reliance may be placed in these Pills, in the cure of the maladies mentioned above, and also of those which follow, viz: Loss of muscular energy, and general prostration, irritability, and all Nervous Affections, indigestion, sluggishness of the Liver, weakness, &c., or any of the consequences of indiscretion, or indulgence, rendered it the most valuable remedy ever discovered. In fact, as a remedy for the above complaints, these Pills stand unrivalled and alone. There is no other reliable remedy, or any that has authentically received the sanction of the medical faculty.

In constitutional diseases, the action of these Pills is not less happy and decided. Numerous instances might be mentioned in which persons have inherited dreadful maladies from their infancy, and had endured years of misery and suffering, spent hundreds of dollars, and finally been cured by the use of the Vegetable Extract Pills.

CASE OF NERVOUSNESS AND PROSTRATION.

NEWBERN, N. C., Jan. 1, 1853.

DEAR SIR—My wife has been afflicted for the last seven years with general weakness, prostration, sour stomach, dyspepsia, constipation, extreme nervousness and headache brought on, as I believe, originally, by a severe cold during sickness, which nearly terminated her life. Several Physicians were employed, and a great many medicines, to no purpose. Among the rest were numerous cordials and other medicines advertised for the same purpose as yours. And at last a friend of the family requested me to try your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS, which I did, with no hope that it would operate with any better effect than the others, but I rejoice, my dear sir, when I inform you she has not yet taken three boxes, and already enjoys better health than she has for twenty years previous to this date. Constipation, headache, nervousness and dyspepsia are all gone, and I have not the least doubt that they will ultimately restore her to complete health. I shall ever take pains in recommending them to others troubled in like manner, and I also know them to be equally good for FITS; for, as I said before, the friend of mine who recommended them to me, had a little daughter who was cured of Fits by the use of them.

COMPLICATION OF DISEASES.

TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 27, 1852.

DEAR SIR—I have been severely afflicted for a length of time with great PHYSICAL DEBILITY and PROSTRATION of the whole NERVOUS SYSTEM. At times I have fallen in the street by attacks of dizziness in the head, accompanied by ringing in the ears. I also suffered with dyspepsia, sickness at the stomach, and sensations of weakness. Heard that your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS were adapted for such complaints, and procured a box, and to my astonishment, before I had used the box, I was like another man; indeed, one-half dozen boxes cured me entirely. I have never been so surprised at any result in my life. I consider your medicine a great blessing, and will extend its use as far as lies in my power. You are at liberty to publish this if you choose.

DIMNESS OF VISION AND DEBILITY.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 17, 1852.

DEAR SIR—I enclose you five dollars for two boxes more of your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS. I want them for a friend of mine, who has Fits; they have entirely cured me. I was afflicted for many months with pains in the head and dimness of sight, together with great nervous debility; so much, that it was with much difficulty for me to walk or keep about. My digestive organs, also, were much deranged. I used quite a number of remedies, but received little or no benefit until I took your EXTRACT PILLS, which have restored me to more than my usual health, as I am now enjoying better health than I have done for a number of years. I am now 60 years of age. I believe them to be an invaluable medicine, which I recommend to my numerous acquaintances, and they are very large. I hope this hasty sketch may be as much benefit to you as the medicine has been to me.

EDITORIAL EVIDENCE.

The editor of the *American Courier* writes as follows:—"We have examined a number of letters, which may be called certificates, in reference to the cure of this most distressing and terrible disease,—as performed by the medicine prepared by Mr. S. S. Hance, of Baltimore, and advertised in detail, in another column of this paper, and can confidently commend it to those who have friends or relatives suffering from Epilepsy, or Falling Fits. The letters invariably speak in the most sanguine and grateful terms of the results of the medicine, one, from Plymouth, Luzerne county, Pa., ordering a supply, says—'I am much encouraged, as I have not had a fit since I last wrote you.'"

And again:—

"'Among all the ills that flesh is heir to,' there is perhaps none more distressing than that of Epilepsy. The constant dread of attack, together with the prostrating and terrible nature of the disease, conspire to render a panacea, a desideratum most devoutly to be wished, and such an one it is believed and confidently asserted, will be found in the preparation offered in this paper by Seth S. Hance, Baltimore."

☞ As these Pills are composed of some of the most expensive materials in the Materia Medica, it will be impossible to leave them around the country on agency, as common Patent Medicines usually are. But in order to let the afflicted in the most remote parts of the country have a chance to obtain them, they will be sent by mail, FREE OF POSTAGE, to any part of the United States, or any country with which the United States has postal arrangements, on the receipt of a remittance.

PRICES—Vegetable Extract Epileptic Pills, $3 per box, two boxes for $5, or $24 per dozen.

☞ ALL ORDERS must be addressed, post-paid, to

SETH S. HANCE,

108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

☞ UNPAID LETTERS not taken from the office.

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Selected Poetry.

[illegible]

BY JU[illegible]

On the bosom of a river
Where the sun unbinds his quiver,
Or the starlight streams forever
 [illegible]
Hanging dew-drops hung like diamonds,
On the bright folds of her banners,
While the zephyr rose to the bay,
 Softly to the radiant sea.

At her graceful prow [illegible]
In the flush of youth stood dreaming,
And he was in glorious seeming
 Like an angel from above;
Through his hair the [illegible] sparkled,
And as on the wave he floated
Oft that pilot, angel-throated,
 Warbled lays of hope and love.

Through those locks so brightly flowing,
Buds of laurel bloom were blowing,
And his hands [illegible] were throwing
 Music from a lyre of gold.
Swiftly down the stream he glided,
Soft the purple waves divided,
And a rainbow arch abided
 On his canvas' snowy fold.

Anxious hearts, with fond devotion,
Watched him sailing to the ocean,
Praying that no wild commotion
 Midst the elements might rise.
And he seemed some young Apollo,
Charming summer winds to follow,
While the water-flags corolla
 Trembled to his music sighs.

But those purple waves enchanted
Rolled beside a city haunted
By an awful spell, that daunted
 Every comer to her shore.
Night-shades rank the air encumbered,
And pale marble statues numbered
Where the lotus eaters slumbered,
 And awoke to life no more.

Then above sealed with lightning quickness,
O'er his face a mortal sickness,
And the dews in fearful thickness
 Gather'd o'er his temples fair;
And there swept a dying murmur
Through the lovely Southern summer
As the beauteous pilot-comer
 Perished by that city there.

Still rolls on that radiant river,
And the sun unbinds his quiver,
Or the starlight streams forever
 On its bosom as before.
But that vessel's rainbow banner
Greets no more the gay savannas,
And that pilot's lute drops manna
 On the purple waves no more.

The Louisville Journal says of these lines, "One might almost wish to die, if he knew that so beautiful a tribute as this would be written to his memory."

Pictures of Life.

A SUBALTERN'S VIEW OF WAR.

BY ONE WHO HELPED DIG THE TRENCHES AT THE SIEGE OF VERA CRUZ.

[The following simple sketch of an old soldier's thoughts and feelings and experiences, while engaged in the trenches preparatory to the bombardment of Vera Cruz, in the late war with Mexico, comes to us from a neighboring State, purporting to be written by the "Old Dragoon" himself, who is now earning a living, it seems, by chopping wood. He says he does not expect his "description to pass for a great thing," on account of his literary merits, and he thinks nothing great in that way ought to be expected of "an old wood-chopper." But still, he says, "it is the simple and true statement of the old fellow's feelings and thoughts in those critical moments when life and limb were at stake." The old man evidently has some poetic feelings, as well as an old soldier's fire. So we let him tell his story in his own way. His style betrays a foreign idiom, and he speaks of having seen service in Europe in his young days.—*United States Magazine.*]

What a noise and bustle is in the camp!—hark! there is something going on. Hear old Colonel Harney's voice—he is cursing and swearing; most likely some horses are loose, or the mounted dragoons, who return from drilling, are not riding in files by two, and in distance of two feet from the foreman's horse's tail. Never mind! I sit here unseen and undisturbed in this bushy little place, covered and surrounded by vines and shrubs with the prettiest little flowers I ever saw. Had I remained in the tent, to clean my sabre and carbine, our orderly sergeant would have called me out to do some police work. How noisy the fellows are in the camp!—almost all languages—I hear Dutch, French and English—it is quite a Babel! Indeed, Wallenstein's camp could not have been composed of more various nations and harder cases, than ours. I hope nobody will steal my belts; I have washed them, and hung 'em over our tents. Bang! Bang!—Halloo! they are throwing bombs from the Castle Ulloa to our fellows, who are working in the trenches. Look! there is one sailing through the air like a comet with a tail. Bang! there, she bursts, and leaves a white cloud of smoke in the air. At the sea-beach is the same noise as in our camp; sailors and soldiers are all busy to get the big cannon on shore. Wait a little, Mr. Señor, we soon return the compliments. Hush! Oh, look at that pretty humming-bird! there is another one! How they stand upright in the air, and dip their long bills in the flowers to suck the honey! what strength and swiftness they must have in their little wings!—ten times more, in proportion, than an eagle! There comes another red feathered gentleman, and whistles his tune; it is Mr. Cardinal. The she-one next to him looks at me as an intruder. She must have her nest here abouts, and seems to be afraid of me; she utters her fears to her husband. Poor little birds! don't be afraid—I shall not disturb your premises—I have other things to do than to look after birds' eggs. I shall kill Mexicans, who never have done me any harm. I am hired for that purpose, at eight dollars a month, to fight Uncle Sam's battles, and to help him vindicate his alleged rights and claims against Mexico.

War! What an awful thing! Here we are collected, almost from all nations, to destroy human life, and to batter down a city, where the inhabitants like to enjoy their peaceful occupations. All this is caused through nations' ambition and selfishness, and through the intrigues and instigation of some national leaders. They want to rise, in their political career, upon the misery of fellow beings. And we—we fools—help them, for a few dollars, to carry out their scheme, and think and wonder what heroes we are in that bloody drama, by sacrificing our bodies and souls. People say, the noblest work of God, is man, but I don't think so; anyhow, we fellows here have no claim to it. Animals, with their instincts, govern themselves better than we do, with all our boasted cunningness, vague reason and religious precepts.—Each species lives in peace, and their few quarrels are soon settled. I wish I could swap with one of the humming-birds, and quit soldiership.

I hear the bugle; what does that mean? Ah, the band is called to play before the old Colonel's tent. I am glad I sit here; now I can listen without interruption. What a fine march that is! I heard the same many times when I was in the Prussian army, thirty years ago.—Oh, those were happy days! Young, courageous, the world before me, and everything looked bright! That time, I did not like its music—it was not gay enough—too earnest and grave—meaning more for death than for life; but now it is appropriate for the occasion. What changes and dark clouds have passed through my life! All my hopes of this world now lie in the grave, and I soon shall follow. Be quiet, poor heart! I am a quivering autumn leaf, and shall soon drop, when the thunder rolls, and the tempest blows. That dented rusty spot on the hilt of the sword; I can't get it clean. At every inspection of arms, the captain and orderly sergeant are swearing and cursing about it. What is that? A tear drops from my eyes on the spot. Oh, how bright the hilt gets now! I scarcely perceive the old spot. Yes, tears have sometimes the power to wash off many spots in this life. Had some of the fellows in the camp seen them, how they would have laughed at me, and taken it for weakness and cowardice. But stop, we shall soon see who is afraid when bullets are whistling around us. He who then keeps cool and trembles not will be the man; no matter if an emotion of the heart, the recollection of the past and happier days, drew a tear from my eye. "Fall in! Fall in!" Now, I must be off, otherwise I shall be too late.

When I came into the camp, every one was running to fall in his proper place of the company, and I was lucky enough not to be the last. After the companies had assembled, the roll was called, and, as none were missing, our orderly sergeant called the names of some to [illegible] stepped forward, when my name was called, and another fellow's besides. We were now sixteen, and almost all Germans. The captain, in front, told us to go to the cook, draw for one day rations, and at twelve o'clock at night, to be fixed [illegible] at the Adjutant's tent, with carbine and twenty cartridges, but without sabre and cartridge-box. We might now go to our tents, and take a nap until the fixed hour. We knew now that we were selected to work in the trenches the next day. At the appointed hour we assembled before the Adjutant's tent, from each company sixteen, and amounted altogether to one hundred and sixty men. One lieutenant and a sergeant took the command, and we started off to the trenches. It was dark, like pitch, and we had about three miles to the first ditch. We passed an open plain at a fair distance from the Castle Ulloa, and could see in the dark how the twenty-four pounders had ploughed up the ground, and also the holes which the bombs had digged. But it was so dark that from the Castle they could not see us. Coming to the first ditch, the sun was rising, and, after marching along in the same, we soon came to another one, where a powder magazine was to be erected. Artillerymen were busy to dig a ditch around the same, and to throw the earth on the top; we worked by squads, half an hour, during which the others were resting. The Mexicans had not fired a shot, but we could see round us how the bullets and bombs had mutilated the sod of the ground, the day previous. Upon the fort in the city opposite the Castle we perceived Mexican soldiers and officers. They were spying at us with their glasses, to find out the spot where we were working. At once a ball passed us, and caused quite a sensation. The ball whizzed over us about two feet, and threw up, thirty yards behind us, cactus trees, briars, &c., with a tremendous vehemence in the air. Those on the top of the magazine jumped down, and sundry queer countenances were visible. Some of the hard cases looked pale, but soothed us by saying, "There was no danger, as they were shooting too high." Our young lieutenant had also undergone a countenance change, and his rosy cheeks faded a little. I was just throwing dirt on the top, when a second ball came, and the lieutenant behind me ordered me to give my spade to another man. In this way the Mexicans kept up their fire without injury to us, and we completed our work. From that powder magazine led another ditch, five feet deep, and about two hundred yards long, towards the first parallel, which was about eight hundred yards from the forts and the city. We marched now in the same, by file of two, and came, about twenty yards from the parallel, to another short ditch to the left, in which also a powder-magazine was to be erected. During our march in that long ditch, I had some fear; because the bullets were flying pretty close on both sides; and if one ball happened to hit the ditch, it would have killed more than twenty men of us. This ditch was all the time full of soldiers, and in a straight line towards the mouth of the enemies' cannon. In laying out that ditch, I thought there was some mistake. I would have constructed the same in the shape of a fence-worm, and no ball could have then touched anybody. However, all passed off luckily, and we got to the second powder-magazine unhurt. A pair of us were now ordered to work, and the others had to rest. I soon got my turn, and had to climb up the ditch; an officer of the engineers, with some privates, directed the work, and a spade was handed to me to throw up the earth. Here we were more exposed to the Mexican fire. The spot was higher, and the bullets almost touched the sand hill of the magazine. We had to watch their loading and firing, and jumped down when the balls came nearer to our heads. After working half an hour, the officer told me to give my spade to another man, to go down to rest. I did so, and sat down in the ditch with the others, who had not yet worked. I felt hungry, took up my haversack, picked out some raw pork and biscuit, and was eating when the sergeant perceived me. Here I must mention that this sergeant, or corporal, had a spite on me since our embarkation from Brazos St. Yago, namely, the night before our embarkation. I had obtained a small slice of beef, and was roasting it under an old wreck of a schooner, laying on the beach, under which I had put up my quarters. Next to me was a party of dragoons of his company, of whom I got the beef, and they were preparing their supper in the same way as I did. The said corporal or sergeant passed me half-corned, and, seeing me and my beefsteak, he said: "Be d—, old Dutch, I must have some of your beef!" To which I replied: "Go to —! I will knock you down, if you address me in this way." He then turned to his men, accosted them in the same manner, and received the same answer. He repeated his insults, and an old dragoon, a Canadian Frenchman, took it up, and gave him battle, by which he was worsted. After being licked, he gave good words not to speak about it; but I stepped forward, and told him if he ever insulted me again, I would report him to the captain. This was the cause of his spite on me.

Seeing me now sitting down with the rest, he jumped up and asked me why I did not work. I told him the officer of the engineers had sent me down, as I had done my job. But he ordered me back; I remonstrating why he did not send some of the others, who had not worked, he walked off to our Lieutenant. Directly, the Lieutenant came and asked me why I did not obey orders. I told him the reason, but he said, "If you don't go directly, I shall jerk and buck you." In a rage, I got up, took my carbine, climbed up again, grasped from another man's hand a spade and began, under cursing and swearing, to throw up dirt again, and saying in my rage, "Would to God a bomb might blow up this d— magazine and us all." The Lieutenant of the engineers turned round and asked me, "What is the matter, old man? why are you in such a passion?" I told him the cause of it, how our Lieutenant would treat me if I came down again. But he replied, "Go down, old man, you have done your duty, and tell your officer I had ordered you down as commander of the work." Jumping down the ditch, the other dragoons had left the spot, and I was told they had been sent to work at the cemetery, to which the first parallel led. Bombs and twenty-four pounders were whizzing and whistling from the city and forts in all directions, but did not do much injury. In the parallel towards the cemetery, I perceived our Lieutenant. He was sitting down in the ditch, and had made a little excavation in the bank of the ditch, for the purpose to secure his head from the pieces of shells, which, after the explosion, were thrown tremendous high in the air, and then fell down, scattering with an immense force. In this way he had contrived to save his skull and brains for the benefit of the United States. Seeing me coming up the parallel, he halloed to me, why I did not walk bent. But I thought it was no use, as the balls flew over me too quick to make a bow in time, and to crawl on all fours would look rather too cowardly. Being, however, afraid he would report me to our Captain for disobedience, I made front, when I came up to him, and begged him not to report me. "Never mind," said he, in a quivering voice; "go to your work." At the cemetery, our dragoons had already finished their job, and we returned to our former place at the powder-magazine. In front of it was a battery erected, mounted with three or four mortars. The artillerymen were fetching ammunition and bombs from the two magazines. To cover that battery they had thrown up a high and big sand-bank or wall, and had laid on the top of it bags filled with sand. Every Mexican ball made the sand beneath the bags run down, and being such laid on the top lengthway, were apt to roll down. Four dragoons were called again to throw up earth or sand, and I went with three others to do the job. The artillerymen were already loading the mortars, but not a shot from our side was yet fired. I saw that our throwing up sand was no use, and told one of the dragoons to help me up to the bags, that I might turn them across, where they could not slip off or roll down when a ball might strike them. One lifted me up, and I turned the bags round. It was hard work, as the bags were heavy, besides some bullets were whistling pretty close over me.

I could never plainly see how the Mexican officers on the fort of the city were still spying us. One of the artillerists said: "Take care old man, that the Mexicans don't pop you down." I took the hint and jumped down, just as our first mortar was fired off. As soon as the smoke was rolling over the wall, the Mexicans ceased to fire. They saw now where we had hid ourselves, and planted their cannon accordingly. Almost every ball struck now the rampart, or was whistling close over it. A tremendous fire ensued now on both sides, and our artillerymen had now their task, and we dragoons were set at liberty.

Every one was now hunting for a hiding place, and, like rabbits, were running into the ditches to find a safe spot. I looked in the ditch next where that powder magazine was. But, oh, Lord! how full was the place; I scarcely could get five paces inside to sit down or bend down. The greatest part were rushing and pushing into the magazine like sheep when the dog or wolf is after them. Every one was kicking and pushing to get farther into the hole, and, as it soon got crammed full the last ones only had a chance to put their heads in, and stand with their back out-doors. I took up, in the meantime, two spades, and held them over my head, in order to secure my skull in case a [illegible] should fall on it, which were thrown high over us in the air after explosion. Pieces in the air looked like swallows, and fell down with a tremendous force. I digged afterwards some pieces out of the ground, not heavier than two-pence; but they lay about eighteen inches deep. One twenty-four pounder struck the sand-bags behind us, and threw two bags over me and my neighbor. After we crawled out beneath, the ball, striking in the sand of the rampart, rolled over my companion's head and into the hand of an engineer, who was laying in the ditch just before me. I told them I would give them a certificate that they had been shot with a twenty-four pounder on the head and hands, and were still unhurt; they might gain a bet by it. There was one Captain of the artillery whom I recollect with pleasure. He was an officer and a soldier, as every one ought to be, but, unfortunately, so few are. He appeared to have those under his command who had to fetch the ammunition from the magazine in the rear. They had to pass that long ditch I mentioned before, and were much exposed by the wrong construction of the same.

When the cannon balls and bombs were passing them, and striking the sod right and left close by, the latter bursting within five or six yards of them, and privates and officers were making polite bows, he stood upright and looked around as if nothing was going on, but made always a funny and appropriate remark to the balls, that they might respect the ditch, and not interfere with his men's business, and so forth. His countenance was so calm and composed, that it really inspired the same in others. No hard words to those that dodged and let the ammunition drop, and picked it up again. All what he said was in a mild, but distinct and commanding tone, and I am sure he was the father and friend of the private soldier in every respect; not like many others who, in the battle, cowardly dodge, or creep behind the front, but, far from peril, tramp upon the poor privates, steal their rations, and show their courage by a cruel and unlawful military treatment towards their subordinates.

The fire on both sides was kept up briskly till night, and must have been a grand sight to the spectators in the camp and upon the big sand-hills round Vera Cruz. Towards evening, we scattered dragoons were ordered to quit our hiding-places and go home, namely, to our tents. I darted up with some others, and rushed in full speed through that dangerous long ditch towards the magazine in the rear, behind which we thought to find shelter against them old big bullets. But arriving there, the ditches round the same were crammed up and stacked full with men already, and we had to stand on the platform—not the Baltimore, but Santa Anna's. Our fine Captain had to take the same stand with us, and seeing three bombs scattered round us in a very short distance, with their burning matches, and digging holes in the ground, dressed them in his usual polite manner, not to spit in our face. But he had scarcely finished his address, when one after the other bursted, and threw their powder dirt in our face, and the pieces of the shells close over our heads. This moment we dragoons embraced to get out of the cannon shot, and ran in full gallop over an open plain about three hundred yards long, till we came to the same ditch which we had first passed in the morning. Now we were safe, and breathed free, and our young Lieutenant commanded, with a martial voice, "Right!" "Left!" "Keep up!" and so we stepped off in first-rate order back to the camp, where every one was surrounded by his comrades to hear the story how he escaped from being shot.

Finally, I must remark that our last race was the most dangerous. The Mexicans peppered us most gallantly from their forts, with twenty-four pounders, and, having no more ditches and ramparts for shelter, I thought by every step to get a knock-down or a leg blown off, when a ball struck to the left and threw the sod and sand in my face; I jumped to the right; and when the same thing happened there on the right, I jumped to the left again. However, no man with a racehorse could have kept up with us by passing that fatal plain. I was quite surprised at my own swiftness, how fast I could run in my old days.

AN OLD DRAGOON,
And now a Wood-chopper.

Wit and Humor.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP—YES OR NO.—The following is from the *Courrier des Etats Unis:* Two Norman peasants were accustomed to meet every night to play cards. One of them, Antoine, was a widower, and he had a charming daughter named Sophie. The other, Philippe, was ten years younger than his friend, unmarried, and the possessor of an easy fortune. Sophie, accustomed every day to see Philippe, at last became greatly attached to him, perhaps somewhat attached to his little fortune, although Philippe was well preserved, notwithstanding he had already reached a certain age. However, their marriage was agreed upon; but as the day of its celebration drew near Philippe began to grow cool, and when the parties came before the civil authority, who was to tie the nuptial knot, he replied with a strongly accented "No," when asked whether he would take Sophie to be his wife. As may be well supposed the anger of Antoine was very violent, and Sophie was greatly distressed, and the consequence was that the evening card party was broken up. At the end of some weeks Philippe met Sophie, and thus addressed her:

"Believe me, my dear child, I had no intention to insult you, and I greatly regret the breaking up of our friendship and the card parties; but how can I make *Pere Antoine* forget the insult he thinks I have put upon him? I assure you I reproach myself with it every day."

"I think," replied Sophie, "that I can discover a means. Go and speak to my father; say you repent of what you have done; tell him you are willing to marry me, and fix upon an early day for the wedding, and when we come before the Mayor, I will in my turn say 'No,' and we shall be quits." Charmed with the idea of so cheaply recovering the means of pursuing his favorite recreation of cards, Philippe threw himself at the feet of his old friend, asked all sorts of pardons, and begged that he would suffer him to lead his daughter before the Mayor as soon as possible. After some hesitation the old man showed himself generous, and tendered his hand to his future son-in-law. On the Saturday following Philippe, Sophie and Antoine presented themselves before the Mayor.

"Philippe ——," said the Mayor, "do you consent to take for your lawful wedded wife Sophie ——, here present?"

"Yes," replied Philippe.

"And you, Sophie ——, do you consent to take for your lawful husband, Philippe?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied the young maiden, loudly and firmly.

The deceitful bridegroom was fairly caught. Sophie was his wife in spite of him. He made the best of it, and it is said never had reason to regret the trick that had been played upon him. He passed his days happily, played cards evenings with his father-in-law, and lived to be himself the father of a happy family of children.

SCENE IN COURT.—Litigation about title to pigs; the pigs having run wild all summer. Witness, a boy a little deaf, and a little daft. Lawyer. Do you know the plaintiff's pigs? Witness. Ha? (very loud.) Lawyer. (raising his voice) Do—you—know—plaintiff's pigs? Witness. Yes. Lawyer. How long have you known them? Witness. Ha? Lawyer. (louder still.) How long have you known them? Witness. Fed 'em last spring. Lawyer. Were they all about of a size? Witness. Ha? Lawyer. Were they all about of a size? Witness. Ha? Lawyer. (rises on his feet, petulantly, and shakes his fore finger, at the conclusion of each word of the witness) Were—they—all—of—about—of—a—size? Witness. Some of 'em wer, and some ov 'm wa'n't! Great explosion in court-house; lawyer magnetized, and witness staring vacantly around.

A RARE SCHOLAR.—The Boston Transcript has the following: One day last summer, the teacher of a certain district school in New England, after putting the usual questions—"Who is President?" "What state do you live in?" &c., to a juvenile class, asked a little boy what his father's name was? "Isaac," he answered promptly. "Spell Isaac," said the teacher. "E-y-e I, z-i-c-h, zaac, Isaac." The old scholars laughed outright at this new way of spelling a common name; even the teacher smiled, but commanding silence, she set the lad right, and proceeded with her questions. "What is your mother's name?" "Rachel." "Spell Rachel." "W-r-e-t-c-h Rach, h-e-l, Rachel." The smart boy was immediately given a "Reward of Merit," and dismissed.

☞ "Will you keep your eye on my horse, my son, while I step in and get a drink?" "Yes, sir." [Stranger gets his drink and comes out.] "Where is my horse, boy?" "He's run'd away, sir." "Didn't I tell you to take care of him, you scamp?" "No, sir, you told me to keep an eye on him, and I did till he got clean out of sight."

City Scenes.

LADY. "You don't mean to tell me, Mary, that my new crystal milk jug is bro——!"

MARY. "Yes, 'm, it's the orkardist jug as hever I see—it just took and tumbled right off its 'andle!"

ONE OF THE OFFICERS.—On the march of our gallant little army from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, they were oftentimes puzzled in obtaining the necessaries of life, to say nothing of the luxuries thereof. A recital of the many little incidents which occurred to our officers and men, engaged in their foraging excursions in the enemy's country, would be exciting and amusing. Some of those enterprises were not at all times particularly agreeable, especially to an individual of Puritanic mind; and were it not for the generally accepted axiom that "everything is fair in war," some of our military friends would not have come out of the Mexican campaign with the brightest escutcheons imaginable.

On a time, a well-fatted turkey in a neighboring rancho was too much for the moral courage of a squad of our army; the fowl was consequently surrounded and taken prisoner. As no immediate opportunity seemed to offer to serve up the prize in a proper manner, it was decided that the turkey should be turned over at present to the drummer, and that it should be kept by him until such time as the army encamped for the night. It was accordingly secreted in the drum, and clandestinely carried along by this receiver of the stolen goods. Now it so happened that the aforesaid drummer was called upon during that day to do active service in his peculiar calling; and as the tone of his instrument was entirely "muffled" by the presence of the turkey, exposure was inevitable. He was accordingly loth to beat when ordered; and when his captain called him from the ranks, his confusion was overwhelming. The drummer at once saw the folly of cavilling about the nice points, and accordingly acknowledged to his superior in a confused and under tone that he had a turkey in his drum, and it was impossible for him to beat. The officer at once understood the whole affair, and in anticipation of a "bit of the beast" himself, no doubt indulged a feeling of sympathy for the confused drummer. Without the sacrifice of his official dignity, however, he gallantly drew himself up in his saddle, and exclaimed in a tone which might be heard all along the line—"*Well, if you are sick, why don't you say so?*"

HAD A "WINNING WAY" WITH HER.—A wayward son of the Emerald Isle "left the bed and board" which he and Margaret, his wife, had occupied for a long while, and spent his time around rum shops, where he was always on hand to count himself "in," whenever anybody should "stand treat." Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of things, and endeavored to get her husband home again. We shall see how she succeeded: "Now, Patrick, me honey, will ye come back?" "No, Margaret, I won't come back." "An' won't ye come back for the love of the children?" "Not for the love of the children, Margaret." "Will ye come for the love of meself?" "Niver, at all. 'Way wid ye." "An', Patrick, won't the love of the church bring ye back?" "The church to the divil, and then I won't come back." Margaret thought she would try one other inducement. Taking a pint bottle of whiskey from her pocket, and holding it up to her truant husband, she said: "Will ye come for the drap of whiskey?" "Ah, me darlint," answered Patrick, unable to withstand such a temptation, "it's yerself that'll always bring me home again—*ye has such a winning way wid ye.* I'll come home, Margaret!"—*Lynn News.*

COMMENDABLE COURTESY.—We are gratified to be able to record an instance of magnanimity, growing out of the late fire. Our lilliputian friend, Gen. Gifford, having learned that Col. H. Walker had been so unfortunate as to lose most of his clothes in the United States Hotel, with his usual polite consideration, addressed the colossal Colonel a note, kindly *tendering him the use of his wardrobe.* The proffered favor was duly appreciated, but "*circumstances,*" or rather *circumferences*, prevented its acceptance.—*Milwaukee News.*

That reminds us of a story. When Colonel W—— was Mayor of Milwaukee, and Hans C—— was his "right bower," the two met upon the sidewalk one day. "Colonel," said Hans, "it is too bad for you, a Mayor of the city, to live in daily violation of a city ordinance." "Why—how—what?" said the Colonel, "what ordinance have I violated?" "Why, here you are," replied Hans, "going around *projecting more than five feet over the sidewalk.*"—*Wisconsin Argus.*

Selected Articles.

WHAT A SAILOR THOUGHT OF MISSIONS.—At the anniversary of the London Missionary Society, Rev. Mr. McLeod related the following incident: "Twenty-one years ago, he had read in the account of some voyage, things to the discredit of the Missionaries of this Society. Shortly after, meeting with the captain of a ship that voyaged to the South Seas, I inquired of him, and said, 'Do you think that Missions have done much good in the South Seas?' He looked at me, and said, 'I do not know what you think about Missions, but I will tell you a fact. Last year I was wrecked on one of those Islands, and I knew that eight years before, an American whaler had been shipwrecked on that island; that the crew had been murdered; and no doubt you may judge my feelings, when we anticipated that we either should be dashed to pieces on the rocks during the night, or if we survived to the morning, subjected to a dreadful death. As soon as the day broke, I saw a number of canoes, manned, pulling away between the island and the ship. We prepared for the worst consequences. Judge of our amazement when the natives came on board in a European dress, and spoke to us in English. In that very island I heard the gospel on the Sabbath day, and sat down at the communion table and sang the same psalm that I sang in Scotland.' He added, 'I do not know what you think of Missions, but I know what I think of them.'"

THOUGHTS ON BOYHOOD.—Beautiful boyhood! that link uniting in itself and to itself, both parents—half feminine in nature, form, mind, and affection; yet of how decidedly masculine energy; and, again, at the voice of love and sympathy, melting all that was masculine into tears of gentlest, most feminine tenderness. Beautiful boyhood, sporting in every wind, tossing its sunlit locks in the darkness of the stormiest skies, and baring his breast to every element—fearless, beautiful boyhood! beloved nature, who, like a kind school-mistress, sits upon the hills and claps her hands in joy at his pastime, giving him the earth, with all its landscapes, at once for his school and playground—and the rocks and the woods re-echo his mirth; and then in thoughtful liberty wandering, the quiet nooks enclose him in their greenness, making companions of everything animate and inanimate—endowed with beauty, searching with a worshipping curiosity into every leaf and flower about his path, while the boughs bending to him touch him with their sunshine, picking up lessons of present delight and future wisdom; by river-sides, by brooks, in glens, in the fields, and angling, in every breath, he draws intelligence and health.

☞ The San Francisco Sun, in quest of an item, thus journalizes: "Saw two Chinese in Dupont street, making extraordinary gestures and ejaculations—swearing, probably—no harm or sin in it; Heaven can't understand them."

HISTORICAL PAINTING.

BY RUSKIN.

But there is something still more striking in the evils which have resulted from the modern regardlessness of truth. Consider, for instance, its effects on what is called historical painting. What do you at present mean by historical painting? Now-a-days, it means the endeavoring, by the power of imagination, to portray some historical event of past days. But in the Middle Ages, it meant representing the acts of *their own days*; and that is the only historical painting worth a straw. Of all the wastes of time and sense which modernism has invented—and they are many—none are so ridiculous as this endeavor to represent past history. What do you suppose our descendants will care for our imaginations of the events of former days? Suppose the Greeks, instead of representing their own warriors as they fought at Marathon, had left us nothing but their imaginations of Egyptian battles; and suppose the Italians, in like manner, instead of portraits of Can Grande and Dante, or of Leo the Tenth and Raphael, had left us nothing but imaginary portraits of Pericles and Miltiades? What fools we should have thought them! how bitterly we should have been provoked with their folly! And that is precisely what our descendants will feel towards us, so far as our grand historical and classical schools are concerned. What do we care, they will say, what those nineteenth century people fancied about Greek and Roman history? If they had left us a few plain and rational sculptures and pictures of their own battles and their own men, in their everyday dress, we should have thanked them. Well, but, you will say, we *have* left them portraits of our great men, and paintings of our great battles. Yes, you have, indeed, and that is the only historical painting that you either have, or can have; but you don't *call* that historical painting. You don't thank the men who do it; you look down upon them and dissuade them from it, and tell them they don't belong to the grand schools. And yet they are the only true historical painters, and the only men who will produce any effect on their own generation, or any other. Wilkie was an historical painter, Chantry an historical sculptor, because they painted, or carved, the veritable things and men they saw, not men and things as they believed they might have been, or should have been. But no one tells such men they are historical painters, and they are discontented with what they do; and poor Wilkie must needs travel to see the grand school, and imitate the grand school, and ruin himself. And you have had multitudes of other painters ruined, from the beginning, by that grand school. There was Etty, naturally as good a painter as ever lived, but no one told him what to paint, and he studied the antique, and the grand schools, and painted dances of nymphs in red and yellow shawls, to the end of his days. Much good may they do you! He is gone to the grave, a lost mind. There was Flaxman, another naturally great man, with as true an eye for nature as Raphael—he stumbles over the blocks of the antique statues—wanders in the dark valley of their ruins to the end of his days. He has left you a few outlines of muscular men straddling and frowning behind round shields. Much good may they do you! Another lost mind. And of those who are lost namelessly, who have not strength enough even to make themselves known, the poor pale students who lie buried forever in the abysses of the great schools, no account can be rendered; they are numberless.

And the wonderful thing is, that of all these men whom you now have come to call the great masters, there was *not one* who confessedly did not paint his own present world, plainly and truly. Homer sang of what he saw; Phidias carved what he saw; Raphael painted the men of his own time, in their own caps and mantles; and every man who has risen to eminence in modern times, has done so altogether by his working in their way, and doing the things he saw. How did Reynolds rise? Not by painting Greek women, but by painting the glorious little ladies this, and ladies that, of his own time. How did Hogarth rise? Not by painting Athenian follies, but London follies. Who are the men who have made an impression upon yourselves—upon your own age? I suppose the most popular painter of the day is Landseer. Do you suppose he studied dogs and eagles out of the Elgin Marbles? And yet, in the very face of these plain, incontrovertible, all-visible facts, we go on from year to year with the base system of Academy teaching, in spite of which every one of these men have risen; I say in *spite* of the entire method and aim of our art-teaching. It destroys the greater number of its pupils altogether; it hinders and paralyzes the greatest. There is not a living painter whose eminence is not in spite of everything he has been taught from his youth upwards, and who, whatever his eminence may be, has not suffered much injury in the course of his victory. For observe; this love of what is called ideality or beauty in preference to truth, operates not only in making us choose the past rather than the present for our subjects, but it makes us falsify the present when we do take it for our subject. I said just now that portrait-painters were historical painters—so they are; but not good ones, because not faithful ones. The beginning and end of modern portraiture is adulation. The painters cannot live but by flattery; we should desert them if they spoke honestly. And, therefore, we can have no good portraiture; for in the striving after that which is *not* in their model, they lose the inner and deeper nobleness which is in their model. I saw, not long ago, for the first time, the portrait of a man whom I knew well—a young man, but a religious man, and one who had suffered much from sickness.—The whole dignity of his features and person depended upon the expression of serene, yet solemn purpose, sustaining a feeble frame; and the painter, by way of flattering him, strengthened him, and made him athletic in body, gay in countenance, idle in gesture; and the whole power and being of the man himself were lost. And this is still more the case with our public portraits. You have a portrait, for instance, of the Duke of Wellington at the end of the North Bridge—one of the thousand equestrian statues of Modernism—studied from the show-riders of the amphitheatre, with their horses on their hind legs in the sawdust. Do you suppose that was the way the Duke sat when your destinies depended on him? when the foam hung from the lips of his tired horse, and its wet limbs were dashed with the bloody slime of the battle-field, and he himself sat anxious in his quietness, grieved in his fearlessness, as he watched, scythe-stroke by scythe-stroke, the gathering in of the harvest of death? You would have done something, had you thus left his image in the enduring iron, but nothing now.

☞ "Halloo, driver, your wheel's turning round," sang out a little urchin to a cab-driver, who was driving furiously through Water street, the other day. Cabby pulled up, and looked anxiously, first on one side and then to the other. "You needn't look now—it's stopped!" coolly added the provoking little rascal.

☞ A deputy sheriff speaking of conveying a man to jail, remarked that he had much rather drive a lady. "What! take a lady to jail?" asked one of the company. "Oh, no, not to jail," said he. "But," quickly rejoined a lady, "you would be glad to take one to *court*."

THE HOMESTEAD.

BY LADY SPENCER.

It is not as it used to be,
 When you and I were young,
When round each elm and maple tree
 The honeysuckle clung;
But still I love the cottage where
 I passed my early years,
Though not a single face is there
 The memory endears.

It is not as it used to be!
 The moss is on the roof,
And from the eaves [illegible]
 The swallows keep aloof.
The [illegible] they used to sing
 When you and I were young,
And how did [illegible]
 The opening flowers among.

It is not as it used to be!
 The voices loved of yore,
And the forms that we were wont to see
 We see and hear no more.
No more! alas! We look in vain
 For those to whom we clung,
And loved as we can love but once,
 When you and I were young.

BEAU BRUMMELL.

The real story of Brummell and the people been so noticed as to give its leading points, is amusing as a romance. The audacious insolence with which he [illegible] down the haughtiness of the high nobility of England was splendid—because successful. His grandfather kept a small confectionary shop in Bury street, St. James's, London, and let lodgings. The first Lord Liverpool, then almost obscure, lodged in his house, took his son as secretary, got him office under Lord North, and allowed him to feather his nest so well, that on his death, in 1794, there was £60,000 to divide among two sons and a daughter. George, the second, was educated at Eton, and dressed so well, while early in his teens, that the prefix of "Beau" was then put to his name. In Oxford, he affected to be exclusive, and, on his father's death, in 1794, at the age of sixteen, was presented with a cornetcy, in the 10th Hussars, by the Prince of Wales, colonel of that regiment. Henceforth, he was the Prince's constant companion. In two years he was a captain, and then—threw up his commission, and set up as a gentleman at large. This was before he was 21, and the only reason assigned was, that the regiment was ordered to Manchester, which he considered decidedly vulgar.

He started, as an independent gentleman, on £30,000—a small sum for carrying on such a profession—ridiculously small for one whose wardrobe cost him £8000 a year, and who entertained fashion and even royalty at his table. No man dressed better; simply, but richly, with elegance and taste. In this he eclipsed his much puffed successor, D'Orsay, whose showy attire made him look like what he was—a tailor's walking advertisement. The Prince of Wales, whose wardrobe has cost £100,000, was Brummell's greatest rival, until corpulence, which he hated, destroyed all his reasonable pretensions to the throne of Dandyism. Simplicity, of the most studied kind, was Brummell's great system.

He mixed and visited in the first circles—for he was young, handsome, satirical, and the fashion. He rode well, and was a good shot, but affected to despise Melton and the pheasants, on the plea that both were too troublesome. His great reform was in the neckcloth, which then was a sort of white muslin padding. He introduced the moderate use of starch, which gave the necessary stiffness, and dispensed with the pad. He was curious in his tie; if the cravat did not glide into it at the first touch, he threw it aside and tried another. His valet, who was met with a heap of these rumpled neckcloths on his arm, solemnly said, "These are our failures."

The Prince of Wales quarreled with him, after nearly twenty years' intimacy. The story runs, that in the Prince's drawing-room he said, "Wales, ring the bell," which was done; and when the servant came in, the Prince said, "Order Mr. Brummell's carriage." The Beau denied this, and attributed his quarrel to something he had said about Mrs. Fitzherbert's stoutness. This was about 1811. Brummell continued King of Fashion, though he had quarrelled with the Prince. But he took to gaming. In 1814, he lost all he had, and £10,000 more; raised what money he could, and retreated to Calais; attributed his bad luck to his having parted with "a lucky sixpence," which, he maintained, Rothschild must have got possession of; was supported in his exile by his brother and sister; was so liberal, when his remittances came, that the beggars called him "Le Roi de Calais;" was made British Consul at Caen, on the mediation of Wellington with George IV; was removed, without compensation, when that Consulate was abolished; lost his senses; spent his last hours in a hospital for lunatic mendicants; and died March 2nd, 1840.

TRUE VIRTUE.—When I set before me true virtue, all the distinctions on which men value themselves fade away. Wealth is poor; worldly honor is mean; outward forms are beggarly elements. Condition, country, church, all sink into unimportance. Before this simple greatness I bow, I revere. The robed priest, the gorgeous altar, the great assembly, the pealing organ, all the exteriors of religion vanish from my sight as I look at the good and great man, the holy, disinterested soul. Even I, with vision so dim, with heart so cold, can see and feel the divinity, and grandeur of true goodness. How, then, must God regard it? To his pure eye how lovely must it be!—*Channing.*

For Housekeepers.

MINT SAUCE.—Many of our country friends do not know what a luxury they deprive themselves of, when they eat lamb, either boiled or baked, without mint sauce. Set a few roots of spearmint in one corner of the garden, and they will soon furnish an abundant supply. Strip off the leaves and chop them fine, add an equal amount of sugar, and cover the whole with vinegar. A small tea-cupful of the mixture will be sufficient for a large family. Try this, and see if it is not far preferable to greasy gravies.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

DROPPED EGG.—For a person recovering from sickness, and not able to take meat, this is an excellent article, and much lighter for the stomach than eggs cooked in any other way. Put a saucepan of water with some salt in it, upon some coals; as it boils up, drop in a fresh egg, not beaten; as soon as the white is hardened, take it up carefully with a skimmer, so as not to break the yolk. Have a slice of toasted bread ready, dip it into the water in which the egg was boiled, put it upon a plate, spread it with a little butter, and lay the egg upon it.

QUINCES FOR THE TABLE.—We know, from personal observation, that few persons are acquainted with the best method of preparing quinces for the table; it is simply this: Bake them, remove the skin, slice and serve with cream and sugar. Prepared in this manner many prefer them to the peach. If you have never eaten them prepared in this way, try it, by all means, and you will thank us for the suggestion. So says the *Farmer's Mirror.*

CORN STARCH PUDDING.—Corn starch makes an excellent pudding. Boil the milk in a pan over a kettle of boiling water. For each quart of milk, take six tablespoonfuls of starch rubbed smooth in a little milk, and three well beaten eggs. Pour them into the boiling milk, adding a little salt, and stir constantly for three minutes, and then turn it out for the table, or mould it in tea-cups, to be eaten cold. Sweetened cream with nutmeg is the best sauce.

TO MAKE FINE PANCAKES, FRIED WITHOUT BUTTER OR LARD.—Take a pint of cream and six new-laid eggs; beat them well together; put in a quarter of a pound of sugar and one nutmeg or a little beaten mace—which you please, and so much as will thicken almost as much as ordinary pancake flour batter; your pan must be heated reasonably hot, and wiped with a clean cloth; this done, spread your batter thin over it, and fry.

PICKLED PEACHES.—To one quart of good vinegar, put 3 lbs. of sugar. Boil and skim it. The liquid will cover a peck of peaches; stick two or three cloves in each peach, and boil them a dozen at a time in the vinegar and sugar until they are well cooked. Take them out with a fork and place them in the jar.—When well done strain the syrup over them.

PICKLED PEPPERS.—Take two dozen large size garden peppers, (green;) slit them carefully on the side; take out the pulp; put on a table-spoonful of salt, and cover them with boiling water every morning for nine days; then fill them with cabbage cut fine, and a little salt. Sew them up, then lay them in vinegar.

TO KEEP WORMS FROM DRIED FRUIT.—Place your fruit in a steamer, over a pot of boiling water covered tightly. When thoroughly heated, tie them up immediately in a clean cotton or linen bag, and hang them up. This method is preferable to heating in an oven, as that is apt to render them hard, even if you are so fortunate as not to burn them.

Agricultural.

YAM POTATOES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR:—I do not know that Tennessee has ever [illegible] with an odd number of [illegible], but by the way, a pumpkin large enough to supply [illegible] hundred persons, [illegible] about as large as a piece of [illegible] has not ever produced an instance of [illegible]; but it has produced Yam Potatoes, that the world, and the balance of mankind, can scarce equal.

A gentleman, by the name of William Sommers, living on the line of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, in the spring of 1852, planted an acre(?) with the above-named vegetable, and in the fall, at the usual digging time, they measured up one thousand and eleven bushels.

You doubtless begin to think this a "[illegible]" [illegible] just the most remarkable and wonderful part remains yet to be told: Mr. Sommers's family, consisting of twenty-three persons, used them daily from the 2nd of October till the 10th of March; at which time he shipped to Charleston, S. C., and Nashville, Tenn., sixty bushels more than he had raised the previous autumn; making, besides what his family had used, (which was about 300 bushels) one thousand and seventy-one bushels.

Now, if any State, either North or South of Mason and Dixon's line, can beat this, we Tennesseeans would like to hear from 'em.

A SOUTHERN SUBSCRIBER.

FARMING IN EARLY TIMES.—In looking over the Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, by Charles L. Flint, we have observed some singular facts variously scattered through it, in relation to farm management in early times, which may be of interest to our readers.

Farmers at the present time usually prefer red-colored cattle; but soon after the landing of the Pilgrims, these were considered the least valuable of all, for the simple reason that they were more liable to be mistaken for deer and killed by the wolves. A black calf, therefore, commanded a much higher price. A singular disproportion in prices prevailed at the same time; for, while cows were often so high as to sell, in 1636, for twenty-five to thirty pounds sterling, and oxen at forty pounds per pair, a quart of new milk, or four eggs, could be bought for a penny. The real value of such cattle, at our present estimates, may be inferred from the fact that a hundred and fifty years ago, the average weight of cattle at the Smithfield Market was not over 370 pounds, and that of sheep, 28 pounds. Now, the average weight of the former is over 800 pounds, and the latter 80 pounds.

It is also stated that twelve years after the landing of the Pilgrims, the farmers about Boston, having no ploughs, were obliged to break up the bushes with their hands and hoes, in preparing the land for cultivation; and in 1637, there were only 37 ploughs in the whole State. Even later than this, it was the custom for the owner of a plough to take it from one place to another, doing the ploughing for a whole neighborhood.

The inhabitants had not then learned the value nor the cultivation of Indian corn, pumpkins, squashes, and potatoes. Even as late as the beginning of the 17th century, potatoes were sold in England for two shillings per pound, for the Queen's table, and were used as a fruit, baked into pies, seasoned with spices and wine, and sometimes eaten with sugar.

The following is a specimen of subsequent husbandry, which a few have followed, even as late as the memory of the oldest living inhabitant, and which we commend to the special attention of those who think we should not attempt to be wiser than our fathers: "Land, new and rich in mould, the accumulation of ages, did not require very careful cultivation, to secure an abundant return. But a *few years* of constant cropping exhausted its productiveness. The proprietor could easily obtain other lands, to be subjected to the same process. He raised wheat until the land became too poor, and then he raised corn; and when it would no longer produce corn, he sowed barley or rye, and so on to beans." We have heard of an ingenious farmer, who, to get rid of his hog manure in the cheapest manner, built the pen across a stream of water, into which the cleanings could be very readily shovelled, to be washed out of the way. Equally ingenious was the practice mentioned in this report, which no doubt was a part of the same system of economy we have just quoted! "Even so late as the memory of men still living, the barn was sometimes moved away to get it out of the way of heaps of manure by which it was surrounded, because the owner would not go to the expense of removing these accumulations and put them on his fields."—*Country Gentleman.*

LEFT HANDED PLOUGHS.—In the Agricultural Warerooms of this State, I have frequently observed ploughs with the mould board on the left side, and although I have often inquired as to the peculiar advantage of having the furrow turned to the *left* instead of to the right, it was only recently, when conversing with a very intelligent farmer from east of this city, I have been able to obtain the information desired. It is never well to turn the furrow toward a fence, as thus there will be an accumulation of the soil, not to nourish the grain crop—but to feed the rank growth of weeds that line the fence. Again, the earth which accumulates near the fence, practically lessens the height of it, and it is more easily surmounted by animals.

It is true these conditions can be avoided with the common, or right handed plough, but only by turning the team to the *right* instead of *having* round the corners; and in that case the team when turning, will trample down the earth that has recently been turned by the plough.

By the use of the left handed plough, and by commencing in the *middle* of the land to be ploughed, and turning the two first furrows together, the near, or lead, horse or ox will walk in the furrow as his guide, in many instances doing away with the services of a driver, and at the corners the team will be upon the unploughed ground, and the near animal will guide and govern the motion of the other until he has come round into the furrow. While turning the corners, the man does not have to travel, and drag the plough over the ploughed land, as with the other kind of ploughs.

It is often an object to avoid turning furrows from the borders of the fields and from ditches, and all teams are trained to *haw* round more readily than to gee round, and these ploughs are just the thing for that purpose.—C.—*Cincinnati, Ohio.*—*Country Gentleman.*

DEEP TILLAGE.—We have abundant evidence, from various sources, of the superior benefits obtained from ploughing eight or ten inches deep, instead of five or six, as was once the almost universal custom. Yet many still continue the old practice, asserting that they have tried the other and found it injurious, the crops invariably depreciating on land thus treated. Now what is the cause of this discrepancy in results? We assert that in every case where the subsoil is of equal or superior fertility to the surface, and has been subjected to the ameliorating influence of the atmosphere for a short time, that deep ploughing increases the crop. But unfortunately many of our soils a few inches below the surface are nearly barren; and to throw up, say four inches, of this barren soil to the surface, and without cross ploughing or mixing it with the mold, sow the grain on it and drag it in, no wonder that the young plants in their vain struggle to find nourishment should dwindle and die.

But it is believed that such, or in fact any soil, can ultimately be benefitted by deep ploughing, if judiciously performed.

We would, in the above case, deepen but one inch the first year, and mix well together, manuring, if necessary, and then in one, two, or three years, according to circumstances, deepen another inch, and so continue until you have a soil as deep as one pair of oxen or horses will ordinarily plough with a *good* plough, which is about ten inches.

The advantages of such tillage have been apparent during the present dry season, and in wet seasons they are no less so. It is true, were there always just moisture enough, and not any too much, shallow ploughing would do better than it now does; but as we are always liable to extremes, deep tillage is the only safe course.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A PROFITABLE FARM.—The farm of Bryan Jackson, near Wilmington, Delaware, consists of 220 acres. On this farm he employs three hands all the year, at $132 per annum each; two men extra for six months, at 12 per month, and day hands, whose wages amount to about $50 a year; making in all for labor, a cost of $520 a year. Mr. Jackson, in the American Farmer, says: "The sales of the farm the past year will not vary much from fifty-three hundred dollars."

TALL OATS.—Mr. J. Alphin, of Sublimity, Marion county, Oregon, has left at the office of the Statesman, a head of oats, grown on the farm of D. S. Staton, which contained 602 perfect grains. The head is but little, if any, better than an average one. Mr. A. also exhibited a large head of wheat, containing seven grains in each section, perfect, and of remarkable size.—*California Farmer.*

PEAT FOR POTATOES.—We have just finished an experiment, suggested by a friend, which shows pretty conclusively, the value of peat as a dressing for potatoes. From the fact that potatoes have almost uniformly done well in reclaimed peat swamps, even when the rot had extended to other places, we inferred that it would be a good dressing for potatoes. The part of the garden selected for the experiment had been trenched, and manured in the bottom of the trenches with the contents of the pig sty. On the 20th of May, we planted three drills, about twenty feet in length, with large, sound potatoes. In drill No. 1, nothing was put. In No. 2, several bushels of peat, that had been thrown up for the action of the winter frosts upon it, were spread over the potatoes. In No. 3, one quart of guano was carefully sprinkled.

The potatoes were dug and weighed on the 31st of August. No. 1 gave 13 lbs.; No. 2, 23 lbs.; No. 3, 9 lbs. Those in the peat were much larger and fairer than the others, and lacked but a pound of equalling the weight of the other two rows. The season being exceedingly dry, has been unusually favorable to the success of the peat. It has retained the moisture, so that they have suffered less from drought than the adjoining rows. It has been quite as unfavorable for the guano, that manure requiring to be ploughed in the preceding fall, or a wet season, to bring out all its virtues. It would not be safe to infer that peat was a better fertilizer than guano, though the product in this case was more than twice that of the guano. But the experiment justifies the conclusion that peat, decomposed by the frost, is an excellent application for potatoes. Let the farmers improve this drought, to throw out large quantities, and expose it to the weather until spring, and then apply, in the hill, twenty-five cords to an acre of potatoes. We think it will be a safeguard against the rot, and most likely will secure a good yield.

We noticed that in another part of our garden, where potatoes were planted upon reclaimed salt marsh, they were remarkably smooth, free from rot, and of excellent quality. Our field potatoes are just harvested, and we have not discovered a rotten one among them. We have heard of little rot in this region, and the indication now is, that there will be five bushels of potatoes this fall in many places where there was only one bushel last fall.—*American Agriculturist.*

NEW FOOD FOR SHEEP.—Whilst I was at Geneva, I observed every one collecting carefully the fruit of the horse-chestnut, and on inquiry I learnt that the butchers and holders of grazing-stock bought it readily at a certain price per bushel. I inquired of my butcher, and he told me it was given to those sheep in particular that were fattening. The horse-chestnuts were well crushed; something in the way, so I understood, that apples are, previous to cider being made. They are crushed or cut up in a machine kept solely in Switzerland for that purpose; then about two pounds' weight is given to each sheep morning and evening. It must be portioned out to the sheep, as too much would disagree with them, being of a very heating nature. The butcher told me that it gave an excellent rich flavor to the meat. The Geneva mutton is noted for being so highly flavored as any in England or Wales.—*E. D., in Agricultural Gazette.*

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 5, 6, 12, 10, 15, was a Revolutionary hero.
My 2, 6, 10, 15, 10, 2, is a mountain in Oregon.
My 3, 6, 14, 15, 10, is a river in France.
My 4, 5, 9, 12, 13, 14, 15, was a President of the United States.
My 5, 9, 9, 12, 13, 10, 15, was a celebrated English poet.
My 6, 10, 12, 9, is a river in Oregon.
My 7, 10, 11, 10, 13, 10, 12, is a gulf in Siberia.
My 8, 9, 5, 1, 3, was a President of the United States.
My 9, 10, 10, 3, is a lake in New South Wales.
My 10, 9, 3, 10, 9, was a King of England.
My 11, 10, 10, 1, 5, 11, is a river in Russia.
My 12, 11, 9, 10, 5, 11, 5, is one of the United States.
My 13, 10, 12, 15, 10, is a river in France.
My 14, 15, 10, 10, 15, is a river in Vermont.
My 15, 5, 12, 15, was a town in Palestine.
My whole is an authoress well known to the readers of the Post. "GAHMEW."
Florida.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 5, 7, 1, is a deadly enemy to a large portion of our population.
My 6, 4, has ruined thousands.
My 2, 6, 6, is a very useful member of society.
My 3, 5, 2, 4, is a natural phenomenon.
My 5, 7, 9, should be the watchword of every young American; and
My 6, 4, 1, so far from being added to it, should be consigned to oblivion.
My whole is the greatest of Nature's wonders, the most glorious of our Creator's works. DELTA.
Long Branch, N. J.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 16, 5, 7, 15, 7, 5, is a town in Ohio.
My 9, 11, 6, is a town in Iowa.
My 4, 3, 11, 16, 5, is a town in Illinois.
My 10, 11, 13, 15, is a town in Wisconsin.
My 4, 3, 10, 11, 6, is a town in New Hampshire.
My 2, 13, 11, 6, is a town in Michigan.
My 1, 6, 14, 17, is a town in New York.
My 12, 11, 4, 5, 14, 15, is a town in Illinois.
My 9, 3, 4, 15, 14, is a town in Iowa.
My whole is a toast that was given on the 79th Anniversary of our National Independence.
Norwalk, Ct. COOPER.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I'm seen in the gay and festive hall,
 And in every place, humble and rude;
I'm with the gay, the happy and all,
 Yet upon your thoughts I never intrude.
In old sunny Spain I may be seen,
 And in every land upon the earth;
And though in existence I long have been,
 I feel no older than at my birth.
Good father Adam I helped to form,
 But I'd nought to do with mother Eve;
Though with all things that have in them harm,
 I never did any harm, I believe.
I'm looked upon with hatred and wrath,
 Yet take me away, and man cannot be;
And though I attend you at every breath,
 Yet when you're dying you'll not think of me.
I never fail to help make your grave,
 Yet in the way I'm most sure to be;
I'm always with the great and the brave,
 But I have not once been with the free.
I was with Noah, and in his Ark,
 And great Pompey's Pillar I helped to make;
And now I'm seen in every barque,
 Whether on the sea or on a lake.
I'm heard in the tempest's dismal roar,
 And seen in the lightning's brilliant flash;
I'm seen in mountains where eagles soar,
 And heard in the thunder's deafening crash.
When the raging storm approaches near,
 Bowing to earth the majestic tree,
Then I am seen and heard with fear,
 Yet crime was never committed by me.
Kentucky. K. S. S.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, on the river you're sure to find,
My second, is a pastoral youth,
My whole is an [illegible].
Philadelphia. GEO. H. WIMLEY.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Several ladies wish to make a contribution of a certain sum of money. They find, if there were three ladies more, they would have to contribute a dollar apiece less; and if there were two ladies less, they would have to give a dollar apiece more. What is the amount of the contribution? How many ladies are there? And what is the share of each?
Salem, Miss. YO RUA.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Who was the schoolmaster or mistress that taught Cupid's young idea how to shoot? Ans.—It might have been Venus, for though she is not generally represented as an archer, yet it is well known that she possessed a number of [illegible].

☞ Why would ladies make better traders and pedlars than men? Ans.—Because they [illegible].

☞ Why is a clergyman like a person who has consulted a doctor? Ans.—He's [illegible].

☞ Why is a soldier like a vine? Ans.—Because he is listed, trained, and forced to shoot.

☞ Why are mosquitoes the most religious of all insects? Ans.—Because they first sing over you, and then prey on you.

☞ Why is a man with a bad memory covetous? Ans.—Because he is for-getting.

☞ What kind of wine is both meat and drink? Ans.—Old Port, with a crust.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Abdul Medjid, Sultan of Turkey.
ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—David.
MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Don Rodrigo de Bivar.
RIDDLE—Rainbow.
CHARADE—Turkey.
PROBLEM—Lost Five Dollars.

SHAMEFUL DISHONESTY.—As a proof of the extensive adulteration of liquors in this country, the New York Sun says that more port wine is drunk in the United States in one year, than passes through the Custom House in ten; that more champagne is consumed in America alone, than the whole champagne district produces; that cognac brandy costs four times as much in France, where it is made, as it is retailed for in our grog-shops; and that the failure of the whole grape crop in Madeira produced no apparent diminution in quantity or increase in the price of wine.

The Olio.

DENTISTS AND DENTISTRY.—The New York Journal of Commerce, in an article under this head, says that the profession of dentistry is perhaps more largely infested with quackery than most other professions. Nevertheless the studio of a scientific mechanical dentist affords an excellent opportunity for witnessing a remarkable display of ingenuity and skill. The Journal thus describes the ordinary method of making teeth:

"The principal materials used in the manufacture of artificial teeth, are silex of quartz, kaolin and feldspar. The due proportion of these are finely levigated, and when as impalpable as flour, are commingled until of the consistence of dough, after which they are moulded and partially baked, so as to become sufficiently hard to bear handling, these materials being exceedingly fragile. They are then enamelled with spar and flint, and covered with titanium and gold for the faintly yellow shade, and with platina and cobalt for the point, which is of an almost imperceptible blue. Returned to the furnace and again baked, they emerge in the shape of a beautiful row of teeth. Two rows, or one set of teeth alone are worth in the trade $14, without any gold, and the operator whose factory we saw, stated that he could easily turn out a set per day. A bungler, however, would find it a losing business. Like all other professions, dentists have no regular prices; some of the magnates receive five dollars for what the smaller fry would be willing to do for fifty cents; others again, take anything they can get. The sterling value of gold used in inserting a full set is from $20 to $25; add the cost of teeth, and at the prices charged, the dentist is left a very fair profit. The minimum rate is $100, then the scale ranges upwards to $250, for the superiority of which, over the others, the toothless must be their own judges."

NOT ASHAMED OF HIS ORIGIN.—In a speech recently delivered at the Sherborne Literary Institution, by Mr. Macready, that gentleman said: "The first time I visited Canterbury, I wished, of course, to see the Cathedral. A gentleman there by the name of Austin, the surveyor and architect of the building, accompanied me. He had re-decorated almost the whole of the interior, and had restored the dilapidated portion of the western front. He was the artificer of his own fortune, and had raised himself to this position from a state of almost actual destitution; he had formerly been the servant of a friend of mine, and when he reached Canterbury he had not half a crown in his pocket. He directed my attention to everything worthy of notice. It was opposite the western front that he stood with me, before what seemed the site of a small shed or stall, then unoccupied, and said, 'Upon this spot a little barber's shop used to stand. The last time Lord Tenterden came down here, he brought his son with him, and it was my duty, of course, to attend them over to the Cathedral. When we came to this side of it, he led his son up to this very spot, and said to him, "Charles, you see this little shop; I have brought you here on purpose to show it to you. In that shop your grandfather used to shave for a penny. That is the proudest reflection of my life. While you live never forget that, my dear Charles."' And this man, the son of a poor barber, was the Lord Chief Justice of England. For the very reason, therefore, that the chances of such great success are rare, we should say, spare no pains in improving the condition of those whom accident may depress, or fortune may not befriend."

FRENCH LOVE OF FLOWERS.—Among the many novelties which arrest the attention of strangers on first visiting Paris, there is scarcely anything more striking than the general passion for flowers. Both rich and poor adorn their abodes with flowers, obtained either by cultivation or by purchase. It is calculated that there are in the environs of Paris upwards of two hundred gardens for the cultivation of flowers for sale, so that the flower-trade must form a very considerable branch of horticulture in the neighborhood of that city. Flowers are sold in the vegetable markets and in the shops for the sale of vegetables, and so it happens that a person going to market for vegetables seldom returns without a flower. There are shops in almost every street in which nothing but flowers are sold. From this it must be evident that vast sums are expended in Paris in the purchase of flowers.

A taste for flowers is one of the most delightful forms in which the love of beauty manifests itself. It is a mark of refinement, and a pretty sure means of promoting increased refinement. How often have we received the most favorable impressions of the inmates of a farm-house, cottage, or mansion, from the appearance of the flower plot or garden attached to it! There can be no surer omen of taste and refinement within. And there are few methods of cultivating a simple and refine taste, more effectual than the love and care of flowers. To extend the love of flowers is doing so much, therefore, to elevate mankind, and to counteract the sordid tendencies of common pursuits.

A HINT OR TWO.—Never make use of an honest woman's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in a mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you think she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community, men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined, and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character, will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, for your mother, your sister, are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unembitter'd by the slander's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or wife of some fellow-creature.

GLOVES AT FAIRS.—As an emblem of power and acknowledgment of goodness, "Saul set up a hand" after his victory over the Amalekites, 1 Sam. xv., 12, 2 Sam. xviii., 18, Isaiah, lvi., 5. The Phœnician monuments are said to have had sculptured on them an arm and hand held up, with an inscription engraven thereon. If, as stated by your correspondent in the article referred to, the glove at fairs "denotes protection," and indicates "that parties frequenting the fair are exempt from arrest," it is at least a remarkable coincidence. The Phœnicians were the earliest merchants to the West of England that we have any account of; can any connection be traced historically between the Phœnician traffic and the modern practice of setting up a hand or glove at fairs? I well remember the feelings of awe and wonder with which I have gazed when taken in childhood to see "the glove brought in" and placed over the Guildhall of Exeter, at the commencement of "Lammas Fair."—*Notes and Queries.*

THE WONDERFUL PLANT.—Mary and Kate were both travelling up to the next market town, both laden with heavy baskets of fruit and vegetables. Kate murmured and sighed at every step, while Mary joked and laughed as she plodded steadily forward.

"How can you laugh so?" asked Kate; "your basket is full as heavy as mine, and I am sure that you are no stronger than I."

"Why," replied Mary, "you see that I took care to put on the very top of my basket a certain little plant, and I can scarcely feel any weight at all. You should have done the same."

"Oh," cried Kate, "that must be a wonderful plant, indeed! I would gladly lighten my load with it; do tell me what it is."

Mary answered:

"The precious plant which lightens every burden is called Patience."—*Protestant Churchman.*

THE POWER AND EFFICACY OF BOOKS.—Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragons' teeth, and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. As good almost to kill a man, as kill a good book; who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured upon purpose to a life beyond life.—*John Milton.*